APRIL 1964

Commentary

VOLUME THIRTY-SEVEN, NUMBER FOUR

THE REVOLT AGAINST IDEOLOGY
HENRY DAVID AIKEN

On Being A Southern Liberal: Ronnie Dugger

INTERMARRIAGE & THE JEWISH FUTURE: Marshall Sklare

STIRRINGS IN WEST GERMANY: Norman Birnbaum

ISAAC BOUND—A Story: Medad Schiff

LOOKING FOR GENET: Alfred Chester

LETTER FROM FORMOSA: Peter Schmid

THE TRADITION OF McCLURE: Ellen Moers

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Dennis H. Wrong — Edgar Z. Friedenberg
David Daiches — Irving Howe — Hilton Kramer

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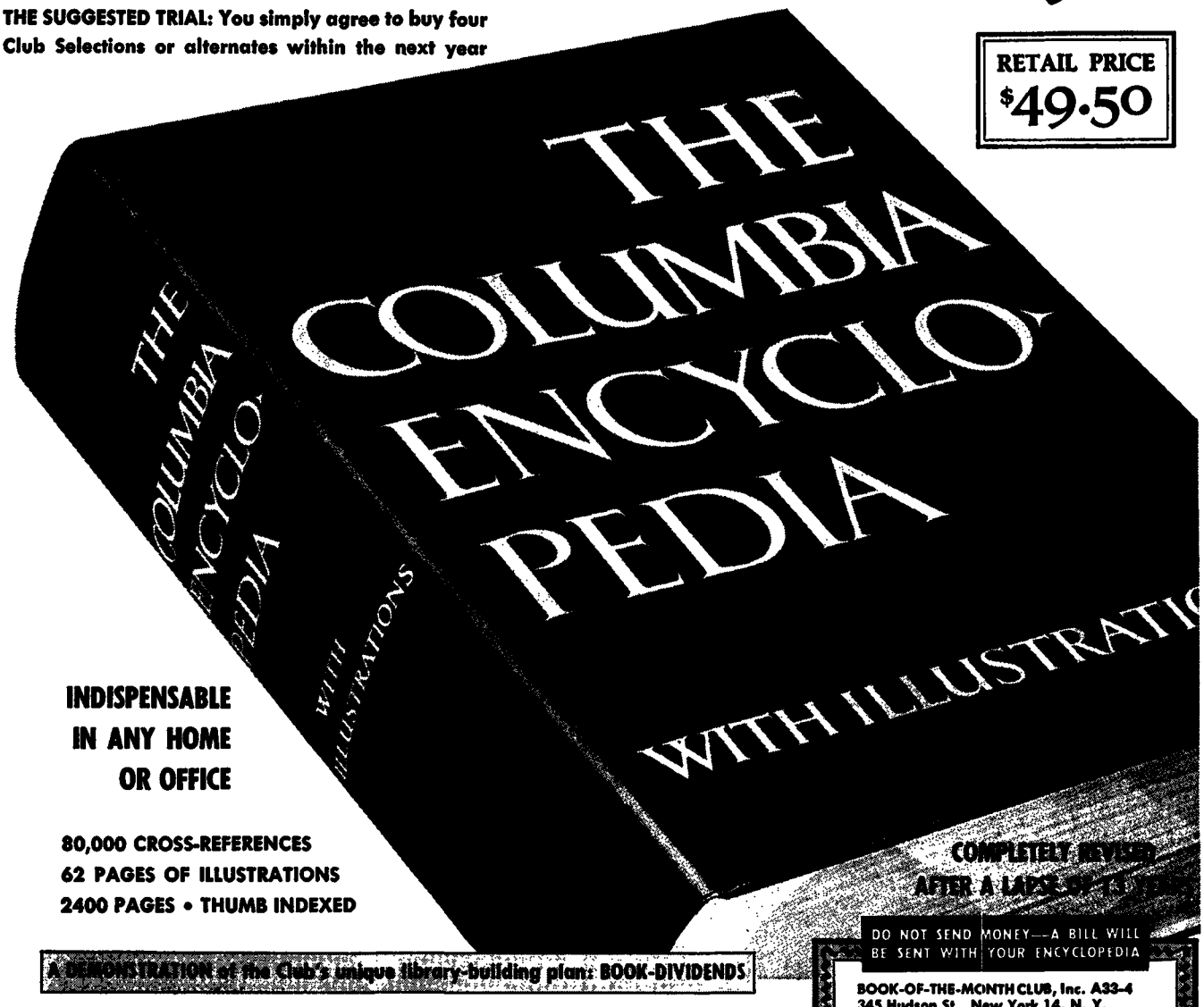

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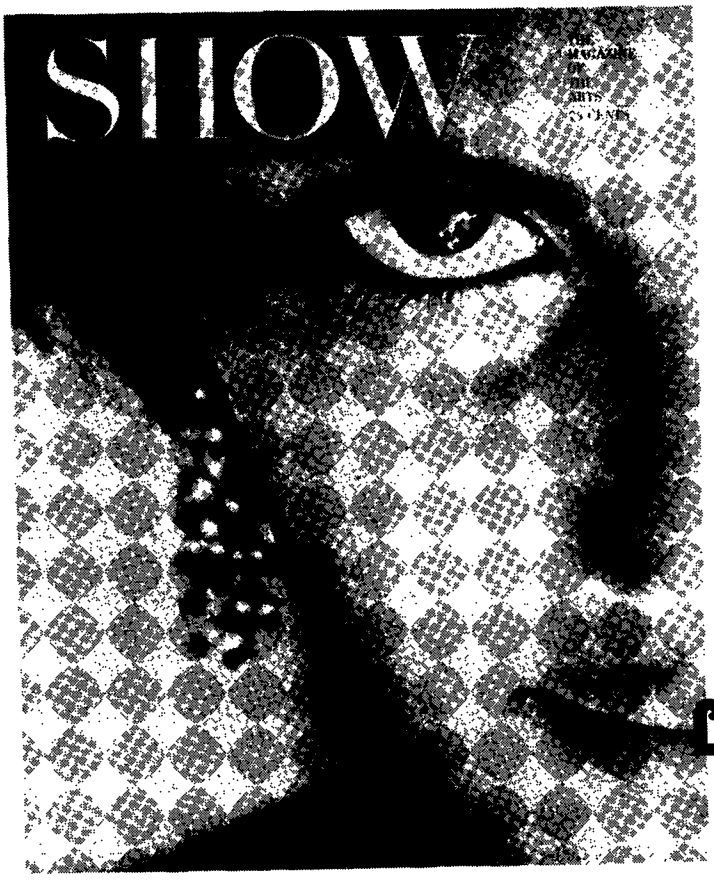

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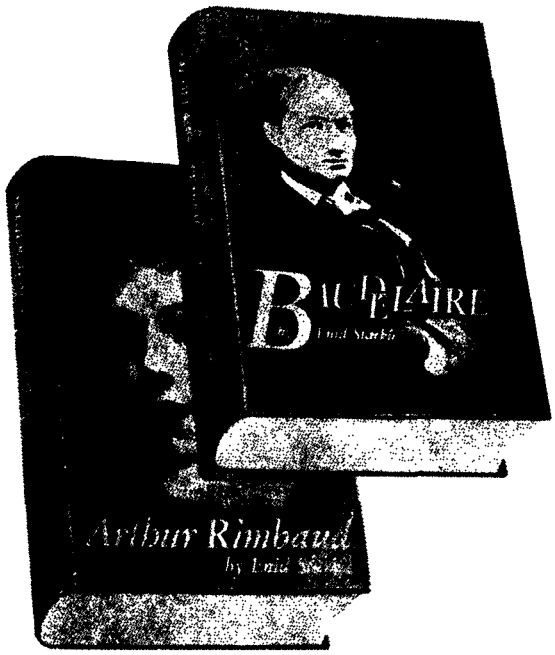

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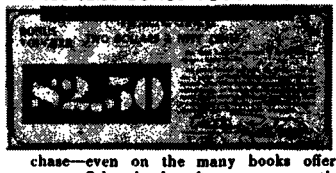

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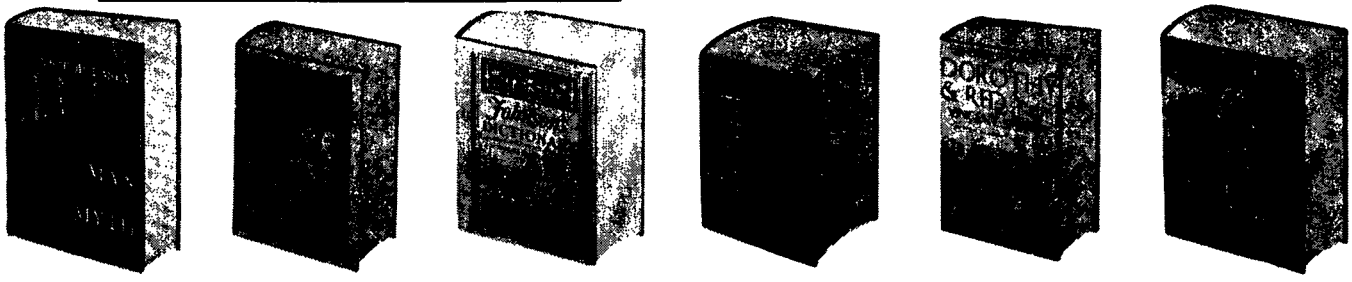

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The Faith Defended

To the Editor of Commentary:

Philip Roth's answer to his critics ["Writing About Jews," December '63] is a long overdue assessment of Jewish bourgeois gentility in American life. Jewish community relations and pulpit oratory seem not too distant from my mother's ancient lament, ". . . *a shande far die goyim.*" . . .

A "good" Jew in the American community is a good soldier. He waits for his superiors to give orders to advance or retreat. When an anti-Semitic incident occurs in his community, he is instructed not to act, but to wait until the experts hear of it. Apparently there is an expert way of crying *"Gevalt!"* . . . . Italians, Irish, Negroes, Poles, etc. may be roughly handled in popular American literature and in our daily news stories, but it has yet to occur to these groups to institutionalize a collective squeamishness. On close analysis the attacks on Philip Roth are as shameful as they are sick.

Charles Ansel
Sherman Oaks, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . I would like to applaud Philip Roth's eloquent and incisive defense of his right to work. Roth recognizes . . . that he was attacked for violating a powerful though unwritten commandment of Jewish life: "Thou shalt not reveal in-group secrets to the *goyim.*" In his brilliant story, "Defender of the Faith," he discloses a characteristic tendency of Jews in a Gentile world, to exploit one another's shared Jewishness. . . . It is surely not the falsity but the truth of his portrayal that readers found objectionable.

Through the ages, Jews have developed a number of characteristic responses to their status as a minority group in an alien environment. One is to divide the world into two categories, Jewish and non-Jewish, and to respond to each with a different set of principles. . . . Another is to see all events in terms of their relationship to Jewish well-being. So, in social science, it is "good" to document the low rate of Jewish intermarriage, since this shows how proud a people Jews are, but it is "bad" to probe the deep-seated causes of their opposition to intermarriage since in-group secrets may be exposed.

Still another defensive trait . . . is the propensity to deny social realities about themselves, especially their capacity for the full range of human response. . . . Jews can't decide whether they want to be like, or different from, everyone else, while they secretly believe themselves to be superior to Gentiles. I have heard rabbis and other Jewish leaders claim that the range of Jewish political preference, scholastic achievement, and economic standing is basically similar to that of the general population—this in the face of evidence that Jews are disproportionately inclined toward radical politics, disproportionately industrious as college students, and disproportionately concentrated in the wealthier segments of the middle classes. Furthermore, these facts have often been suppressed when "embarrassingly" discovered by Jewish organizations conducting studies of Jews. It would seem more profitable, both practically and theoretically, to recognize the differences and explain them than to deny their existence. . . .

When *Children of the Gilded Ghetto* (of which I am co-author) was published, it was generally attacked from pulpits, in Jewish publications, and the English-language Jewish press not only as misrepresentative but as potentially "anti-Semitic." (It was favorably received in the professional journals, Commentary, and the Yiddish-language *Jewish Day.*) Negative criticism of the book . . . never touched on the real weaknesses of the study. Instead, the objections focused on the revelations that there really are rich Jews, that Jewish fund-raising may have prestige as well as charitable motives, and that Jews organize in-group patterns of status discrimination. . . . In fact, when the study on which the book is based was first conceived, financial subsidy was sought from Jewish organizations, but these groups were not willing to support disclosure of certain realities of Jewish life. . . .

In speaking to various Jewish groups and organizations . . . I have been called "anti-Semitic," "self-hating," and "smug." It is an ancient trick to avoid the facts by condemning the one who presents them. In the course of lecturing to predominantly Jewish students on the Jewish family in America, I am regularly asked questions like "Why can't you say something good about the Jewish family?" Explaining the nature and purpose of sociological analysis does not satisfy such a questioner. In a lecture to an all-Jewish group, one lady even objected to my use of "chosen people" since she felt it might be "misinterpreted." . . . How pathetic to summon up the specter of anti-Semitism as an excuse for ignorance of one's own history.

I take these reactions seriously because of my commitment to my work and my concern over matters of Jewish identity. And I have become increasingly disillusioned and even somewhat bitter over the recent growth of "know-nothingism" in the group whose intellectual achievements were a source of such great satisfaction for so many for so long. Perhaps this is my way of learning Jews are only human after all.

Seymour Leventman
Dept. of Sociology
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of Commentary:

Since Mr. Roth's article includes his reactions to some very brief excerpts of my sermon on "Our Jewish Intellectuals" (which appeared in the New York *Times* last August), I regret that he did not request a copy of the sermon in its entirety. . . . To offer a complete thesis on my religious or cultural motivations, to assert what I would, or would not, include in Jewish history, to engage in a verbal witch-hunt on the basis of some garbled references in the *Times,* is unworthy of Mr. Roth. Nowhere in my sermon did I refer to his writings in *Goodbye, Columbus* or elsewhere as "dangerous, dishonest or irresponsible." There must be some internal irritant in Roth's "psychological shell" which . . . accounts for his sensitivity to honest criticism.

May I submit, also, that his reading public and lecture audiences among Jews (who are really quite proud of him) deserve better than

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this churlish, distempered attack. He is surely aware by this time (in very tangible terms) that he has a wide following among the very people whose identity he disavows as an historical and cultural fact.

Mr. Roth has made no secret of the fact . . . that he is completely innocent of any basic Jewish knowledge, and burdened with a Jewish identity which is devoid of Jewish content. In fact, "the biggest concern and passion in [his] life is to write fiction, not to be a Jew."

. . . Roth has every right to create within a universal frame of reference, but the accident of his birth does not make him a Jewish writer. I repeat my regret that he has not been able to find in the great literature of our people and in its millennial history what John Steinbeck has found in the American saga—but that is the difference between Steinbeck and Roth.

(Rabbi) David J. Seligson
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

I'm afraid Philip Roth takes himself too seriously. All the books written in this century by a Jew, about a Jew, or on a Jewish subject, have been greeted by some Jewish critics with the statement, "He shouldn't have written it," or, "It's not nice" . . . .

I am certain that many writers, reading Roth's defense against his critics, will smile at the minor-league stuff Roth complains about. The rabbis who have criticized Roth are decent gentlemen who at least sign their names to their letters, sermons, and articles. How would he feel if he had to send half his mail to the FBI to check for fingerprints? . . . Roth explains in his article why he found it necessary to use a Jewish character as his fictional neurotic adulterer. I, for one, never needed such explanations. What intrigues me more, however, is another article he wrote on the same subject in *American Judaism* (Spring 1962), in which he charged that Leon Uris and Harry Golden had created "new Jewish stereotypes." The "heroism" portrayed by Uris and the "optimism" . . . portrayed by Golden, Roth wrote, merely "help alleviate the guilt of the Gentiles." What Roth is saying now in Commentary is that *he* has a perfect right to write about an adulterer, "who happens to be a Jew," but that Uris and Golden are corrupt for having written about a hero "who happens to be a Jew," and about a poor-settlement-house-boy-become-great-surgeon, "who happens to be a Jew."

I do not see how Roth expects to add to "the guilt of the Gentiles" by writing about an unsavory Jew, if that is his purpose. It would seem that if Uris and Golden "helped to dissipate that guilt," to use his own words, then Roth with his own Jewish characters is trying to absolve them of it altogether. . . . Roth's terrible problem is his desperate drive to escape toward mankind. (. . . I, myself, gave up that struggle long ago, and so I am tolerant of Roth who is still young enough to keep trying.) In his writing he appears to be saying to the Gentile onlookers: "Look, folks, no hands; I'm one of you; look how uninhibitedly I can write of Jewish bums, just like you would like to do but haven't the guts. . . ."

In Jerusalem Roth said that he did not want to be a "Jewish writer," he wanted to be a "writer," but the Milwaukee *Journal* (March 9, 1962) in commenting on the above-mentioned article in *American Judaism*, used this lead: "Philip Roth, a Jewish author, charged in the article that the appeal of Uris and Golden was that they helped to dissipate guilt. . . ."

Note the irony: Uris and Golden; Jews, "with both feet," as my mother used to say, were referred to without that tell-tale adjective, but Roth wasn't. I am reminded of what the English novelist, Brian Glanville, whose name was once Goldberg, said to me after he had described his own Rothian attempt to blend into the anonymous mass: "You can't resign, you know."

Harry Golden
Charlotte, North Carolina

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . . I would like to offer the opinion that many Jews underestimate non-Jews and are overly timid about letting themselves be known as real people with faults as well as virtues.

I worked for two years as Religious Education Director of a Unitarian Church in the Southwest, and during that time I encountered a tremendous eagerness on the part of both adults and children in the church to get to know Jews as people. We showed the ADL film, *American Girl*, and the almost universal reaction was one of disappointment because "There were no Jews in the movie!" People had come to learn about Jews and had learned only about bigoted non-Jews! . . . It seems to be a sort of

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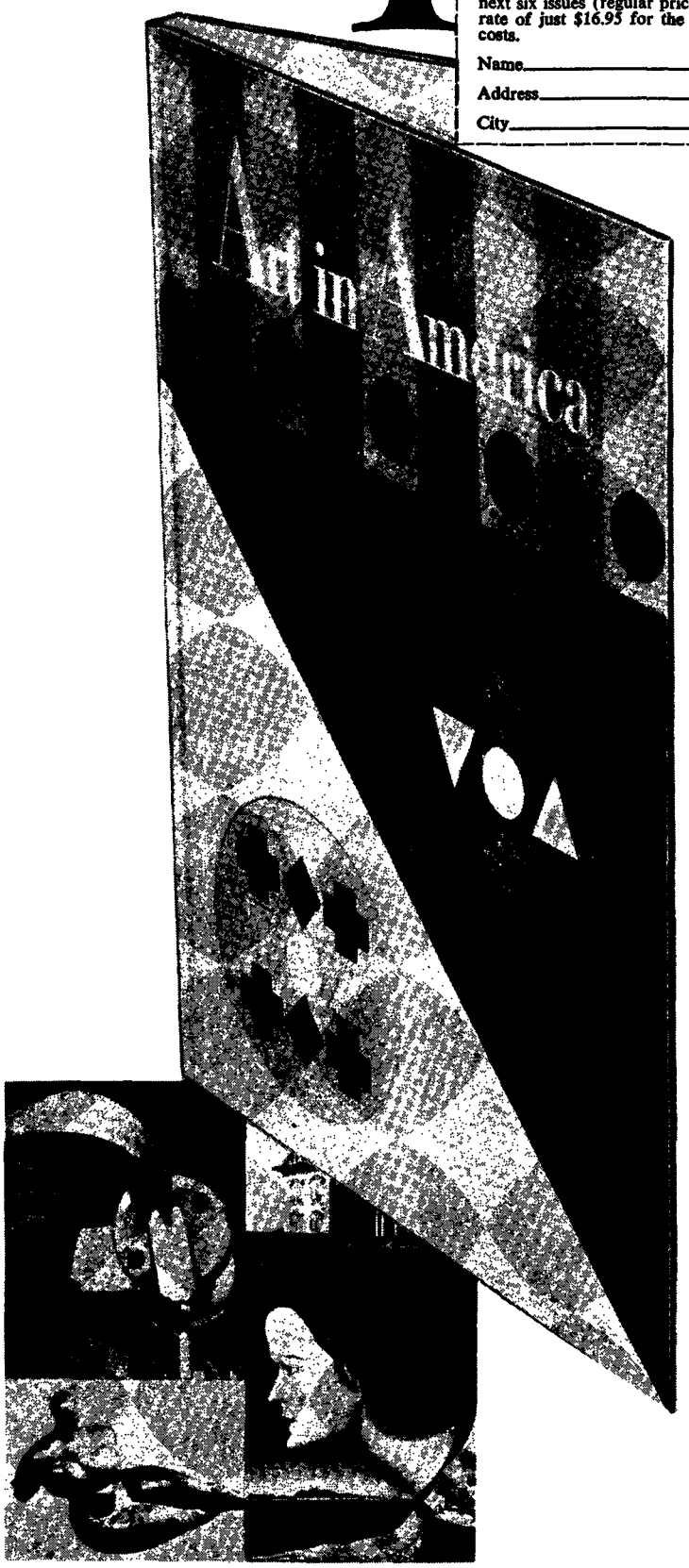

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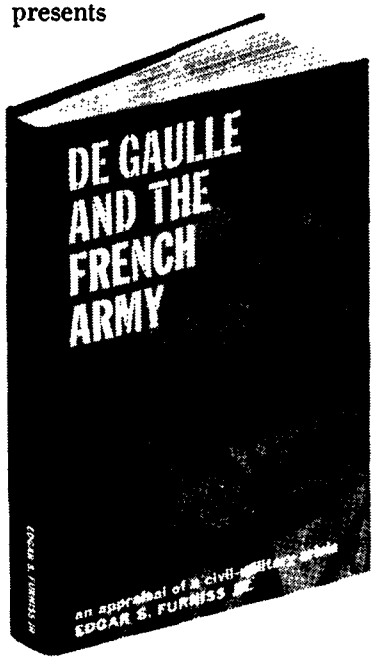

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semi-official policy (and I think an unfortunate one) among Jewish organizations to present an image of the Jew as a person slightly better than normal. This policy continually frustrates the desire of liberal non-Jews to know and relate to Jews as people. . . . So Philip Roth has done the Jews a real service in presenting them as fallible human beings. The first step in understanding is an ability to identify, and no one can identify with a saint.

LOIS SANTALO

Tucson, Arizona

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I agree with Mr. Roth that his "heroes" can't hurt the Jewish image in Gentile eyes because it is already despoiled. Where Mr. Roth unfortunately succeeds in degrading our public image further is not through his fictional characters—but by his own existence as a writer . . . . The Jews' lack of self-discipline in dealing with their own affairs has long been the main argument of anti-Semites. Men like Roth "prove" that the Jews are incapable of forming a government of their own and a lasting society. In the eyes of the bystander, they inform upon one another because they do not think much of themselves, and that explains their misfortunes throughout the last few thousands of years. Even Gentile friends of Judaism point this out. Sinclair Lewis, for instance, took special pains to describe "a Jewish comedian who makes vicious fun of the Jews" in *Cass Timberlane* and mentioned similar characters in two other novels of his . . .

(DR.) GERHARD S. SCHWARZ

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . . Philip Roth makes a number of telling points which should, but won't, end the vitriolic attacks on him by those who equate literature with public relations . . . . What is especially ironic about these attacks—although the irony is perhaps irrelevant to any defense of his position—is the fact that his stories are so consistently, even painfully, "affirmative." Neil Klugman of "Goodbye, Columbus" refuses to accept the values of Patimkin Kitchen Sinks. Eli Peck strides toward self-identity after learning that the heart is the law. Sergeant Marx accepts his fate, recognizing his guilt for betraying his grandmother's belief that mercy overrides justice. And Ozzie Freedman of "The Conversion of the Jews" seeks to tell us (under duress) that in the arid formalism of our relationship with God we forget that He is nothing if not omnipotent. Are these the themes of the anti-Jew and the self-hater? Nonsense!

IRWIN STARK

Bronxville, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Do those who attack writers like Philip Roth honestly believe that except for their telling them so, Gentiles would not know that Jews were not perfect? Or that a thinking person might actually think less of Jews because Jewish authors depicted their people's human failings? Or that reading of Jews with failings might fan the fires of anti-Semitism in the Gentile heart? On the contrary, I would say that thinking Gentiles might be inclined to favor and be refreshed by a Jewish author's attempt to make his people understandably human, and the more sympathetic because they were . . . .

"What will the *goyim* think?" I can understand the fear that prompts the question in the minds of some Jews. To them I would say only that the Philip Roths deserve something better than the flick of the guilt-provoking whip of ghetto-psychology you strike them with, that they are helping to make your people more accessible to the consciousness of Gentiles, that one *goy* at least thinks the Philip Roths are on the side of the angels.

JOSEPH TANDA

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . There is a misunderstanding between Roth and the rabbis who criticize his work. The rabbis seem to feel that Roth is intentionally distorting Jewish values and assuming the mantle of leadership for Judaism. Roth rightfully disclaims any such pretensions, . . . affirming that he is simply a writer who uses Jewish characters to express universal ideas. And if Jews are not always presented favorably, they are only people like anyone else. . . .

My criticism of his work, therefore, is not that he is not true to himself or his people. It is more basic; something over which he has no control. He seems to lack that background and perspective which would give him a different approach to Jews and Jewish values, for we are molded by our entire past training and education.

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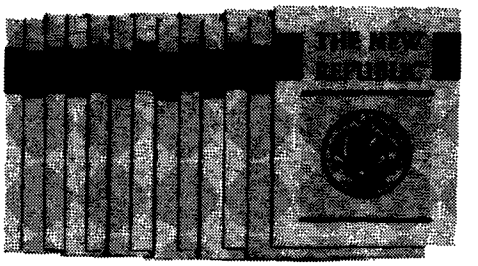

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Roth rightfully feels, "What do they want of me?" for describing life as he sees it. . . . But if the Jewish people are to continue to exist, there is need of a different kind of "Defender of the Faith": one who is positively oriented. This criticism applies also to a number of others who write in the same vein. . . .

BEN SHARPE
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a writer whose last book was concerned with Jewish characters, I wholeheartedly concur with Philip Roth's point of view. To let fear of anti-Semitism dictate how one is to handle the Jew in fiction is to surrender to the anti-Semite.

Following the reasoning . . . that any effect or blemish in a Jewish character may be "fuel" for the Jew-hater, the logical course would be to remove all such taints, all suggestions of wrong, weakness, wickedness . . . . Or better, on second thought, not to write about Jews at all. Why raise problems? If we keep quiet, the anti-Semite may even forget we exist.

As for me, I'll take Roth and Malamud, who write with fascinating compassion of the frailties and failings of their characters. It's comforting to know that to be a Jew is to be human.

GEORGE SKLAR
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It should not seem surprising to the author of "Defender of the Faith" that Jews would take stories written about other Jews very personally. Sergeant Marx, the protagonist of "Defender of the Faith," found himself drawn into unwilling relationship with Grossbart, a man he despised. Surely Mr. Roth should sympathize with the plight of the self-respecting Jewish reader who is drawn into a similarly uncomfortable relationship with the equally unpleasant characters in "Goodbye, Columbus" and *Letting Go*. . . .

Talking about "Epstein," Mr. Roth has written:

> I write the story of a man who is adulterous to reveal the condition of such a man. If the adulterous man is a Jew, then I am revealing the condition of an adulterous man who is a Jew . . .

. . . [But] "Epstein" is not a successful characterization of the modern Jew, because his Jewishness contributes nothing to a deeper understanding of a man of his motivations. And he is not just a man who happens to be Jewish, because then the unpleasant details are not only unnecessary, but distracting. . . . It is this use of Jewishness to *shock* rather than to *motivate* that offends many of Mr. Roth's readers. . . . Very well. A caricature cannot provide the inner motivations that give substance to conflict and moral crisis. Mr. Roth is certainly a talented writer. But the segment of life he chooses to portray is shallow and limited, and he substitutes the bizarre and the sensational for depth. . . . When he applies his talents to the deeper levels of human experience, . . . I venture to say his portrait of the Jew, flattering or unflattering, will offend no one.

HAZEL S. STIX
Princeton, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . In exposing the sins and weaknesses of his characters, Roth . . . leaves the impression that they are characteristics somehow arising out of Jewishness. It is this implication that his correspondent from Detroit is protesting when he asks if Epstein's actions represent "Jewish traits." The shame of the Jewish reader is felt for his slandered Jewishness, and the bitter taste left in the mouth is due to Roth's intimation that his characters, as Jews who remain Jews, are unredeemable.

Flawed Jews have always been the favorite subject of Jewish writers, but it is this unredeemability that distinguishes Philip Roth's writing. . . .

SIG ALTMAN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Although I have nothing to add to Philip Roth's fine dissection of the flat-minded Jewish response to his books, as a fellow writer I want to be counted unequivocally on his side.

MICHAEL BLANKFORT
Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Were Philip Roth simply reporting about a people who had not suffered persecution, perhaps he would have no responsibility. However, in the case of the Jews, I do not see how a writer can neglect to consider the impact of his writing. Obviously, Roth will not create anti-Semites. But for those who are looking for evidence there is no question that he provides juicy morsels.

Not too long ago a study conducted on our campus indicated that in characterizing different peoples, all those polled seemed to think the Jew was "least fair in business." This would indicate that there is a certain feeling in the air and writers choosing to consider Jewish subjects have a certain responsibility to avoid contributing to it. . . .

(RABBI) GERALD ENGEL
Bnai Brith Hillel Foundation
at Purdue University
West Lafayette, Indiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is not surprising that those who accuse Philip Roth of anti-Semitism are unable to see the author's compassion for his often unpleasant characters. They judge a work of art by an irrelevant criterion: does it present a good picture of *us* to *them*? How like Stalinist criticism which evaluates art in terms of the current task! Nor is it surprising that these critics choose a cowardly approach to anti-Semitism. Their psychology leaves them unable to see the real situation and powerless to act.

If Roth should stop writing about Jews as he knows them to avoid feeding the anti-Semitic imaginations of the Gentiles, perhaps we should all go a little farther in giving them only good, clean things to think about us. Maybe we should press the *Forward* to cease publication and become a part of the New York *Post*. And shouldn't we urge those troublesome Hasidim to go someplace, where the *goyim* can't see them? . . .

JACK GOLDSTEIN
Brentwood, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Reading Philip Roth's able defense of his fiction, I was reminded of my Southern mother's condemnation of *Gone With the Wind*. "Is your objection," I asked, "to the fact that the story is not true?" "Heavens, no," she replied, "I just don't want those Yankees to know about it." *Selah*.

WYATT JONES
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . . The fact that nobody is going to start a pogrom or keep a Jew out of medical school as a result of Philip Roth's stories has no bearing on the case. Why does Mr.

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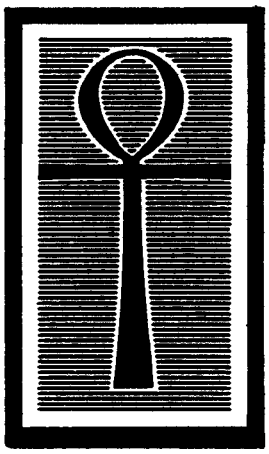

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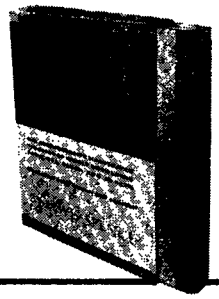

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Roth think he was invited by the American Jewish Congress to speak in Israel? It was because he is Jewish and writes about Jewish people. With this in mind, he does have an obligation, whether he likes it or not. It doesn't mean that he is to disregard deficiencies and defects in his Jewish characters, but he can't convince me that his characters as he presents them are representative . . . .

In the past twenty years of attending synagogue services in Boston, Buffalo, and New York, I have very rarely heard rabbis concentrate on "self-congratulation and self-pity," as he implies. On the contrary, they annoy their congregants because they hold up to ridicule and question many of the current practices of our people and challenge them to take stock of their ethical behavior. Roth's . . . remark [about rabbis] is not worthy of an author who probably has very rarely been in a synagogue or knows what rabbis discuss from the pulpit. . . .

DAVID M. KLEINSTEIN
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Can Mr. Roth be so blind as to see no difference between tales about a Mr. Epstein and similar fiction about a man named, let us say, Thomas? Is he unaware of our "climate" in which when a Jew does something wrong, he is identified as a Jew, but when a non-Jew perpetrates the same misdeed it is merely an anonymous secular crime? His defense of stereotyping the Jew in order to prove the untruth of the stereotype is a grotesque rationalization . . . . Does he seriously contend that a stereotype—a false and damaging caricature—may be used as the basis of an honest and credible work of fiction?

S. JAY LEVIN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The title of Philip Roth's defense is deceptive and misleading. Roth never writes about Jews—about their specifically Jewish problems, yearnings, hopes, and frustrations. He writes about more exciting and lucrative themes—adultery, licentiousness, infidelity, lechery . . . .

It is not "timidity' which fills me and others with disgust and loathing for his writing. What I cannot tolerate are his caricatures of the Jew, his distortions, his traducing of the people I love. . . . Obviously he is driven by a hatred for the Jewish people, and above all, for himself.

That his books are more popular than the sermons of rabbis is to be expected. When has filth not been popular and profitable?

(RABBI) THEODORE N. LEWIS
Progressive Synagogue
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Roth is not altogether correct when he says that in reading fiction we suspend our judgment of the characters and "cease to be upright citizens." For the author leads us in a certain direction and indicates to us what our judgment must be within the context of the world he has created.

Epstein and Grossbart are not just people who happen to be Jews. There is something defective in them which Mr. Roth ascribes to their Jewishness . . . . This could be the starting point of a modern prophet. . . . an artist who promises to scourge us, to cleanse us . . . . But his stories do no more than state facts about nasty people. Where did Jewishness contribute to Epstein's self-delusion and Grossbart's lack of integrity? Mr. Roth says Epstein is "too valuable [to Jewish history] to forget or dismiss." Why? Just because he is so repulsive?

Mr. Roth concentrates on inadequacies but does not, in any way, indicate the gap between human nature and Jewish ideals . . . . If he limited his purpose to telling a story, as he claims, this would be acceptable, but . . . he is also doing more. . . . He is attempting to make a significant contribution to Jewish history. Therefore, he must accept the characterization of his work as destructive, incomplete, and lacking in balance.

(DR.) JONATHAN H. PINCUS
New Haven, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Basically, I agree with Mr. Roth's defense. I think we as Jews show strength by writing about ourselves in what might appear to be a critical manner. . . .

LEONARD KIRSCHENBAUM
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Philip Roth's . . . article is good, but too innocent, and Jews cannot afford to be so. I say this with an awareness of my own ultra-sensitive and careful relations with my Christian neighbors . . . . Roth writes what he knows, his people are real, you can almost reach out and touch them. But, the question must be asked, has the time yet come when Jews can be like everyone else? . . . . Philip Roth, unfortunately, is not just a writer, he is a Jewish writer, writing for a primarily Christian world and he must recognize his responsibility. This world knows only too well the stereotyped Jew . . . . What of those other positive qualities. . . . ? Why cannot they be championed?

MATEEL RIEGER RUBIN
Ardsley, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The proper task of the American-Jewish writer is to reveal the man as Jew, aspiring to live up to his people's religious ideals, and the man as man aspiring and no doubt failing to live up to human ideals. . . . In a small but accurate way, Philip Roth (like Malamud and Bellow) is fulfilling this twofold task.

The serious writer has a touch of the prophet in him, and the rabbi and the prophet have been at odds since the time of Moses and the priestly class of Levites. . . . But what rabbi dares silence the right of the prophet to speak? . . .

MEL SILVERMAN
Venice, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I consult my Jewish Almanac and find that Mr. Roth lives in a college-oriented, cultured environment where there are 343,900 Jews (or 5½ per cent of the population). Where I live there are 6,700 Jews (or ¼ of 1 per cent of the population). Perhaps if Mr. Roth were to spend just one week of his life in my city and experience what Jews here experience daily year in and year out in deed and words, he would become less aggressive and more sympathetic toward some of the less cultured types who have been writing him unflattering letters. I guess that I and my friends qualify as plain ignorant Jews from "way out in the sticks." But our daily lives here teach us something that Mr. Roth at Princeton will never know.

SIDNEY MILTON SISK
Columbia, South Carolina

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I wish I had a way to get Mr. Roth to restrain his emotion and to address himself dispassionately to the one ethical question I have been addressing to him. Instead he

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. . . distorts the words of his critics to create arguments and innuendoes that are the product of his imagination. What is that question? . . .

We were taught by sages of the Talmud, and their disciples, that not all that one thinks may one say; not all that one says may one commit to writing; not all that one writes may one publish; and not all that is published may one read. Is this wisdom *passé?* Or is it applicable to everyone but artists, film producers, authors? Many a scientist is ruing the day that he made a particular discovery available to the world and is resolving to be more circumspect in the future. . . . Are other creative spirits exempt from such considerations?

I ask this question of myself as a writer. As a former Jewish chaplain I have dealt personally with more villains like the one described in "Defender of the Faith" than Mr. Roth ever dreamed of meeting. All of us were hard put to explain to commanding officers why they should continue giving three-day passes to Jewish soldiers for holiday observances when they had the experience, for example, of picking up Jewish soldiers excused for the holidays in brothels on the day of the holiday.

If I were to tell such stories in popular magazines which commanding officers were likely to read, would I be helping Jewish chaplains hereafter to acquire for their decent and loyal charges the passes that should be forthcoming for the holidays? . . . Perhaps I am exaggerating the consequences in my mind. But I cannot feel that I am impoverishing humanity with my restraint and I would rather not risk even the remotest evil. . . .

It was an answer to questions like these that I sought to elicit from Mr. Roth in my letter of May 8, 1959. . . . But my question remains unanswered. Are no restraints warranted? And are artists and authors to be spared ethical judgments because art can tolerate no such restrictions? If Mr. Roth agrees with me that there are limitations, then we differ only on whether I have exaggerated the consequences that might flow from his publishing "Defender of the Faith" in a magazine widely read by non-Jews. . . . However, if he maintains . . . that the ethical considerations to which artists are subject differ from those of other men, and there are no "subjects [which] must not be written about, or brought to public attention," then I must reiterate my dissent.

In any event, here is the text of my original letter. I leave it to the reader to decide whether I have accused *him* of shouting "fire" in a crowded theater or of "killing six million."

"May 8th, 1959

Dear Mr. Roth:

So we have censured each other and thus verbalized our sense of outrage. It would be unfortunate, however, if the innuendoes and ad hominems of both our letters, as well as the peripheral issues introduced, distracted our attention from the principal problem—the ethical character of the publication of your story in the *New Yorker.*

I do not regard freedom of expression as the issue. Need I cite Justice Holmes's well-known cliché about shouting "fire" in a crowded theater?

Nor is the pursuit of truth involved. Even those doctors who argue for the patient's right to know the truth admit that it is sometimes unethical to tell the truth.

The question is rather whether having written a good story about a decent Jew and an indecent one, one should have sought its publication irrespective of its consequences for harm in the particular milieu in which the publication would take place? It is this question that courts must often resolve when libels are admitted to be true but malicious.

The same question Pasternak might have asked himself. At least he courageously answered it by risking the ire of Soviet authorities. His Jewish self-hatred may have warranted the criticism of Jewish reviewers but to have published the book where he did was a courageous act. Had he written also with a philo-Semitic point of view in a country where anti-Semitism is government-inspired (I was there), he would have proven himself more courageous. But perhaps he didn't feel that way and we must respect him for having risked as much as he did. He must have taken into account the harm he might do to Communism and the Soviet Union, as well as the good he might do, and he must also have considered the good and evil consequences for his person. Most people with ethical awareness would highly esteem his conclusion. Needless to say, a similar decision to criticize Communism, if made in the U.S.A., would hardly be as praiseworthy.

Now I try to project myself into your position to make the same calculus of ethical pluses and minuses. The courage you made manifest was to risk the displeasure of Jews like myself who have neither the economic, political, nor social power, to do anything other than scream, and for this you earned the gratitude of all who sustain their anti-Semitism on such conceptions of Jews as ultimately led to the murder of six million in our time.

I believe it was Mr. Belth who urged me not to be alarmed because the *New Yorker* is read only by intelligent people. I demurred because the vendors of the venom exploit most effectively the evidence we ourselves provide. Your story—in Hebrew—in an Israeli magazine or newspaper—would have been judged exclusively from a literary point of view. Publishing it as you did, where you did, created the ethical question which you ought reconsider even if it is suggested by one whom you have never met, do not now know, nor ever care to behold.

Your success as an author I am told is now assured. I do not begrudge it to you. I can only pray for you as I pray for myself that our words will do good and not harm. That the fine characters both of us portray do not inspire respect for our people as the evil ones inspire disrespect is just a fact with which we must reckon as we ponder ethical situations."

* * *

As for the so-called "dialogue" in Israel of which I was critical, I did not have to be present. The full text of the lectures was published by the American Jewish Congress; this was the subject of my criticism. Again, Mr. Roth's sensitivity is showing.

(Rabbi) Emanuel Rackman
Congregation Shaaray Tefila
Far Rockaway, New York

Mr. Roth *writes:*

I should like to clarify certain matters of fact that have been raised by three correspondents.

Dr. Seligson. (1) After comparing the New York *Times* report of Dr. Seligson's sermon with the sermon itself, I cannot agree that the newspaper version is "garbled." It is a competent piece of reporting which conveys accurately the essential spirit and content of Dr. Seligson's two-page sermon entitled "Judaism and the Intellec-

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tual" (which is available through the rabbi's synagogue). Nothing is misquoted, nor is an emphasis given his remarks by virtue of excision that is not inherent in the sermon itself. Dr. Seligson is correct to suggest that I would have been less likely to distort his sense had I read the sermon in its entirety beforehand, which I did not. I relied upon two separate accounts, the one in the *Times* (which appeared June 30, 1963, and not in August, as Dr. Seligson says), and another from the July 5, 1963 issue of the *Jewish News,* a community newspaper of Essex County, New Jersey. What I understood of his ideas from these two reports, and what I was led to conjecture about his sense of fiction, I find only further corroborated by a reading of the entire sermon.

(2) It is true Dr. Seligson did not call my work "dangerous, dishonest, or irresponsible," but then he is not quoted as having said that. He is mistakenly attributing to himself adjectives used by me in my opening sentence to describe both the kind and the extent of the charges made against my first book.

Rabbi Rackman. (1) I still read paragraph two of his May 8 letter as having something specifically to do with the publication of "Defender of the Faith." How else is one to understand that interrogative sentence, "Need I cite . . . etc?" That there is ambiguity as to the direction of the rabbi's argument here, I would agree; it was just this ambiguity, or vagueness, that led me—as I said in my piece—"to complete the analogy myself."

(2) I went to considerable length to point out that Rabbi Rackman did not accuse me of " 'killing six million.' " It is hard for me to understand how he could have missed the very point of my analysis of paragraph six of his May 8 letter, and so I refer him and any interested reader back to page 450 of the December 1963 COMMENTARY, the last paragraph of column one and the first three paragraphs of column two.

(3) As for the Dialogue in Israel: Rabbi Rackman indicates in the last paragraph of his letter to the editor that his criticism of the Dialogue was based on a text of the proceedings which was published by the American Jewish Congress. Such a text was published by the Congress in the *Congress Bi-Weekly,* but not until September 16, 1963. Rabbi Rackman's remarks were made at a convention

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of the Rabbinical Council of America on June 24, 1963, only four days after the Dialogue in Israel had ended. I have checked with Mr. Samuel Caplan, the editor of the *Bi-Weekly,* and he assures me that no text of the Dialogue was in print before late August or early September 1963.

(4) Having debated at great length with Rabbi Rackman, both in our private correspondence and in my article, I see no point in going around the same track again with him. As for the larger questions of the Jewish writer's responsibilities, I plan to discuss them again from a fresh and more pertinent perspective in a forthcoming exchange in these pages with Professor Melvin Tumin.

Harry Golden. (1) My essay entitled "The New Jewish Stereotypes" did not appear in the Spring 1962 issue of *American Judaism,* but in the Winter 1961 number (Vol. XI, No. 2).

(2) "The New Jewish Stereotypes" is not "on the same subject" as "Writing About Jews," and the argument presented there is hardly communicated by Mr. Golden, whose letter is predictably careless in matters of fact, evidence, and logic, and reveals him to be devoid of the slightest ability to make a distinction or a definition.

Schools or Prisons?

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

When I came upon the article, "The Modern High School: A Profile" by Edgar Z. Friedenberg [November 1963], I visualized perhaps a discussion of how the present-day high school is trying to serve the needs of all kinds of students, or . . . the extent to which it was meeting the challenge of the space age. I expected to read about adolescents performing experiments in the laboratory or putting out the school newspaper . . . in a social studies class, . . . about teachers endeavoring to raise the reading level of culturally backward pupils or counseling perplexed youngsters about their future. Instead, I was startled to find the modern high school depicted as a near-concentration camp or prison.

The focus of Mr. Friedenberg's criticism is the system of corridor passes. Would he have the schools allow students to roam the halls at will? Has he ever tried to teach in a noisy school? (Moreover, despite all the publicity today about the health hazards of smoking, the professor seems to want the schools to be more permissive toward this practice.) What does Mr. Friedenberg mean when he asserts that "compulsory school attendance functions as a bill of attainder against a particular age group"? Does he wish to repeal the attendance law and allow children to terminate their education at any age—this at a time when the country is in need of a population with higher educational levels?

Mr. Friedenberg believes that it is a tragedy that students do not usually resent the system of school controls. Of course they don't. The serious-minded adolescent is more interested in getting into a good college, preparing himself for a satisfying job, or developing his abilities.

In short, what is most distressing is that Mr. Friedenberg has not made any constructive proposals as to ways in which the schools can manage large numbers of immature youngsters under a system different from the present one. His road is that of anarchy, not that of true freedom under law.

SAUL ISRAEL
Principal
Haaren High School
New York City

Teaching Anti-Communism

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am very grateful for publication of Alan F. Westin's "Anti-Communism and the Corporations" [December 1963]. It gives this reader a lot of information that he is very glad to have.

I don't know any way in which, with due regard for free speech and so forth, we can deal through legislation with the use of Birch Society-type "in-plant" and "out-of-plant" programs supported by corporations.

I do believe that there is a legitimate objective teaching of facts about Communism, but I do not believe it can be done fairly, even if facts are pretty objectively stated by corporations which insist on identifying democracy and individual liberty with capitalism, miscalled free enterprise. I would like to see what kind of material Western Electric, praised by Mr. Westin, uses in this connection.

One thing more: This old civil libertarian is very doubtful whether the circulation of most extreme documents which really in-

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cite to violence should be permitted, whether that incitement comes from the right or from the left. In my long life, I have never seen such direct incitement as was contained in *Kill* magazine. On the back cover there is pictured a noose under which are the words, "Impeach the traitor John F. Kennedy for giving aid and comfort to enemies of the U.S.A." The publishers are the American National Party, "the white working man's party." It has been given out, I think, in small quantities on the streets of New York.

NORMAN THOMAS
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Alan F. Westin's article makes a major contribution in describing the growth of corporate educational programs on Communism. His analysis of this phenomenon, and his laying to rest of the "military-industrial conspiracy" explanation for it, contribute most significant additions to present-day discussion.

As Mr. Westin points out, critics of these educational programs have sometimes engaged in the same guilt-by-association techniques and over-inclusive categorizing that they have resented so bitterly when used by critics of the political left.

In the 40's and 50's the nature of totalitarian threats to democracy was often distorted and sometimes actually understated by those who sought to analyze these threats in terms simply of Communist conspiracy. Much the same may be said of those who today would oversimplify the hazards of the military and industrial phenomena of the cold war. The burgeoning military establishment and the unprecedentedly large segment of the private economy that is dependent upon it, pose real problems for the preservation of civil liberties and, in fact, of our democratic institutions. These will not go away if a few "bad guys" are exposed and dealt with.

JOHN DE J. PEMBERTON, JR.
Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Westin asks if there is truth in the idea that a conscious military-industrial conspiracy exists. . . . But whether such a conspiracy exists or does not is immaterial. The danger lies not in

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a conspiracy but in the one-sided view of international realities that even well-meaning military or industrial education programs may impart to the citizens of a tolerant democracy, despite Mr. Westin's advice about ideal, fair-minded programs.

Such a view of international politics, colored by the idea of a military and ideological conflict, could be dangerous in a society already inured or oblivious to the horrors of war. . . .

HAROLD J. ENRICO
Cosmopolis, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Alan Westin's interesting and valuable report . . . nevertheless fails to deal, except by way of passing mention, with the crucial issues raised.

One is whether corporations, as economic institutions staffed on the basis of the contribution each man can make to profitable production, are suited for the role of educational institutions. I think the answer is that they are not; Mr. Westin has provided much evidence in support of my position. Secondly, what happens to the pluralist base of democracy if a major task of one area of autonomy is taken on by another? . . . *If* corporations should play any role in anti-Communist education, it seems to me that the only justifiable action is the one Westin mentions approvingly as having been taken by the Hormel Company: paying expenses for employees to study at a college.

Finally, . . . I question whether companies should make even this indirect venture into education—at least unless they leave it *entirely to the employees* to choose their courses. Westin mentions that certain family-held companies use company funds as "personal resources of the 'owners.'" If the implication is one of impropriety, is it not even more improper for officers of large publicly held corporations to use company funds when they have no idea of what the wishes of the "owners" (i.e., shareholders) may be as between such use and the alternative of an additional dividend disbursement?

The problems inherent in corporate "education" cannot be handled, as Westin attempts to, by distinguishing between "responsible" and "irresponsible" education. . . . If we laud one such use, we cannot logically object to the other. As I have pointed out (in *The Managed Economy*), either corporations must restrict themselves to economic activity, or the community must seek new forms of social control over them.

MICHAEL D. REAGAN
Maxwell Graduate School of
Citizenship and Public Affairs
Syracuse University
Syracuse, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Westin's distinction between responsible and irresponsible educational activity on the part of the corporations is . . . of the utmost importance to the national interest. It might help combat irresponsibility if a similarly succinct, documented, and reasoned article were to describe the effect of comparable right-wing nonsense in other countries. . . . Everyone knows, of course, the effect of the loss of people like Einstein and of other German scientists and scholars in a general way, but I do not imagine that the general public or even the executives of the corporations Mr. Westin named, have a distinct and detailed idea of just how such losses affected, for instance, the German war effort. . . .

ARTHUR LAPAN
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is too bad . . . that Mr. Westin nowhere found room to remark on the fact that, as evidenced by the propaganda campaigns he described, the corporations see the recognition, curtailment, and destruction of Communism as the only national goals worth our communal energy. Appeals to grown-up patriotism by even the most responsible parties are made not on behalf of positive aspirations; the pledge of allegiance is not *for* anything . . . but always *against*.

. . . The use of the categorical Enemy, throughout history, has been a means of obscuring complex and critical internal problems. One could hope that Mr. Westin would have read, for instance, Paul Goodman's remarks on what this does to American youth and point out, in his professorial capacity, how sadly insufficient is the end of Communism as even a corporate dream.

RISA E. HIRSCH
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As an old subscriber . . . I felt a little melancholy reading Alan

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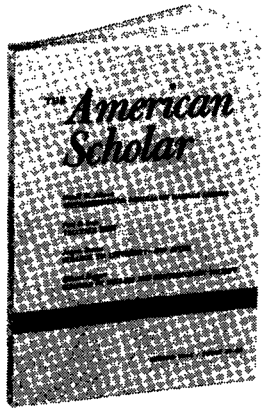

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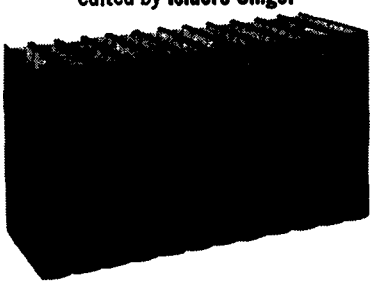

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Westin's article . . . and finding a good piece of research marred by the author's prejudice and disregard for facts . . . which show every time he touches on his bitter vendetta with Dr. Fred Schwarz.

Item: Dr. Schwarz, legitimately and honestly and publicly, acknowledged his mistake and discontinued use in his Anti-Communism Schools of the film *On the Map*. Nonetheless Mr. Westin, who has never publicly acknowledged any mistake, including ones about Dr. Schwarz (which he privately acknowledged to me at a Fellowship Commission meeting in Philadelphia in May 1962), snidely writes that "Even Dr. Fred Schwarz announced (etc.)."

Item: Mr. Westin in a classical use of the old double standard, which he repudiates elsewhere in his article, writes: "Characteristics of the Schwarz movement are: . . . a roster of speakers which includes many radical-right figures who add the rightist appeals that Schwarz himself avoids, etc." He then lists W. Cleon Skouson and quotes a few views expressed by Skouson under other auspices. When I put the question that May evening in Philadelphia as to whether Mr. Westin and his hosts at the Fellowship Commission would take the responsibility for their honored chairman, Clarence Pickett, who appears on other platforms with arrant apologists for Soviet Communist evils, . . . the unsupported answer was "That was different. . . ."

Item: Mr. Westin falsely states that there is a complete absence of liberal anti-Communists or social-democratic anti-Communists from the platform of Schwarz's schools. Since the undersigned, who has held in his time every position in the American Socialist Party except the two reserved for Norman Thomas, has appeared by invitation at Schwarz's schools in New York, Indianapolis, Omaha, San Diego, Cleveland, and San Francisco . . . (as has Senator Thomas Dodd, whom even ADA rates 80 to 100 per cent on his record), this statement is outrageous unless Mr. Westin denies Senator Dodd and myself (as a lifelong trade-unionist), the title of either liberal or social-democratic anti-Communists, in which case we will willingly compare records with Mr. Westin's.

Item: Finally, Westin makes the accusation that there is a tendency to allow the Birch Society and other radical-right groups to at-

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tach themselves to the schools in order to recruit new members. He gives no facts to back it up and has never attended any of the schools. I have attended and spoken at six from coast to coast and . . . say flatly that this is false.

At Cleveland, Ohio, after a school meeting addressed by Dr. Schwarz on October 1, on the occasion of the events in Mississippi, a wild-eyed, tieless . . . Birchite rushed up to us outside the theater and said: ". . . you never said a word to protest the arrest of General Walker." "No," said Dr. Schwarz spontaneously, "that was because I thought he should have been arrested. . . ."

The plain fact of the matter is that Mr. Westin is following the tactic known as knocking a man down and kicking him for falling. Dr. Schwarz has tried to get many liberal and social-democratic anti-Communists and has found many of them friendly but completely intimidated by tactics like Mr. Westin's gentle but still vicious borrowings from the late Senator McCarthy . . .

ARTHUR G. MCDOWELL
Executive Secretary
Council Against Communist Aggression and Alexis de Tocqueville Society
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MR. WESTIN *writes:*

Mr. McDowell is wrong in thinking that I have any "bitter vendetta" with Dr. Schwarz. I did not include Dr. Schwarz in a *Harper's* magazine article on the radical right (in 1962), since I do not think the Schwarz movement should be equated with groups like the Birchers and the Christian Crusade. Dr. Schwarz thanked me personally for this omission and praised the article. I also intervened in behalf of Dr. Schwarz in 1962—as an issue of civil liberties—when it seemed as though reprisal threats by some liberal groups might keep Dr. Schwarz from buying television time to air his New York Crusade, for which Dr. Schwarz again thanked me.

I have described the Schwarz movement as a useless enterprise, and one that is exploited by the radical right, only after personally attending Schwarz lectures, reading his complete literature, examining stenographic transcripts of entire schools in several cities, and compiling a bulging file of statements by school speakers as reported in the press from New York to California. Thus Mr. Skouson did say what I said he did at Schwarz meetings in 1960-61, and if I were writing this reply from the United States (and not from Rome) I would be happy to list from my clipping files many more such rightist appeals. Mr. McDowell refers to my "responsibility" (as a guest speaker) at the Philadelphia Fellowship Commission for Clarence Pickett; I still fail to grasp the analogy. If Mr. Pickett had made comments objectionable to me at the meeting I addressed, I would have taken instantaneous exception to them; my point is that Dr. Schwarz does not do this when some of his "faculty" have voiced radical-right themes at his schools.

As for liberal and social-democratic spokesmen appearing on Dr. Schwarz's platforms, I think Mr. McDowell will not deny that the liberal, labor, social-democratic, and socialist organizations of the United States have openly boycotted the Schwarz Crusade; Mr. McDowell seems to think this has been because of "intimidation" by writers like myself, but I prefer to think it is because the leaders of these groups, typified very vocally by Mr. McDowell's associate, Norman Thomas, concluded that Dr. Schwarz's approach does not lead to a balanced and insightful analysis of the Communist challenge, while it incorporates elements of anti-intellectualism and anti-liberalism that cannot be ignored. If Mr. McDowell and Senator Dodd belong within the camp of "liberals" and "social democrats," I will be happy to cite them, in the future, as isolated mavericks on this question of Dr. Schwarz. Finally, the local press and civic groups in community after community have reported widespread additions to local radical-right groups after each Schwarz Crusade, as people are stirred to emotional heights by the "schools" and are not given any constructive program; they are then perfect recruits for the Birchers, many of whom, appreciating the dynamics of organization, were among the sponsoring committees and endorsers of the Schwarz Schools.

There is an element of tragedy in this whole situation which Mr. McDowell's letter gives me the opportunity to note. I am convinced that Dr. Schwarz is a sincere man and an honest one, and personal conversation with him quickly shows that he is no Hargis, Welch, or Anderson. But he simply does

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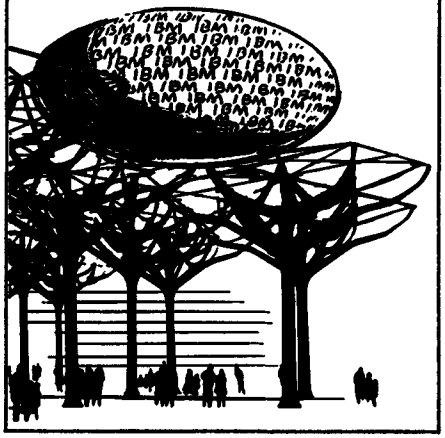

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not understand who is *using him* in American civic life, and how one must discard unwanted allies; nor does he understand how his analyses of Communism provide such a wholly negative contribution in the United States of the 1960's. The point I made in my article, therefore, was that his shallow materials and doubtful faculty members had to be put into the column of useless and inflammatory "education" on Communism.

As for Mr. Reagan's comments, I do not share his basic thesis, though I wish that space limitations had not prevented me from discussing this at greater length. First, many large corporations have put on their public affairs staffs broadly trained liberal arts graduates with advanced degrees in education or journalism. Their activities are often directed by corporate executives whose civic and political skills and activities are hardly to be dismissed by remarks about men hired to advance "profitable production." If by "suited" Reagan means "capable of," then the answer is that they are. Second, my reading of American pluralism is that corporations—and unions—have a legitimate right to sponsor discussion of public issues in their own organizations and in the communities, with full bias flying if they mark it as an ideological statement, or with some minimum of balance and non-compulsion if they market this as "non-political" and "educational." God help us if "education" in public affairs is ever allowed to become the monopoly of the professional educators as their "area of autonomy." Finally, I laud "responsible corporate education" precisely because I think corporate and union expenditure of their funds is proper, within limits set by law and civic pressure. Mr. Reagan may not know that this issue has been raised directly at shareholder meetings, such as those of Standard Oil of New Jersey, and the "owners" of shares have overwhelmingly supported the management's policies against demands to distribute these funds as dividends or use them only for "economic" pursuits. What puzzles me is why Mr. Reagan invokes "new social controls" as a dire, future remedy. We already regulate such corporate and union activity by court decision, regulatory agency rules, and state and federal legislation, and perhaps we need some more detailed regulation. But I think it is marvelously utopian—and a curious allegiance to American pluralism—to envisage corporations and unions limiting their activities to full-page ads in favor of Ivory soap or the ILGWU label, leaving "education" in public issues to us wise professors and the government.

Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Robert Hellman's "Death in America" [November '63] is by all odds the best story you have published in several years. Although I've never heard of Mr. Hellman, I'd like to see COMMENTARY publish other things by him. He is original, authentic, funny, and moving.

JACK GREISMAN
New York City

Race & Economics

TO THE EDITORS OF COMMENTARY:

I have just read Hans J. Morgenthau's terrifyingly frank, brilliant piece ["The Coming Test of American Democracy," January]. It is an exceedingly important thing that Professor Morgenthau has done, to put together the race problem and the basic economic problem in this country. One thing wrong, I believe, with the strategy of the leaders of the Negroes at the present time is that in their fight against discrimination they are looking to a better place in a world that no longer exists. The building trades were always in effect ethnic or family guilds. They are on the way out with automated building. The Negroes should really work all out for basic economic changes, and so far as they work for self-improvement and against job discrimination, should engage in working toward the kinds of education and training which will most likely be useful in the future, instead of seeking an equal place in those occupations which are now on the way out. But I do not really complain—for who indeed is making this projection toward the future which will have to be made if we are to correct the tendency toward increased unemployment and poverty of that peculiar alienating kind that we have in our cities, the violence-producing kind?

EVERETT C. HUGHES
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

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Peretz Performed

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I should begin by pointing out that I translated two of the pieces for Isaiah Sheffer's production, "The Theatre of Peretz," which Irving Howe so thoroughly roasts ["Peretz Off-Broadway," January], and that therefore the remarks which follow are made from an utterly partisan point of view. On the other hand, I have been far from New York since well before the Gate Theatre production went on the boards, so that what I have to say here is entirely my own and unsolicited. My knowledge of the production is based on several try-outs that were held last spring.

Mr. Howe seeks grounds for his critique of what he sees as excessive sentimentality in the production by stressing that Peretz was an ironic and sophisticated writer. Indeed, this is true, and some of the bitterer aspects of Peretz's irony were well represented in this production, in several sketches that Howe does not take the trouble to mention, evidently because he would then be forced to tone down his diatribe. On the other hand, Peretz *is* the author of *Shulim Bayyis*, which also has its ironies, but which ends nevertheless on a note as unequivocally sentimental as ever drove a Jewish grandmother to tears in a New York theater. In addition, this sentimentality *works*, a fact which represents a quality of Yiddish literature not readily to be found elsewhere, as Mr. Howe well knows; and which furthermore suggests that Peretz and Howe, for all the capacity for irony that they might share, do not see the world in precisely the same way. Howe's interpretation of "If Not Higher" is certainly a valid possibility; meanwhile, would the fact of its being ironic in conception mean that any of the characters in the story are seeing their situation ironically? Would the Litvak's conclusion that the rabbi, because he turns out to have been helping the poor, and the *goyishe* poor at that, is therefore holier than he or anyone had imagined, necessarily be a consciously ironic realization? Even then, possibly, but only possibly, and if valid, this interpretation would certainly help us to see Peretz as something more like a New York intellectual of the 1960's. But since Peretz was not that, but rather a pre-1914 European who believed sentimentally in socialism, it seems to me quite valid

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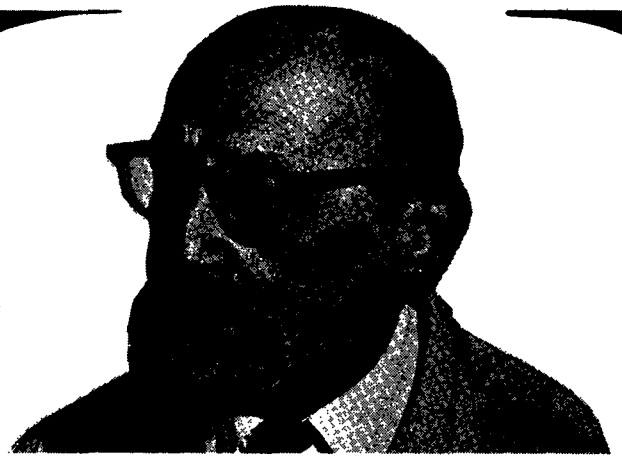

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to suggest that Peretz even felt, and thus also the Litvak of his story, that the rabbi had achieved true holiness. In any case, Howe has not sufficient grounds for viewing Sheffer's interpretation as some kind of sin.

Since Mr. Howe's nastiness is really quite disproportionate, and since he really does not seem to address himself honestly to all the elements in this particular production, one is led to wonder what he is up to. He is apparently attacking something more general than this dramatization seems to him to represent. Why, for example, if he is angry at its sentimentality, does he pass so lightly over Zvee Scooler, the central actor of the production, and the chief perpetrator of the sentimentality that is in it? We are to gather that Scooler, being of the authentic Yiddish-speaking generation, is entitled to its faults. Indeed, Howe, who sometimes argues like a member of some kind of Yiddishist high priesthood, would best not try to quarrel with a man whose credentials for membership are better than his own. Rather, he directs his shafts against the other two members of the troupe, the young, two-hundred-per-cent Americans who are forced to make an effort if they are to find some kind of Yiddish-like idiom for themselves. That this is a difficult task is obvious, and that the results had faults is to be expected, but Howe once again treats this as some kind of sin that should never have been perpetrated. I am reminded of the remarks made by some of the authentic old Yiddishists who were present at the first try-out of this production, last spring at the YMHA. In effect they said, not bad, but why didn't you do it in Yiddish? In other words, why do it at all? It is striking how many of the Yiddishists of America would rather see everything that is precious about the tradition they uphold go down ultimately and completely to its grave, than have some of its qualities preserved by being taken out of the exclusive circle of the high priesthood.

The fact is that there are many people who might have been too young to see Paul Muni as Emile Zola but for the repertory cinemas that are now to be found all over the city, who are entitled to the pleasures of whatever glimmerings of the Yiddish tradition can be salvaged and passed on to them, even though they cannot read the language. In the meantime, there are hazards in the task of conveying this tradition to Americans that were evident even before Howe told us about them. For example, the *Yiddishe-mamma* sentimentality of suburban theater crowds. This is perhaps the greatest hazard, above all because there *is* something in the texts that readily leads to this kind of thing, though, of course, it took American commercialism to transform this tendency into utter vulgarity. This fact means that all attempts to develop an audience for Yiddish literature must walk a dangerous line, especially in the theater, where immediacy is a major factor. In trying to find an idiom in English for the Yiddish tradition —something that has not been achieved yet because the task has been mainly left to the commercial barbarians of the movies and television—Sheffer's production had necessarily to walk this line. I think it did so rather successfully, but this, as I have warned above, is a partisan opinion. Meanwhile, I would be interested in hearing Mr. Howe differ with this opinion by discussing what he saw on the stage, rather than by giving vent to some of his favorite stock responses.

RONALD SANDERS

Jerusalem, Israel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The Rabbi of Nemirov in "If Not Higher" did not disappear "each Sabbath" and the Litvak does not follow the rabbi "one Sabbath," as Mr. Howe writes. The opening sentence of Peretz's story reads: "The Rabbi of Nemirov used to disappear every morning during the *slichos* days." In fact, the parable of "If Not Higher" that Professor Howe suggests may be a projection of the reviewer's outlook rather than the intention of the author.

Did Peretz permit the last words of the story, "if not higher" to be an "enigmatic" retort? Are the deeds of the Nemirover "secular saintliness"? It is important to review the internal evidence.

First, the rabbi is a pious Jew. Peretz tells his readers that when the rabbi got up he did "everything a Jew is supposed to do . . ." See Liptzin (ed.), *Peretz*, p. 177. That is, he performs the rites outlined in the *Shulchan Aruch*. Later, the rabbi does not neglect prayer when he absents himself from communal worship to bring wood to a sick Jewish widow; he recites the *slichos* as he lights the oven.

Secondly, the Litvak is not a *maskil*, a creature of the secular enlightenment. He still has the traditional sidelocks. He is well-educated, but all his learning is traditional too. To keep from dozing during the long wait for the rabbi to stir from his house, the Litvak rattles off "an entire tractate" from the Talmud by heart.

In fine, the ritual always accompanies the deed. Both are equally important. Given the men and the circumstances, they must be. Peretz describes a Sabbath-observing "moral hero." The Litvak's "higher" may refer to the Presence of the Almighty in the Seventh Heaven.

In any case, Professor Howe's "complexity" is not necessarily Peretz's.

SIMCHA KRUGER

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I did not see the performance of Peretz which Mr. Howe writes of, but for the sake of argument I am willing to concede that the show was bad. My objection, however, is to the reviewer's tone, so superior and caustic; it is a tone very easily adopted by people who are in the business of compiling, editing, and criticizing. . . . Rather than blast the company, Mr. Howe should have praised them, if not for the finished product, at least for the effort and love that went into it.

As a member of an amateur theater group connected with the Jewish community center in Cincinnati, I know from my own experience how extraordinarily difficult it is to find decent scripts in English of "Jewish content." . . . Therefore, when a group makes an effort to do Peretz, it behooves people of Mr. Howe's ilk to tread softly, to speak kindly, and to quietly pray that the toddling infant will pick himself up and take a few more steps toward the growth of something we someday hope to call "Jewish theater in America."

SID SILVERMAN

Cincinnati, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Irving Howe's article . . . contains a serious error of fact in regard to the story, "If Not Higher." In the original by Peretz, the rabbi disappears during the Penitential Days (between Rosh Ha-shanna and Yom Kippur); in Mr. Howe's report this is changed to the Sabbath. Both Hasidic wonder-workers and doubting Litvaks shared the belief that one does not chop wood on the Sabbath. Peretz, who was

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neither, sounded no such antinomian notes as are implied in the new version. I do not know if the error is that of Mr. Sheffer, who presented the sketch, or of your reporter. In either case it should be corrected.

(RABBI) PHILIP ZIMMERMAN
Long Beach, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

When I went to see "The Theatre of Peretz" . . . I found myself charmed, grateful to Peretz for having inspired the piece and furnished its substance, and to the players and director for having so tastefully and imaginatively put their talents to work on Peretz (of all possible choices). . . . May it now be that a serious student of Peretz like Irving Howe (author of one of the most illuminating essays on Yiddish literature) comes to a program like this one with a prior interpretation of every story and every line, and is then upset that the music does not sound at all as it did when he played it to himself?

Indeed, the very opposite of Howe's contention may be closer to the truth—one who is unfamiliar with Peretz, a non-Jew perhaps, may find the evening more rewarding than one who comes to see whether the production is a *true* rendition of the Peretz he knows.

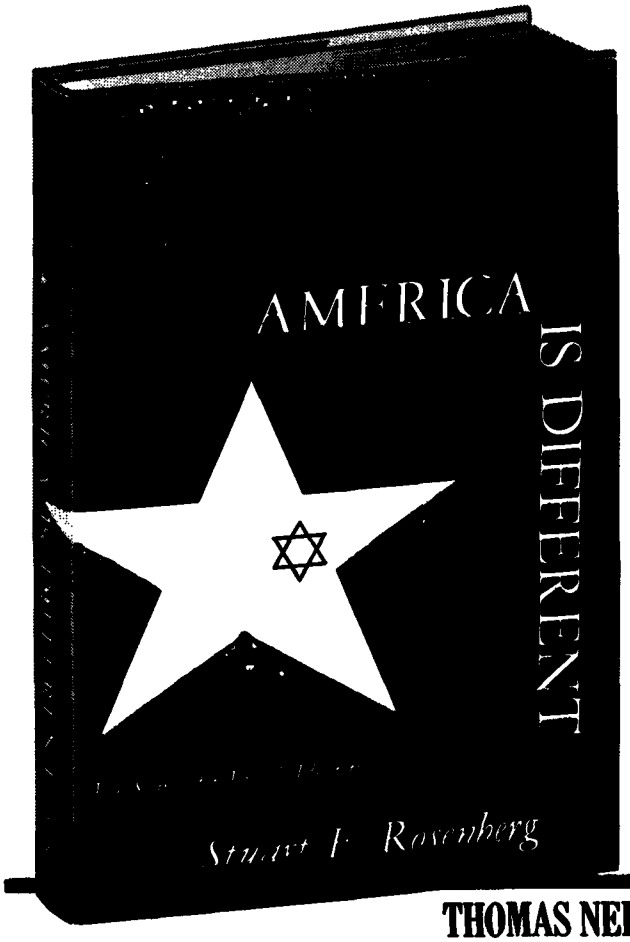
I found Isaiah Sheffer's gleanings from the Peretz treasure and his adaptation of them to the American stage a choice bit of *kleinkunst,* replete with ingenious tricks of stagecraft. Perhaps it brought us a part of the whole Peretz, or one way of reading him, or perhaps it suggests, as Professor Howe does suggest, that there is much, much more of Peretz waiting to be revealed in the magic atmosphere of the playhouse.

WILLIAM STERN
The Workmen's Circle
New York City

MR. HOWE *writes:*

Let me thank those correspondents who have kindly, and otherwise, noted my error in summarizing "If Not Higher." That the Rabbi of Nemirov performs his extraordinary deeds during the Penitential Days rather than the Sabbath, does not affect my argument that Peretz is using the Litvak's relationship to the rabbi as a way of establishing *both* traditional kinship and ironic distance toward the pieties which the rabbi is supposed to embody. It is a poor service to Yiddish literature to suppose that a writer like Peretz was simply retelling folk tales without adding to them something of his own sophisticated and ironic sensibility.

The rest concerns opinion: and I see no point in repeating here the grounds for judging "The World of Peretz" an artistic failure. The *nebbish* argument of Mr. Silverman explains why there is so much self-indulgent mediocrity in "American-Jewish culture." Mr. Sanders deserves to be taken seriously, and I have only the space to remark that if he wishes to know why I thought the play not merely bad but offensive, he can find the reasons in my review. "The World of Peretz" was, with the best of motives, a sugary exploitation of Yiddish literature; and I have no hesitation in saying, as I said in my review, that Mr. Scooler, with his oracular hamminess, contributed mightily to the exploitation.



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THE REVOLT AGAINST IDEOLOGY

HENRY DAVID AIKEN

CAN it any longer be doubted that, on all sides of the Iron Curtain, the age of Leviathan is upon us? And for serious men does there remain any significant form of activity that is politically indifferent? We still profess loyalty to the ideal of "free inquiry," but the fact is that, directly or indirectly, governments supply the major resources, and politics most of the incentives, for our scientific research. And if some fortunate scientists of eminence are still encouraged to do "pure" or "basic" research, according to their interest, the primary reason is not that such studies exemplify one of man's essential intrinsic goods, but that the state cannot survive without them. Indeed, our universities and governments, along with our great industrial complexes, look increasingly like the interlocking arms of a great, if also headless, political establishment. Free enterprise (who doubts it?) is everywhere a dead issue save in the mythology of fundamentalist Republicanism, and whether our political leaders favor state capitalism or corporate socialism, the welfare state is accepted by all as an irremovable reality. Politics provide the primary themes of our literature, and when the critics charge a novelist or poet with "retreating from life," what they mean by "life" does not need to be construed. "Aesthetics" signifies merely enfeeblement and irrelevance; the "pure" artist, like the pure scientist, is a dying species, and none will mourn him save perhaps a few old "new critics" who, be it added, well understood the political meaning of their own dandified aestheticism. Our most exigent moral perplexities are overwhelmingly political, and our gods, such as they are, seem wholly preoccupied with affairs of state.

I must admit, however, that there still exists one quiet place where a man may go if he is nauseated by problems of politics and hence of power, and one course of study which he may still pursue without fear of political encroachment: he may go, that is, to the graduate school of any great university and take up the subject known there as "philosophy." Among the intellectuals, to my knowledge, we philosophers alone are politically inert. The meaning of the concept of political obligation fascinates some few of my colleagues, but I have rarely heard them, in congress assembled, discuss their political obligations. And if any were asked to offer their opinions concerning the ends, or limits, of government they would probably either decline to answer or regard the question as philosophically improper.

In order to prove the rule, there remain a few notorious exceptions such as Bertrand Russell, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Professor Sidney Hook. But we have Russell's own word for it that his politics, like his ethics, and his philosophy have nothing in common except that both were hatched under the same head of hair, and both Sartre and Hook are frequently dismissed by their more academic colleagues as publicists who have deserted philosophy for careers as ideologists and politicians. Recalling the greatest names in the history of philosophy from Socrates to Aquinas and from Hobbes to Mill, one may wonder momentarily how such a state of affairs could have come to pass. But when one remembers what men have done, and in many parts of the world are still prepared to do, in the name of a political philosophy, the answer seems evident: from a "pragmatic" point of view, political philosophy is a monster, and wherever it has been taken seriously, the consequence, almost invariably, has been revolution, war, and eventually, the police state. Russell himself once wrote an essay entitled, "The Harm that Good Men Do." Many would regard this as an appropriate subtitle for any honest and realistic history of political philosophy. With Socrates, political philosophy became a gadfly; in Plato, a monstrous dream; in Rousseau, Fichte, Hegel, Marx, and the rest, it has become a scourge and an obscenity.

Such is the prevailing view. And if Peter Laslett, the editor of a recent volume of essays *on* political philosophy, is correct in saying that "for the moment, anyway, political philosophy is dead," then none mourn its passing less than the philosophers themselves. Those few who, as phi-

HENRY DAVID AIKEN is professor of philosophy at Harvard. The author of *Reason and Conduct* and co-editor (with William Barrett) of *Philosophy in the Twentieth Century*, Mr. Aiken has contributed many essays and reviews to COMMENTARY, most notably the three-part series "American Pragmatism Reconsidered" (August-October 1962). The present essay has been adapted from a study that Mr. Aiken is currently completing on contemporary attitudes toward ideology.

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losophers, still suppose that they have a useful political role to play, discover it to be only that of unmasking the pretensions of other political philosophers.

Just what is wrong with political philosophy as a genre nonetheless remains obscure. Of course many political philosophies from Plato to Aquinas, and from Hobbes and Rousseau to Hegel and Marx, have been tied to the kites of theological or metaphysical systems. And for some, no doubt, this fact suffices to put them beyond the pale. But roundhouse objections to "metaphysics" are less fashionable than they were some years ago. In fact, under pressure from the philosophers of ordinary language, philosophical analysts are increasingly reluctant to proscribe as meaningless any established form of discourse on principle, as the positivists used to do with the propositions, not only of metaphysics and theology, but also of ethics. In this respect, recent analytical philosophy has steadily moved in the direction of pragmatism or, I had better say, the direction in which pragmatism has tended to move since the days of William James. Any form of utterance, so it is now argued, is to be interpreted and judged only in the light of its own characteristic "practical bearings." Thus, for example, if political philosophers in their own terms are given to general moral evaluations of political activities and institutions, the question is only whether such appraisals, all things considered, are acceptable as value judgments: that is to say, do they express commitments to which, on sober second thought and in view of the historical record, we should be ready to give our own conscientious assent? Do the lines of social action which they commend appear on the whole to be worth the trouble it would take to realize them? Above all, would we in conscience be able to give our blessings to the sort of "representative man" who might emerge if such lines of action were resolutely pursued?

Questions of this sort, which I take more seriously, have produced another round of objections which, although they do not rule out political philosophy on supposedly semantical or logical grounds, do nonetheless seem to condemn it virtually as a genre. These objections are all the more telling and all the more significant since they come from a quarter in which there has been no general animus against metaphysics and no self-denying ordinance which would exclude from the purview of philosophy any problem that is not purely a conceptual problem about the "logic" of expressions.

TO MY KNOWLEDGE the most powerful attack upon political philosophy from this quarter (which for convenience may be called "existentialist") is to be found in Albert Camus's arresting work, *The Rebel*. Camus's indictment is easily misunderstood. To be sure, it is profoundly antirationalistic, but it is by no means based upon a romantic or nihilistic disillusionment with human reason or with the value of its exercise. Quite the contrary, reasonableness, in the more classical sense of the term, is Camus's forte. What he condemns, rather, are the crimes incited by the political philosophers in the name of Reason or of Reason's God. All men, say the philosophers, are created equal; *ergo,* let them be restored at once to their pristine estate, whatever the cost. All men are by nature free, yet everywhere they are in chains; *ergo,* Reason demands that they immediately be released, though ten thousand jailers perish in the process. Man is, above all, the rational animal, but because of the blinders which the ancient regime places before his mind, he cannot freely exercise his reason; then destroy the regime, let reason, or its self-appointed representatives, reign, and the devil take those who stand in the way. No doubt the political philosophers never meant to be quite so simple or so brutal as these caricatures suggest. But what of their followers, those who take them, or try to take them, at their word? Can the political philosophers altogether disclaim responsibility for their crimes? Is there not an ingrained metaphysical or moral pride, a fatal lack of continence in the very attempt of political philosophers to set forth, whether in the name of reason or of nature or of humanity, the absolute ends of government and the supposedly invariant forms of the just society?

But Camus's criticisms are by no means directed exclusively to the 18th-century *philosophes* and their descendants. They are extended also to the Hegelians and the Marxists who attempt to formulate a universal law, or dialectic, of historical development which is then made to double in brass as an immanent principle of justification for their own incitive prophecies about man's social destiny. Whether such prophecies proclaim a future of unlimited freedom, of absolute justice and equality, or of perpetual peace, in each case they too represent that criminal pride of reason which destroys the sense of limitation which for Camus is the beginning of political, as of every other form of, wisdom.

From these remarks it would be easy enough to conclude that Camus's indictment of traditional political philosophy is actually an indictment of philosophy itself. And so in a way it is, at least as philosophy has been conceived and executed in the dominant Western tradition. Yet Camus is not just another literary counter-philosopher. Nor is his indictment of rationalistic political philosophy a condemnation of political philosophy *per se*. For it is plain that, as Sir Herbert Read points out in his discerning preface to the English translation of *The Rebel,* Camus himself has a philosophy of politics. But it is, at any rate, a philosophy of politics radically different from those of his predecessors. For Camus makes no attempt to define *the* function or the end of government or to state *the* rightful basis of political

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authority. Nor does he propose any universal principle of political action save one of self-limitation or restraint. It is also characteristic of Camus that although he repudiates any and all forms of unlimited revolution, he accepts the necessity, on occasion, of rebellion or civil disobedience.

DESPITE MANY differences both in philosophical background and in literary style, there are striking parallels between Camus's existentialist critique of modern political philosophy and those to be found in the writings of the pragmatist, John Dewey. In Dewey one finds the same hatred of essentialism and apriorism, the same antipathy to utopianism, and the same distrust both of radical individualism and of radical collectivism. There is a similar emphasis upon the concrete "problematic situations" (as Dewey calls them) which alone he takes it to be the business of "creative intelligence" to resolve. And there is the same underlying humanism which opposes the sacrifice of living men to principles and to ideals realizable, if at all, only in an abstract and indefinite future. For obvious reasons, Dewey was more confident than Camus of the efficacy of democratic procedures, at least in "developed" societies. Yet he was by no means prepared to demand the immediate institution of such procedures in all countries and circumstances; nor did he, like more romantic majoritarians, regard the will of the many as an absolute source of rightful political authority. Democracy for Dewey is a method rather than an end. Or if, in certain writings, democracy also tends to become an end, then it is in a looser sense of the term which now begins to take on meanings more strictly associated with the concepts of community, fraternity, and social equality.

Dewey's pragmatic criticisms of earlier political philosophy are usually regarded as methodological rather than moral—although in his case, as in that of all pragmatists, it is always a question where problems of method leave off and problems of ethics (and politics) begin. Thus, whereas Camus ascribes the primordial fault of the political philosophers to their incontinent passion for absolute transcendence of the finite conditions of man's historical social existence, Dewey ascribes it to the illusory "quest for certainty" which, according to his reading, dominated virtually the whole history of philosophy before the 20th century. Yet in Dewey's case also, one senses that the more radical evil lies not in the illusion itself but in its attendant waste and destructiveness. The quest for certainty begins in hope and ends in skepticism and despair. In promising us an unlimited intellectual and moral security, it brings us by stages to the war of all against all. Dewey's more unfriendly critics have often charged him with advocacy of the gospel of human perfectibility. No criticism could be more perverse. Man, as Dewey conceives him, is, once for all, a mortal creature who lives and has his being within the orders of nature and of history. Indeed, this is the governing metaphysical principle underlying his logic, his theory of knowledge, and his moral philosophy. Uncertainty, and hence imperfection, are ingrained in the very texture of human existence. And no method, including the methods of science, can extricate us from them.

In other spheres, philosophical forgetfulness of this fact has been unfortunate; in politics, as in ethics, it has proved a calamity. This is not to deny that Dewey has a philosophy of politics, but like Camus's it is of a sort quite different from the major political philosophies of the tradition. He is sometimes criticized for offering us no explicit general theory of governmental authority, no principled statement of the grounds or proper limits of political obligation—above all, no settled position toward the most vexatious of modern political problems, namely, revolution. But Dewey's vagueness on these scores is quite intentional. In politics as in ethics, Dewey repudiates any and all fixed principles for the institution of the good society or for the establishment and maintenance of good government. His preoccupation as a political philosopher is solely with the controlling attitudes which men bring to their political deliberations.

II. Marxism and Ideology: The First Revolt

Impressive as they are, the foregoing criticisms of political philosophy are largely matters of individual judgment. And if the professional philosophers now decline to do political philosophy, it may be argued that this is owing to their own disillusionment with the achievements of their predecessors rather than to any inherent fault in political philosophy as a genre. It remains to ask whether there may be, after all, some deep-lying confusion of mind, some pervasive logical fault or category mistake, which really does afflict political philosophy as a form of discourse.

As a way of confronting this question, it may prove useful to examine certain aspects of the widespread attack against the modern offspring of and successor to political philosophy, namely, ideology. Most of the "anti-ideologists," as I shall call them, share certain attitudes in common with the existentialists; indeed, it is my impression that some of them owe more to the latter, and particularly to Camus, than they have as yet acknowledged. They owe something also to the pragmatists; in fact, most American anti-ideologists fancy their own point of view as essentially "pragmatic." But (generally speaking) they go beyond the existentialists and the pragmatists in contending that ideological thinking is the function of certain features of the social situation in which intellectuals as a group find themselves in

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an era of exact science, advanced technology, and the welfare state. In predicting the end of ideology, they thus imply that the social and intellectual conditions which have been conducive to ideological thinking are now disappearing. Their own role, in effect, is to make certain that the prediction will come true.

Now the primary target of our contemporary Western anti-ideologists is, of course, Marxism. And in prophesying the end of ideology, it is the end of Marxism of which they mainly dream. It is worth remembering, therefore, that: (a) Marx was the first great critic of political philosophy; and (b) he was also the first great prophet of the end of the ideological age.

According to Marx, ideology always involves a conception of reality which systematically "inverts" the whole relation of thought to being.* As a form of thought, therefore, ideology is inherently confused; it stands to science, in Marx's words, as an inverted image in a "camera obscura" stands to a veridical perception. This inversion, of which Hegel's "objective" idealism is a prime philosophical example, results directly or indirectly from that process of "alienation" whereby human artifacts, including "ideas," are invested with a power and a reality that are supposedly independent both of their producers and of the material conditions and operations involved in their production. Such an investment, which philosophers call "reification," is also necessarily accompanied by "mystification," i.e., by an obscuring of the interests and relationships that actually determine social behavior. For example, in imputing an independent reality and power to their reified ideas and principles, their rights and duties, their ends and "reasons," men thereby conceal from themselves the fact that it is they, the creators of such entities, whose underlying actions and whose work alone give them whatever significance they may have.

Except for genuinely empirical science, the whole cultural "superstructure" of hitherto existing societies is permeated by the same process of alienation and ideological inversion. For this reason it would be a radical mistake to conceive of ideology as limited to political philosophy; on the contrary, ideology also includes, among other things, religion, ethics, art, metaphysics, and the "dismal science" of economics. Properly understood, political philosophies are merely special applications of far-flung ideological patterns that invest them with their own magical "authority" and "justification." Furthermore, since alienation is a social process, ideologies, whether as wholes or as parts, are to be understood as expressions, not of the interests of isolated individuals, but of the conflicting concerns—or better, tendencies—of social classes. It is thus only by relating political ideologies to their objective social conditions and causes that we can begin to interpret their true objective meaning (i.e., what they signify or portend within the order of nature), and hence, by stages, to correct the inverted images of reality which they present to the ideologists themselves. One of the primary functions of Marxism, in fact, is precisely to provide the intellectual, including the social-theoretical, tools for such interpretations and corrections, and thus for the first time to enable us, in principle, to demythologize ideology.

But it is one thing to explain ideology and another to overcome it. Mankind as a whole can permanently overcome ideological thought (and action) not by any process of purely conceptual analysis on the part of individual philosophers, but only by removing the material causes of alienation which, according to Marx, are rooted in the institution of private property. And it is for this reason, and this reason alone, that Marx's historical prophecy of the coming of world socialism amounts at the same time to a prophecy of the end of the ideological ages.

III. Disillusionment in the West: The Second Revolt against Ideology

Marx's view of ideology underlies the thinking of most of our own anti-ideologists. However, they go beyond Marx in extending the pejorative associations of the term to the role of ideology in ordering human attitudes. Thus, they not only regard ideological doctrines as wrong-headed; they also object to their employment as vehicles for the formation, guidance, and control of social behavior. But they go Marx one better in another way, for they also regard Marxism itself as a prime example of ideology.

The first non-Marxist writer, so far as I know, explicitly to inquire whether we might be approaching the end of the ideological age was Raymond Aron in his book, *The Opium of the Intellectuals*. The prevailing temper of Aron's book is not unlike that of Camus's *The Rebel*. There are also a number of striking parallels between Aron's point of view and that of Karl Popper, as developed in the latter's *The Open Society and its Enemies*. For example, there is the same constitutional distrust of large-scale social planning, the same insistence upon the impossibility of large-scale historical predictions of social behavior, and

*In this section I have been aided by Stanley W. Moore's *The Critique of Capitalist Democracy, An Introduction to the Theory of the State in Marx, Engels, and Lenin*, Paine-Whitman Publishers, New York, 1957. Moore's fourth chapter, "Ideology and Alienation," pp. 114-137, is highly compressed and schematic, but I know of no other discussion of the subject which, within its limits, is so clear and so accurate. I have also benefited from Norman Birnbaum's *The Sociological Study of Ideology (1940-60)*, *Current Sociology*, Vol. IX, No. 2, 1960, Basil Blackwell, Oxford, England. Birnbaum's essay, which he subtitles "A Trend Report," is a masterly survey of current literature on the subject of ideology, including Marxist ideological theory. It also contains an invaluable critical bibliography.

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the same celebration of the virtues of "the open society." Above all, there is the same castigation of any attempt to determine the drift and meaning of human history as a whole and hence of the attempt to formulate universal and necessary laws of historical development.

"The last great ideology," says Aron, "was born of the combination of three elements: the vision of a future consistent with human aspiration, the link between this future and a particular social class, and trust in human values above and beyond the victory of the working class, thanks to planning and collective ownership." Aron believes that at the present time the hope aroused by that ideology is gone beyond peradventure. One main reason for this disillusionment, so he argues, is that "Confidence in the virtues of a socio-technique has begun to wane." Furthermore, on this side of the Iron Curtain, no one believes any longer in the reality of a social class that will carry us, under the leadership of the socio-economic engineers, to the frontiers of the classless society. Like Camus and Popper, Aron cannot bring himself flatly to renounce the values of the Enlightenment; but in practice he is no more able than they to take them with absolute seriousness as governing ideals for the reconstruction of society in the 20th century. In his own terms, he no longer fully believes in the vision of a future consistent with "human aspirations." And it is this fact perhaps that accounts for the vein of pessimism and the self-division which run through his writing.

In any case, it is plain that for Aron the approaching end of the age of ideology represents also a crisis of faith and of hope for mankind. On the penultimate page of his book, Aron asks, "Does the rejection of fanaticism encourage a reasonable faith, or merely skepticism?" His analogical answer is that "one does not cease to love God when one gives up converting pagans or the Jews and no longer reiterates 'No salvation outside the Church.'" Coming as late as it does in Aron's book, this has something like the effect of an unprepared major cadence at the end of a funeral march. What is its basis? No matter how personal one's religion may be, it is hard to see how it could fail to be attenuated by a radical renunciation of one's belief that it should prevail. If one really gives up trying to convert the "pagans," does this not entail reservations about the value as well as the possibility of converting them? If so, does this not also suggest that one has ceased completely to love God or else that only a gesture toward the love of Him remains? Making due allowance for the analogy, I cannot, as a pragmatist, see how one can be said actively to seek a less cruel lot for humanity if one can trust no technique and no plan for its amelioration. To will the end is to will the means, and to reject the means is, in practice, to renounce the end. Like Peirce in another connection, one is minded to say to the political as well as to the epistemological moralists: "Dismiss make-believe!" This means also, so far as I can see, "Dismiss professions of 'reasonable faith' if you do not believe in the *power* of reason; and do not talk about abolishing 'fanaticism,' unless you believe that there is a way (or 'technique') of abolishing it." Like all anti-ideologists, Aron is opposed to the expectation of "miraculous changes" either from a revolution or an economic plan. Very well. The question is whether he gives us any reason to expect unmiraculous changes from any sort of concerted human action. "If tolerance is born of doubt, let us teach everyone to doubt all the models and utopias, to challenge all the prophets of redemption and the heralds of catastrophe." And, "If they alone can abolish fanaticism, let us pray for the advent of the skeptics." The rhetoric is appealing. But it smacks of ideology, in Aron's own sense. For toleration is also a principle and a method. And it too has its dangers.

These comments are not made in a spirit of mockery. My purpose is rather to make clear what may be implied in the prophecy that we are living at the end of the ideological age, the age, in Mr. Aron's own apt words, in which men still actively search "for a purpose, for communion with the people, for something controlled by *an idea and a will*" (my italics). As he points out, we Westerners have suffered an increasing fragmentation of our universe; our poetry becomes more and more obscure and diffuse, and our poets are isolated from one another as well as from "the big public" which "in their heart of hearts, they long to serve"; our scientists have ideas aplenty but no control over their use or indeed any consistent belief in the possibility of their control; our scholars control limited areas of specialized knowledge, but present-day science "seems to leave . . . [them] as ignorant of the answers to the ultimate questions as a child awakening to consciousness"; and our economists and sociologists, for all their facts and statistics, their jargon and their lore, have not the vaguest notion whether "humanity is progressing toward an atomic holocaust or Utopian peace." This process of fragmentation and dissociation, moreover, is not new; it has been going on at an ever more rapid pace, at least since the Renaissance. But here precisely, as Aron admits, "is where ideology comes in. . . ." For ideology represents the insistent demand for a coherent *way* of individual and social life, an orientation toward the world and toward the human predicament, controlled as he says both by an idea and by a will, or, rather, by a will infused with an idea and an idea animated by will. Ideology, as Aron tacitly acknowledges, is a creature of alienation; but it represents also a passion to reduce alienation, to bring it down to bearable human proportions. It also represents the belief that alienation may be reduced through

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collective human endeavors. Thus, by his own account, an end to the age of ideology would amount to this extent to a virtual skepticism about the possibility of reducing alienation through corporate planning and action (ideas infused with will). And this means that man has no choice but to live with alienation. Here, however, one faces precisely one of those metaphysical and historical "necessities" against which the anti-ideologists themselves rail when they find them in the writings of other ideologists. Here, too, it seems, we are faced with a "simplified" idea of man's fate which, as in the case of the Stoicism it is plainly a variant of, forms the basis of still another ideology, an idea that in this instance is, if I may say so, fused with inaction.

IV. The Sociological Critique of Ideology

Aron's analysis of ideology, although suggestive, does not take us very far. Let us therefore cross the ocean to the heartland of contemporary anti-ideology. In the United States perhaps the leading anti-ideologist is the sociologist and social critic, Professor Daniel Bell. Bell, who knows his Marx, is also a good strategist. Already in the introduction to his book, *The End of Ideology,* he moves beyond Aron, for, unlike the latter, he proposes to make a positive virtue of alienation. "Alienation," he tells us flatly, "is not nihilism but a positive role, a detachment, which guards one against being submerged in any cause, or accepting any particular embodiment of community as final. Nor is alienation deracination, a denial of one's roots or country." This persuasive definition has its points. It is also an interesting instance of the notion of an idea fused with will which Bell, like Aron, tends to identify with ideology.

As befits a sociologist, Bell is concerned not just with the content of ideas but with their social origins, causes, and roles. Thus, in an attempt to locate the sources of ideological thinking, he begins his analysis with a characterological division of the intelligentsia into two main types: (a) the "scholars"; and (b) the "intellectuals." The scholar, as Bell conceives him, "has a bounded field of knowledge, a tradition, and seeks to find his place in it, adding to the accumulated, tested knowledge of the past as to a mosaic." He is, so to say, a "pro" for whom "the show must go on," however and whatever he himself may feel about it. Accepting the scholarly tradition within which he has found a place, he is able to judge himself, or at least his scholarly performance, by impersonal and objective standards. And if he performs with a modicum of efficiency and does not stray beyond the limits of his scholarly "competence," he is entitled to a modicum of self-respect. Indeed, his self-respect, like his role-governed conception of himself, is a function of his assurance of the respect of his peers and, more indirectly, of the society of which his discipline is an established part.

The intellectual, on the other hand, has no such responsibility or security. Lacking a scholarly discipline, perhaps lacking the talent for achievement within such a discipline, which can hold him continuously responsible to "objective" methods and to "facts" wholly independent of himself, his only recourse is an endless dialectic and critique of general ideas. And because he is without a legitimate social role to play within society, he perforce finds himself alienated from its institutions and is left to manipulate his "ideas" in a mood of unrequited and unfocused resentment. He doesn't so much think with his ideas as feel through them. In the discourses of an intellectual, therefore, the thing to look to is not his argument, which, where it exists, is merely a vehicle for his resentments, but rather to the effect which it is meant to induce. He presents his readers not with information but with a goad and with an outlet for their own repressed emotions of estrangement or violence. He may, in the process, tell them something, but it is doing something to them that is his real, if unavowed, aim. For him, the beginning and end of a process of reflection is not a specific problem about objective processes and events; as Professor Bell charges, he begins always with *"his* experience, *his* perceptions of the world, his privileges and deprivations, and judges the world by these sensibilities." For him, the "world" is not a thing in itself, but rather his will and his idea, and if there is something *there,* in itself, then he acknowledges it only as something which he is up against and which exists only in so far as he is up against it. His business, in Marx's words, is not to understand the world, but to change, or better, to overcome it. And if he can't change it in any other way, he may at least reject it, and thus, by an obvious inversion, still show his superiority to it.

In this way, every statement and every discussion becomes for the intellectual an implicitly political move in an endless game of power. Of course he fancies his own moves really to be in the interest (*n. b.*) of "justice" or "freedom," while those of his "opponents," whether they invoke the names of "legitimacy" or of "law and order," are actually made in the interest of business as usual which it is the function of the established order to protect and to promote. The sad fact remains, however, that the intellectual's power *is* severely limited by the existing system. Hence, in order to maintain the illusion of his freedom or of his power to realize it, he is obliged, as Bell puts it, to embark "upon what William James called 'the faith ladder,' which in its vision of the future cannot distinguish possibilities from probabilities, and converts the latter into certainties."

What is the nature of the conceptual tools with which the "free-floating" and unscholarly

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intellectual does his work? In order to answer this question, Bell is obliged to move from sociology to logic and semantics. Thus he speaks repeatedly, in terms which I find merely more explicit than Aron's, of ideology as being somehow a "fusion" of thought with emotion or passion which at one and the same time does the trick of "simplify[ing] ideas, establish[ing] a claim to truth, and, in the union of the two, demand[ing] a commitment to action." The result—and it is this which Bell most seriously objects to—is not just a "transformation" of ideas, but also a transformation of people. The typical effect of any ideological argument is, then, a kind of conversion. The road by which the ideologist comes to Damascus doesn't matter; what matters is that he is made to see the light. Says Bell: "Ideology is the conversion of ideas into social levers. Without irony, Max Lerner once entitled a book 'Ideas Are Weapons.' This is the language of ideology. It is the commitment to the consequences of ideas."

Bell is rarely more analytical than this, but toward the end of his study he does say one further thing which is at least symptomatic of the point of view which he represents: "If the end of ideology has any meaning, it[sic]is to ask for the end of rhetoric, and rhetoricians, of 'revolution,' of the day when the young French anarchist Vaillant tossed a bomb into the Chamber of Deputies, and the literary critic Laurent Tailhade declared in his defense: 'What do a few human lives matter; it was a *beau geste.*'" The general idea that concerns us here is not the tacit identification of ideology with revolutionary activity, especially of the more bizarre and feckless sort, but rather its identification with rhetoric.

If by "rhetoric" Bell means the use of language in order to persuade or influence others—and many things he says suggest that this is his meaning—then his vision of the end of ideology as an end to rhetoric is a utopian fantasy. Worse, it is an evil fantasy, for it implies a conception of human relations which would deprive us of the right to address one another except for the purpose of comparing notes about matters of fact. Consider what would happen were such a fantasy to come true. In any ordinary sense, it would mean a virtual end to discourse, to communication, and to argument. For it would mean an end to any speech-act addressed to others with a view to their guidance, their instruction, their edification, or their pleasure, with a view, in short, to changing their minds. Indeed, the image of man implicit in Bell's dream of the end of ideology is precisely one of an academic grind or functionary to which he himself, as a counter-ideologist and counter-rhetorician, is fortunately unable to conform.*

The American anti-ideologists, Bell included, regard themselves as pragmatists. However, we should remind ourselves that it is the great pragmatists who have insisted, time out of mind, that ideas have consequences and that, indeed, their operative meaning can only be construed in consequential terms. Rhetoric, from this point of view, is not necessarily a bad or degenerate form of expression; rather it is a dimension of any form of speech which is addressed to others. Furthermore, pragmatism is also a normative theory which asks us to evaluate any form of speech, and hence of rhetoric, in terms of its consequences. The question, therefore, is not whether a discourse persuades or influences other minds and other hearts, but how it does so and with what effect. Not every rhetorician is a demagogue. Plato's Socrates professed to despise the Sophists because they were rhetoricians, and this Socrates, I surmise, is the grandfather of all the countless anti-rhetoricians and anti-ideologists from his day to Bell's. But it should not be forgotten that Socrates himself was a master rhetorician and that his admirers ignore the fact because they believe his cause was just. Moreover, Socrates was not only a lover of truth; he was also, politically, a reactionary whose hatred of the Sophists was directed not only to their rhetoric but also to their liberal, democratic, and plebeian political and social attitudes. In saying this, I do not mean to attack our latter-day anti-ideologists by innuendo. I do mean to say that the plain effect of *their* rhetoric is to reinforce acceptance of our own institutional status quo and to declass those "intellectuals" who seek

*What Bell does not sufficiently emphasize is that the intellectuals' "faith ladders" have indeed converted possibilities into certainties. Otherwise it is hard to see why he and his fellow anti-ideologists make such a hullabaloo about ideology and why they are enthralled with the thought that we have reached the end of the age of ideology. The simple fact is that ever since the French Revolution the intellectuals, with the help of their ideologies, have been moving mountains. And if *their* ideologies are exhausted, as Bell contends, this does not necessarily entail the end of ideology as such. No doubt the old ideologies of the right and the left have lost much of their power to persuade, and no doubt, all over the world, radicalism and intellectualism in our time must inevitably take new forms. But they will persist, by Bell's own analysis, until every intellectual has become a scholar (or worker) and until every scholar becomes a scholar (or worker) merely; that is, until there are no full- or part-time "out-groups" (to employ a fashionable term of sociological analysis) and no general ideas for them to think with. At this point one begins to have visions of an academic utopia within which there are no "free-floating" intellectuals, no alienated, critical minds, such as Professor Bell's, that are not wholly committed to their vocations and that possess an over-plus of energy and passions that is not expended in the conduct of their own "researches." In such a utopia (if I may speak metaphorically) there would be no New York and no Concord, but only a series of semi-urban centers for semi-advanced study for semi-advanced scholars who would sternly deny themselves the use of any concept or the affirmation of any statement whose "practical bearings" cannot be shown to lie wholly within the range of their legitimate scholarly activity or work. Such a utopia, I fancy, would have no place even for counter-ideologists like Professor Bell whose own "restless vanity" (the phrase is his) is evidently not sated by the rewards that accrue from the performance of his scholarly labors.

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to modify in any radical way the fundamental structures of "Western" political life.

There remains a secondary sense of the term "rhetoric" which Bell may also have in mind. In this sense, rhetoric means eloquence. So conceived, the demand for an end to rhetoric is tantamount to a request for plain talk and, so to say, for an age of prose. So far so good. But there may be more to it than this. Elsewhere Bell harps upon the theme that "Throughout their history, Americans have had an extraordinary talent for compromise in politics and extremism in morality." It is plain that Bell is repelled by "this moralism," though, I gather, not so much because it is hypocritical but rather because, as moral, it is uncompromising. "The saving grace, so to speak, of American politics, was that all sorts of groups were tolerated, and the system of the 'deal' became the pragmatic counterpart of the philosophic principle of toleration. But in matters of manners, morals, and conduct—particularly in the small towns—there has been a ferocity of blue-nosed attitudes unmatched by other countries." And again, "It has been one of the glories of the United States that politics has always been a pragmatic give-and-take rather than a series of wars-to-the-death." Of course this last is *not* true. Among our national "glories" have been a war for independence and a civil war, both of them (among other things) wars of principle. Our periods of "give-and-take" have usually also been periods of drift and complacency which have ended in orgies of political corruption and degradation. In one domain, however, Bell believes that our underlying political "postures" have not been "pragmatic." "One of the unique aspects of American politics is that . . . foreign policy has always been phrased in moralistic terms. Perhaps the very nature of our emergence as an independent country forced us to constantly adopt a moral posture in regard to the rest of the world; perhaps being distant from the real centers of interest conflict allowed us to employ pieties, rather than face realities. But since foreign policy has usually been within the frame of moral rather than pragmatic discourse, the debate in the fifties became centered in moral terms."

These passages are typical. In asking for an end to rhetoric, what Bell appears to be calling for is, among other things, an end to *moral* discourse and a beginning of consistent "pragmatic discourse" in every sphere of political life. What does this mean? So far as I can make out, it means an end to judgment and to principle, to praise and to blame, in the political domain and a beginning of plain, unvarnished "politicking" in the name of our "realistic" national, social, or individual "interests." It means, in effect, that in political discourse two and only *two* forms of expression are to be regarded as legitimate: (a) realistic, verifiable statements of fact; and (b) bald, undisguised expressions of first-personal (singular or plural) interest. On such a view, one would be permitted to say, "I don't like segregation and I will try—without, however, upsetting the apple cart—to do what I can to limit segregationalist practices," but not "Segregation is an affront to the humanity of the Negro people," or, "Those who practice segregation are unfair and unjust." What is wrong with moral, as distinct from "pragmatic," discourse? It is not to be doubted that moral discourse is more eloquent and more incitive, and in this sense more rhetorical, than the "pragmatic" forms of speech which Bell prefers. But what is wrong with eloquence *per se*? No doubt it should not be used to cloud an issue, to obscure relevant facts, or to promote unreason. But this is no more a necessary consequence of moral discourse than of any other form of eloquence. Without eloquence, especially in times of crisis, few great political movements would succeed. In fact, eloquence, including the eloquence of moral judgment, is native to the language of politics, and particularly so, as Bell himself admits, in democratic societies where persuasion of the great masses is a condition of success. Thus to put an end to eloquence would be to put an end, not only to "moralism" (which is usually nothing more than the morality of those with whom we disagree) and to "ideology," but also to any form of politics in which great issues are stated or argued in terms of human rights and responsibilities and in which it is essential to gain the approval of the people, or their representatives, before any fundamental change in governmental policy is made. Perhaps a tightly knit, self-interested, and all-powerful elite might get along (among its members) with "pragmatic discourse" alone. But despite Bell, democratic politics does not just mean "bargaining between legitimate groups and the search for consensus." It means also a form of politics in which men are governed by, and hence with reference to, principles and ideals—in a word, to morals and to ideology.

BUT NOW a word of caution: It is no part of my intention to suggest, much less admit, that ideology and morality *are* rhetoric; the equation is Bell's, not mine. I contend only that if, as is true, ideological discourses are full of rhetoric (in the above senses), there is no reason to deplore the fact. Quite the contrary.

Webster also mentions a third sense (or senses) of "rhetoric" which for our purposes is perhaps the most interesting of all. In this sense, "rhetoric" means "ostentatious or artificial speech." That some ideologists and moralists are ostentatious need not be denied. My own impression, however, is that academic scholars, particularly in some of the more immature sciences of man, are at least as prone to ostentatious speech (and thought) as other intellectuals. Sociology, indeed, might almost be defined as the ostentatious science.

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But except in beautiful women, ostentation is surely a minor vice, and only a fool would write off a whole field of study or an entire form of expression because some of its practitioners, like Molière's learned ladies, tend to give themselves airs.

Artificiality is another matter, which will repay closer scrutiny. Now "artificiality" often connotes a way of doing things which, although not necessarily ostentatious, is mannered, contrived, studied, and "unnatural." On occasion, a rhetoric which is artificial in this sense can be very powerful, as for example, in the poetry of Milton or in the prose of Burke and Macaulay. Among moralists and men of letters one associates it with the conservative wits of the 18th century and with the elaborate courtesy and the elegant banter of Matthew Arnold and his disciples. For obvious reasons, it is not a rhetoric characteristic of revolutionary ideologists. In our own time one runs into it only occasionally among writers of the right or the right-center. In England, Michael Oakeshott employs it with some effect, as (in another way) do T. S. Eliot and his followers. In this country, some of the so-called southern agrarians, such as Allen Tate, are minor masters of this rhetoric. But I fancy that Tate, at least, is well aware that he is fighting in a lost cause, and his style, like a ruffled cuff, is intended to give us a heightened sense of the fact. To my unaccustomed ears, the Encyclicals of Leo XIII, which are among the modern masterpieces of Catholic ideology, are also effective examples of a rhetoric of this sort. Indeed, it is precisely the impervious, anachronistic artificiality of Leo's prose which makes one realize how remote, for better or worse, is the concessive modernity of his social thought from the radical liberalism of a Bentham or a Mill.

But "artificiality" has another connotation in this context that is more central to our theme. In this sense, I take it, rhetoric is to be contrasted with literal statement. Here I must limit my remarks mainly to political ideology, but what will be said holds also of all ideologies, including those we normally think of as religious or metaphysical. Now political ideology is nothing but political discourse (as distinct from political science) on its most general formative level. It is, that is to say, political discourse insofar as the latter addresses itself, not just to specific, piecemeal reforms, but to the guiding principles, practices, and aspirations by which politically organized societies, absolutely or else in certain typical situations, ought to be governed. This being so, political ideologies inevitably include, among their leading articles, statements of general principle or method and expressions of basic attitude, orientation, and concern which, as they stand, are so highly abstract as to appear to many minds preoccupied with day-to-day problems of "practical politics" virtually meaningless. Such statements are of course habitually formulated in terms like "general welfare," "common good," "justice," "equality," "democracy," "security," and the rest.

But these very terms, so natural or even essential, when one is defining and appraising political practices or systems, also tend through over-use to become mere counters which elicit from us the tired, stock response that leaves us, and hence the practices themselves, unchanged. Or worse, because our responses are dull and routine, and hence *practically* of no political importance, we may conclude that all general philosophical discussions of politics are pointless and that one political ideology is just as good—or bad—as any other. What does matter, so we feel, is not what we say or think about "the system," but only what we do within it. And so, by stages, we are led to the conservative conclusion that political manifestoes, declarations of independence, and constitutions (with their embarrassing ideological preambles) make no difference to society as a going concern. In short, so far as we are concerned, ideology is useless verbiage. On the other side, unfortunately, we discover to our dismay that other peoples, politically and intellectually less "advanced" than ourselves, are enflamed, sometimes to the point of revolution, by ideological discourses, fresher and more affecting, in part because less literal and less abstract, than those to which we are accustomed. And to our contempt for our own ineffectual ideological abstractions we now add a positive hatred (or fear) of an ideological rhetoric which suddenly endows those same abstractions with a new life that disturbs our own.

It should be observed, however, that our very hatred is itself a backhanded tribute to the power of ideology. And if, out of a misplaced loyalty to "reason," we merely limit ourselves to "exposing" it, we stand in danger of losing our world. Most of us, realizing that the world is *never* well lost, find ourselves drawn back inescapably into the ideological struggle which, if we are to win it for ends that are right and just, requires that we produce a counter-rhetoric more imaginative, more distinguished, and more durable than that of our opponents. But if, as literalists of the imagination, we still decline to go the whole hog, resorting now only to formal reaffirmation of the old abstract "principles" which no later than yesterday we professed to find meaningless, who will believe us? Why should they? They have heard the same golden words mouthed a thousand times on the party platforms by hacks who have no notion of their meaning. And, if it comes to that, what *do* they mean?

In science it normally suffices to state a fact, and one man may do this as well and as accurately as another. But in the sphere of conduct much more is involved. For here we have to do with matters of attitude and intention and with problems of

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authenticity, legitimacy, and authority. Here words must not only predict what will be but determine what shall be; they must not only inform but also prepare and initiate lines of action. And what *is* it that is being determined, prepared, and initiated? This, so I contend, can be fully revealed only through the "poetry" which the ideologist may afford us.

Since Plato, rationalists have ever been afraid of poetry. And even those who profess not to be so worry lest "the people" confuse the true poet with the counterfeit. But just as true poetry, known and loved, is the only real protection against the malefactions of pseudo-poets, so also its ideological analogue is the only guarantee against the factitious "myths" of a Rosenberg, a Hitler, or a Mussolini. Our worry, in America, should be not that the false rhetoric of "foreign" ideologies may divert our people from their loyalties to our establishment, but that we do so little to replenish the fund of ideological poetry with which the founding fathers, along with Lincoln and a few others, have provided us. Our contemporary ideology is, or seems to be, all ghost-written. The voice sounds as reedy and hollow as are the men who contrive it. But if we should lose the power both to create and passionately to respond to a great ideological rhetoric, we would also lose the power to tell the difference between the phony and the real thing.

Further, figurative and hence rhetorical language enables, or compels, men to perform in advance of experience those crucial symbolic actions and imaginative experiments upon which, as Dewey has persuasively argued, genuinely rational judgments of practice and of value entirely depend. Know the truth, and the truth will set you free: how dangerous and how misleading is this half-truth. How, in a moral and practical sense, *are* we to know it? I can assent to the proposition that on the first day of an atomic war every major city in the United States would be destroyed, without in the least *realizing,* in human terms, what the statement really means. In order that I may even remotely grasp such an idea, in absence of the event, I must somehow try symbolically to live through the horror and the agony of such a calamity. But this is precisely what the cold, literal, objective statement of fact does not require me to do. To this end, therefore, it is essential that I find a way of thinking and talking about the fact which will make me realize from a practical, and even, if you please, from a metaphysical point of view, what it comes to. For most of us, this can be done only through the artificial linguistic devices, known to every reader of fiction and of poetry, which enable us to perform "in imagination," as we say, those symbolic actions in which alone the "reality" of *literary* art exists. To disdain "rhetoric," therefore, is to disdain the very condition through which full practical understanding and judgment is possible. And to deny oneself its use is not to guarantee the preservation of scientific "objectivity" but to preclude the possibility of really being objective in trying to decide, in political terms, what one's way of life is to be.

It remains to say a word about "simplism," that final bogey of the anti-ideological mentality. Through rhetoric, according to Bell, ideology infuses ideas with passion, thus, as might be expected, winning friends and influencing people. But the principal underhanded intellectual (or is it, too, rhetorical?) trick of the ideologists is to "simplify ideas." It therefore seems necessary to remind the anti-ideologist that simplification, so far from being a fault peculiar to ideology, is, as William James well knew, a large part of the saving virtue of rationality itself. To oppose simplism on principle, in politics as in every other sphere of activity, is not to make a legitimate demand for recognition of the complexities and diversities of political life, but, in effect, to ask for an abandonment of policy and a fatal acquiescence in the drift of events. For simplification is an essential feature of any rational initiation of action. To refuse to simplify when one confronts a problem is in effect to reject the obligation to reach a solution; it is to make a game of possibilities and hence to move automatically outside the context of agency and choice. Every procedure that helps us to make decisions does so precisely by reducing the range of possibilities which we may reasonably be expected to consider. And every method, in setting a limit to the considerations that ought to be taken into account, thereby secures our deliberations against an endless spread of doubts.

On this score particularly, Professor Bell seems merely disingenuous when he tells us—incidentally letting a fair-sized ideological cat out of his own elastic bag—that although "There is now more than ever some need for utopia, in the sense that men need—as they have always needed—some vision of their potential, some manner of fusing passion with intelligence. . . . The ladder to the City of Heaven can no longer be a 'faith ladder,' but an empirical one; a utopia has to specify *where* one wants to go, *how* to get there, the costs of the enterprise, and some realization of, and justification for the determination of *who* is to pay." There is a rather terrible irony in the fact that Bell, who in other contexts is so prone to rail against those who think in terms of all or none, should find it so hard at this point to think in terms of degree. Were one seriously to try, in detail and at the outset, to meet all his requirements for a "good" utopia, the magnitude and complexity of the task would paralyze thought. The "good" utopian, like the unholy ideologist, must settle for considerably less if he is ever to bring his deliberations to a conclusion. And if he eventually does reach a conclusion, then no mat-

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ter how long he reflects and however precise his calculations, it will have been conceived in sin. For it will always reflect a radical simplification of the possibilities and the alternatives which a more scrupulous utopian would think it obligatory to consider.

But Bell's advocacy of even his "good" utopias is, at best, half-hearted. For he really has no faith in any long-range scheme aimed at the amelioration of society as a whole. "Ideology," he tells us, "makes it unnecessary for people to confront individual issues on their individual merits." But in one sense this is true of any rule, any procedure, and any plan, including the plans of piecemeal social engineers like Bell and Popper. What would be the point of any such scheme, however limited in its scope, unless it relieved us of the necessity of confronting every blessed individual issue on its (otherwise) individual merits? And if it comes to that, what is an "individual issue," and what is it to confront one on its "individual merits"? Is the issue of desegregation, for example, one such issue or is it many? Indeed, is the issue of desegregating one individual classroom in one individual school in one God-forsaken county of the state of Mississippi an individual issue? And if it is, what, pray, are *its* individual merits? How far do these extend?

One of the overwhelming advantages of a bill of human rights (which is nothing but a schedule of enforced ideological commitments), is that it drastically reduces the number of "issues" over which men in societies must continue to quarrel. In this way it reduces the terrible wear and tear of political life which, even in the best-run societies, is nearly unendurable. Bell and his allies, following Popper (and at a distance Bergson), are admirers of the "open society." But of course a completely open society, if such ever existed, would be not a society, but a chaos. If an "open society" is one in which each individual issue is decided, *ad hoc,* on its own peculiar merits, then who wants an "open society"? And if a "closed society" is one in which, owing to the presence of a prevailing ideology (or constitution), many issues are, in any practical sense, dead issues, why then let us by all means continue to have a closed society. Were we Americans seriously to invoke the principle that individual cases should be settled exclusively on their (otherwise) individual merits, we would have to repudiate our Declaration of Independence and to dismantle our whole constitutional system and the characteristic rule of law which it provides.

Is this what the anti-ideologists want? The question is by no means merely "rhetorical." Consider, for example, what that most determined and most consistent of anti-ideologists, Professor Michael Oakeshott, has to say about the Declaration of Independence. It is, he tells us, "A characteristic product of the *saeculum rationalisticum*. It represents the politics of the felt need interpreted with the aid of an ideology. And it is not surprising that it should have become one of the sacred documents of the politics of Rationalism, and, together with the similar documents of the French Revolution, the inspiration and pattern of many later adventures in the rationalistic reconstruction of Society." Whatever else may be true of Professor Oakeshott, he at least knows an ideology when he sees one and is candid enough to say so. It would clear the air if his fellow anti-ideologists on this side of the Atlantic would speak as clearly and unequivocally.

Let us no longer mince words. Our own anti-ideological foxes are no more "empirical" and no less rhetorical than their leonine opponents; they are, on broad issues, merely more indecisive and more eclectic. As it stands, their point of view is so lacking both in consistency and in clarity that, as I have discovered at some cost, it is virtually impossible to argue with them without fear of doing them some frightful injustice. Still, out of a sophisticated but paralyzing fear of over-simplification, they have managed to fashion a kind of counter-ideology, or fetish, of complexity, difficulty, and uniqueness. They tell us that "the present belongs to the living" and that we should lift from our shoulders "the heavy hand of the future" as well as "the dead hand of the past." Yet they evidently have not the courage to say that the preamble to the American Constitution, which speaks among other things of securing the "Blessings of Liberty to ourselves *and our Posterity,*" is so much wicked ideological flourish and moonshine. Their "pluralism" has become a kind of mania which, when pressed to its own counter-ideological extremes, leads inescapably (as William James long ago perceived) to anarchism and, at last, to nihilism. Were their political and social attitudes generally to prevail in the West—and it is primarily of the West that they speak in talking of the end of ideology—the result would be a pessimistic *carpe diem* philosophy which would render us helpless in the world struggle against the ideology of Communism. At home, in the political parties, in the Congress, and in the courts, it continually weakens what remains of our national commitment to the ideological principles that animate our constitutional system; in the Presidency, it provides merely the covering excuses for a spate of uncorrelated, "piecemeal" moves which, however admirable from a tactical point of view and however skillful as "pragmatic" politics, result in an ever increasing loss of basic political control and social direction. Curiously, the over-all picture is one of Hegelian "gray on gray." The only difference is that unlike our anti-ideologists Hegel knew that gray on gray is the color of barrenness, of late autumn and approaching winter.

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RONNIE DUGGER

THESE ARE THE TIMES: ON BEING A SOUTHERN LIBERAL

I'VE BEEN an integrationist (if you want a label) as long as I have had social ideas, but in Texas in the 40's and 50's I was not called on to practice my ideas much, you understand. Growing up in San Antonio, I had no awareness of Negroes. They were not in the schools; I must have seen them in the backs of buses, but I don't remember thinking whether it was wrong; I just accepted my advantage. At the University of Texas in 1947, as part of an attempt to find moralities to replace my failing religious ones, I repudiated segregation verbally as a matter of course. The first Negro I remember as an identity was Heman Marion Sweatt, the "test case" who was admitted to the University of Texas law school the year I edited the university student paper. I was trying out law school for a few days, and sat beside him in a class. In walked a *Life* photographer I knew (I wonder now whether I had hoped he might), and Sweatt and I posed for him in front of the University Tower. I was pleased when the picture came out, I thought my public gestures (school paper editorials, speeches at student rallies, that picture) cleared me, you know; I thought I was great.

The truth is that I had adapted myself to a racist society in many more ways than I could then admit to anyone. As time went on, putting professions of equality to the tests of private life pitilessly illuminated for me the accommodations and compromises by which I had been apparently seeking to reform, yet continuing to adapt personally to, and benefit from, the social stratifications based on color. There, in fact, was my lack of real Negro friends. There, in fact, was the low-paid colored maid. There, in fact, was my inner cringing when I first ate in an integrated restaurant.

In subtle ways I began to punish myself for these things. I felt, and did not try to resist feeling, abasements with Negroes that would not occur in me with whites. I was going through that phase when a white understands that he personally has been wronging Negroes, that most people of his color have been also, and that somehow he has to make corrections in his attitudes. I understood that if I made Negroes aware of these feelings of abasement, they would think them funny or be affronted—and rightly on either score; I cannot say whether I kept them concealed or not, but I tried. I was not ashamed of them; although I did not will them and did not act on them, they were somehow meet, and they were only feelings.

And yet: "only feelings"! A person trying to break out of the racist forms ought to expect to feel confused. One day I got on a crowded airplane and looked for a seat. It was a jackleg Texas airline, with single seats on one side of the aisle and double seats on the other. Now, I prefer to sit alone; I always have. But I came right up beside a Negro sitting by the window on the double-seat side. I stood an instant, feeling alarmed. Then I remember deciding clearly as I looked up toward the front, "I shouldn't sit beside him just because he's a Negro; I prefer to sit alone." Just at that moment, from up ahead of us the stewardess, damn her, indicated that there was a seat beside where she was standing. It was on the double-seat side, too. I said no, I preferred sitting on the single-seat side: was that seat at the back of the single-seat side taken? No, that was hers. I sat down beside the Negro, who turned out to be the president of a Negro college in Austin, my home town, and an intelligent man. Thinking about it later, I realized that I had done the logically right thing, but that the turmoil in my feelings meant that I was having to resist a tendency in me to conform, in this case to the racist customs.

We all have similar confusions, as a commonplace thing, when we are first talking to women we would like to make love to, or persons we are aware think they are better than we are, or very poor people whose humbleness embarrasses us. It is just something to be expected. Yet it is a part of the cruelty of the situation that, had there been an open seat on the single-seat side, and had I taken it, I would probably have hurt the Negro on that plane, I would at least have left open in his mind the possibility that I did not want to sit

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beside "a Negro": him. And in this circumstance abides a case against acting ordinarily without concern for color when doing so results in a hurt. But I believe one should do the ordinary thing, even if at first it takes an unnatural effort to do it, because one man can believe that another man respects him only if he is honest with him.

FROM THE FIRST on the *Texas Observer*, the reformist journal I work on, I have sought to hold white liberals and their Texas organizations accountable for compromises they make with racism. I have editorialized for integration, demonstrations, repeal of the miscegenation laws—the whole bit. It is easy to be upright in print, with words, but eventually you notice that not much changes. I would say to Northern, Eastern, and Western white liberals that until I had personally fronted up to the Southern reality in my bailiwick, East Texas, my racial liberalism was as farcically theoretical as Flores Magon, the Mexican anarchist, crying out from California in his paper *La Regeneración*, "Mexicans, to war!" and then failing to fight in his own revolution.

My first journalistic experience of white racism in East Texas was the Mayflower murder case of 1955. Mayflower is a rural all-Negro community near Longview. In the context of a school-bond election with racial undertones, two whites, nineteen and twenty, tanked up on beer one night and drove up and down the main stem of Mayflower, shooting into mailboxes, a school bus, the school itself, and homes, and narrowly missing a Negro woman as she was kneeling by her bed saying her prayers. On the open highway they shot into a café where some Negro teen-agers were dancing, and a sixteen-year-old boy fell dying, and two little Negro girls, aged thirteen and fifteen, were hit, both in the arm. There had been similar shootings in Mayflower before this, and nothing had been done—except some Negroes had been fined.

Acting on a tip from a subscriber (for the dailies gave no true idea of what had happened), I went out there to investigate. (I say "out there," because the Longview area is several hundred miles from Austin, and very much different; Austin is a bland university town.) As I drove up and down the main stem interviewing residents of Mayflower, state highway police and local cops together accosted me, rifled my car compartment, and inspected my credentials. They kept me waiting while they radioed Austin to check me out; when they got their answer, they decided not to arrest me. What if I had come down from New York? Even so, their hostility was implacable. I think about that scene occasionally: it did not happen in the free country most of us live in.

Although some weeks had passed since the murder, the driver of a Negroes' school bus still could dig a slug out of the side of the bus for me, and spent shells from the night of the shooting still lay about on the ground by the road. I took one of these shells into my pocket. In my interviewing, I got a feeling from Negroes and a few whites that a certain white youth was a prime suspect, but I found no evidence. One hot afternoon I drove to the town of Tatum, near Mayflower, where he lived, and affecting a casualness that covered my fright, I went onto his porch and knocked. He came to the door, a relaxed, disingenuous fellow. Now, on a hunch you can't just up and ask a man, "Are you a murderer?" I asked him (my voice came out deeper than it usually is) if he knew anything about the killing and he said he did not; I thanked him and went off. Before I left the area, I asked one of the sheriff's men if all the suspects had been interviewed, and he said yes. I told him I had gathered the Tatum youth was one of them: had they interviewed him? No. I went back to Austin and wrote my story.

The case agitated some people in Washington; postal authorities and the FBI sent in investigators. I got a request from the highway patrol for the bullet I'd picked up, but it had been thrown away. Eventually the Tatum youth and a pal of his were indicted. At the same time, the grand jury subpoenaed me, and the district attorney accused me of suppressing evidence—that shell I hadn't come up with—and created the impression I might be indicted.

I went out a day early and revisited the school bus driver, who gladly gave me another of the wanton shells. I did not fail to remark that more of them were lying around if the authorities wanted them, and that I had given them the name of the Tatum youth months before they indicted him, which was hardly suppressing evidence. Yet once again I felt the hostility; once again I felt that I was in enemy country, though I am a Texan, and this is my place.

The Tatum youth was tried and given five years, suspended—he went free—and the second youth was never tried. The Negro boy lay dead in his grave. Now comes into my mind the day I had gone to visit the boy's grandmother and guardian, the daughter of two former slaves who lived, worked, and died in the same East Texas area she'd known all her life. I wound in my car down a red-dirt road, shouldered each side by high, hot pines, and found her in a big unpainted shack in a clearing. A blue sign on the living room wall said, "God Bless Our Home and the People There-in." She was an old, heavy woman, she lumbered from a life of labor and heat. She cried softly as she rocked on the front porch and talked about the boy. "I can't get myself reconciled. Just the one child she had. I thought a lot of him, I was partial to him.

"He dead. I wouldn't let them bury him with a bullet in his head even if it cost $100 to take it out. Lawda mercy, I don't think I'll ever get over it.

"We ain't got no sayso about nothin'. I ain't gonna say nothin' about nothin' 'cause I know I

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got to go to bed and go to sleep, an' I ain't gonna talk."

THREE MONTHS AGO, returning from a trip to report on poverty in the Rio Grande Valley, by the Mexican border (but I had paused a day in Corpus Christi on the way down, and taken my ease)—returning, I say, from that trip, and quite down from what I had seen and heard, I came upon what I thought was at last a minimum statement from which I could salvage some hope for a cheerier daily feeling. "After," I wrote in my journal, by the side of the road—"After I have done everything I can, it would be stupid to refuse to be happy." That was a bracing thought!—until its flaw presented itself, that I can never do everything I can, and that even if I could, I do not.

I wonder if moral failure is not the given condition of man, against which he struggles, knowing that the only way he can answer this certain failure is by struggling against it, even though it is certain. The only comforting qualification I have been able to think of for Camus's principle that we are responsible not only for what we do, but for what we do not do, is that no one of us can possibly be held responsible for everything, that we are not gods. Yet the question, "Have you done everything for those in need that you can do?"—is a terrible question for any person to put to himself. I can think of just one person in my experience who might well be able to answer "yes" in total good faith, and he is regarded, by some of those he helps as well as by some of those who help him, as a fool.

Even doing as much of all we can do as we do, still we are trapped by some circumstances. Recently I took an interest in the case of an East Texas Negro youth who, when he was eighteen, had been convicted of raping a forty-seven-year-old white woman out there, and had been sentenced to be electrocuted by an East Texas jury. In his cell in Death Row in Huntsville, the Negro told me the woman had seduced him, warning him that if he did not take her, she would holler rape; he knew what this meant, and took her; and in a later encounter, perhaps because she feared they had been seen, she did holler rape, and a confession was beaten out of him. In the trial, his lawyers (to whom, I confirmed, he had told this same story) advised him not to take the stand so as not to antagonize the whites by calling her a liar, and he did not. The confession was read, there was other damaging testimony, she gave her testimony that she had been raped, and that was all she wrote. I drove on north into East Texas and interviewed people who had had to do with the trial. A prosecuting attorney and one of the other lawyers asked me what other inquiries I planned, and I said I was going out to see the woman, and they each told me, in warning, deliberate ways, to be careful.

I was frightened about going out there. The woman had brothers. I was messin' with Southern womanhood, and I knew it. But of course I felt silly, too: this was a melodrama. I drove out to the community where the woman lived and eased slowly past the houses alongside the road until I came to hers. I was simply going to ask her about the case, whether she believed the young man should be executed, whether she had anything to add to her testimony. With pounding heart I walked onto the porch and knocked. Clothes were hanging on the line, and a car was in the driveway, but no one answered. I knocked again. I looked inside the window on the porch; it seemed bare inside the room. I called twice, loud for my conscience, and knocked again. No one answered. I went on back to Austin.

I knew I would have to go back out there to ask her these questions, yet I knew also that I might be killed for doing so, and I did not care to die. I began to weigh whether I might not be too valuable to die just now. It was a long time coming, the realization I finally found, worded and waiting for me in my mind one day as I drove north to Dallas, that "this is a war I believe in." I was in Arlington, again ready to set off to interview her, but it had occurred to me (such a simple idea, I was puzzled I hadn't thought of it) that I could telephone her. I could see no reason not. I did get her on the phone; her distant voice refused to discuss the case. I did not have to go back. Even so, for a time after my stories on the case came out, I approached callers at the front door with a little caution, and an abashed awareness of my ludicrousness.

I thought the stories, fully quoting the condemned man, made it clear there was doubt that he had had his day in court, but of course no new trial was ordered; there is something inexorable about executions, once they are decided on. He surprised me by complaining bitterly in his cell that I had quoted the mean things others had said about him. I shall never forget his execution. Never, never. He strides in and is in dignified command of himself. He will die manly. He looks at me, I feel that it is a bitter look; it is not a look of recognition, it goes through my head like a javelin. To him, I am part of the system that is killing him. They strap him in, gag him, drop a hood over his head, and kill him: the sound of breath sucked through teeth, he is lifted against the straps, his fists clench, his clothes balloon from his limbs; there is a distant sparking sound, his body is tensed against the straps for a very long time, a scene of terror. A heavy, sweetish, pungent smell seems to touch me.

When I got home early in the dark morning after driving all night from the prison, there was a letter for me he had written two days before he died. I read it, heavy with the memory of his death. About my stories he had written, " . . . the writer was real nice only if you could seperate the Lies from the truth, some peoples may think my story is all a Lie, but its not I am right. . . . I can't

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understand those peoples lie to get a man killed . . . . it will come out one day and I hope it is not too late, I can't explain things like I want to in this short note, but if you can come down here for a short time that will be just fine. . . . P.S. May God Bless and Keep us all in my prayers. hope to hear from you soon."

Can you understand how personal his careful, curlicued printing was to me? It was a letter from my own faulted conscience. I could not think of anything more I could have done than what I had done: no, perhaps I should have plowed up the whole country for new evidence. I might have found it; yes, if I had had the courage, I might have. In capital punishment, anything less than everything leaves anyone touched with the case wholly guilty of the death. I was glad when the sun came up outside my bedroom window, and I somehow had to start all over again.

Finally, all these things together caused me to need an act of some kind that was meaningful and that was very difficult for me to go through with. Austin's swimming pools had not been integrated. For years Barton Springs, the most beautiful natural springs public pool I have ever seen, had been the domain of whites only. I checked with my family, they were agreeable, and telephoned some Negro friends. Two Negro secretaries agreed to come, and together one day (after some delay, some on my part, and some on the Negroes') we all went swimming at Barton's. The authorities stopped us at poolside and told us they'd call the police if we went in. I told them to go ahead and call the mayor while they were at it; he was a Democrat I knew, who'd never been heard from much on race. I remember that a white lady made it a point to swim across the pool to talk to us. We swam about an hour and a half and went on to our respective homes—in the different parts of town, you know. Another two years passed before Negroes really began using the pool. Now they do, a little.

II

It is a comment on the twists the racial situation has taken that one day, after some prolonged reading in James Baldwin, I was visited, while driving down a one-way street, with the angry thought, "It's not my fault I was born white. I was born to my place and color as helplessly as you were, Baldwin, and have come but slowly toward an objective seeing of my circumstances. That's the way it is for each of us."

It is surprising that this thought was surprising. Yet the racial wrongs of American life have so sickened our consciences that some of us who are white have found ourselves gradually accepting the idea of our "racial guilt." We must not. For exactly as the belief in the individuality of the human occurrence is the basis of our abhorrence of the oppression of any person because of color, so also is it the basis of every individual's innocence of all the wrong he has not personally done. No group, ethically, exists at all; guilt or innocence cannot physically occur, cannot be located, anywhere but in the person, the self, and the doings and the failures to do, of a one.

This is more burdensome than it is absolving, for it means that a person may never plead absolution from personal guilt on the ground that, realizing he was doing a wrong, he was going along with a group—the Stalinists, the Nazis, Hiroshima atom-bombers, Southern whites, Black Muslims. But neither may a man be accused of guilt, save on evidence that applies separately and personally to him. In what way is whites' despising of Negroes different from blacks' despising of white liberals? If I will not consent that a white class a Negro by color, I will not either permit a Negro to class me by my color; or my son, by his. Here are my confessions. I am guilty to an extent, and purged to an extent, not because I am white; I am, because I am I.

I think of three white women in East Texas. One told me that she resents my feeling the way I do about her section because I do not have a right to such feelings. She herself has left her little home town there, to work in the city; but listen to her:

"None of the boys I thought would amount to anything went back. The only girls who are still there are the ones who married in high school and can't leave. That's the truth!—they all leave.

"I can't talk calmly about it. When I go home, it's the same: I'm going to be grown up about it, and I break down and cry. When you're gone off to school—you don't go back.

"It's not the lack of activity. When I was there I went to games in Dallas, and you drive to other towns for a movie—there's a lot of activity. Everybody has a car."

Why do they leave? She would not say. "You're not saying why out of loyalty," I told her. "That's right," she said. "When I read your pieces on East Texas, I feel, 'He can't feel that way. He doesn't live there—he doesn't know.'

"Take my father. He's a fine, wonderful man, but he thinks like all the rest of them do on—the Negro. We've supported a Negro family since I can remember. We buy their false teeth, pay their bills—everything. We even went without Christmas presents one year to buy them a house. And we didn't even have a house. But they'd got in some trouble, signed some wrong papers to somebody taking advantage of them.

"The mother comes in to wash the dishes. But they stay in their place—period, you can't discuss it, that's all. And they come in to wash the dishes on Sunday. They

stay
in their
place."

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I told her that when I go into East Texas, I feel that I'm going where there's something rotten and that I'm going where it's very beautiful.

"I know. But you can't feel that way. I don't know, I haven't analyzed the way I feel. You either go off to college and don't come back, or you go back and are torn up for the rest of your life. I couldn't change a thing. Things may change, but I can't change them. About all I can do is endorse every crook and reactionary who runs and maybe Dad'll vote for him."

I don't know exactly what she meant by that last; but I think I have since understood her resentment of me. I was traveling in East Texas on a bus and watched things from that high vantage point. What I saw was the apparent solidity of the culture. The way old men sit on the railings by the plate glass window of the general merchandise store, and walk slowly across the street, in the sun, in their khakis and suspenders, Saturday morning. The mass of the fields. The strawberry shed along the highway: the innumerable little accepted arrangements for prevailing, for profiting, or for sustaining oneself. The cultural envelope. The very fixedness of the streets, lawns, homes. The fact that everyone who is an accepting beneficiary of the social apparatus *owes* it, is *of* it, as in a family.

I think also of a young matron in a modern East Texas city. Prominent socially, she is a Southern girl, the kind you can be candid with, but with the Southern reserve. She says very seriously, "I am a just woman. What I mean is, if I owned those houses, they wouldn't leak, and they'd have plumbing, and . . ." Later she drove me through the rich sections; then to the slum quarters where her maid lives. "That house back there. You see it? There's not even a screen on the door!" Her indignation seemed very genuine. She blamed the landlord; she did not seem to connect her maid's plight with what she was paying her, and I felt that it would be simply too rude to tell her. She had let the thought sink out of sight, if she had ever had it. I told her instead that I would not let her get away with saying she is a just woman; that justice is not a condition, but a doing of things continuously.

Then I think of one of the cagiest woman politicians I have ever met: an East Texas Democrat who knows everything that makes her city tick and has keys, or wax impressions of them, to every skeleton closet of any interest at all. She told me on one occasion many things about her town I knew nothing at all about. We did not discuss race, but she let me sense her liberal views, and as I left she said something that caused me to think a good deal after her meaning: "If you want to last in politics in this county," she said, "you walk in tennis shoes and tread with a light step, and you carry a good, sharp knife, and it may be a year or three before you get in close, but when you do you give 'em a good stiff blow. That may sound . . . but it's the way you *do* it."

III

GRANTED, THEN, the individuality of guilt and innocence, I nevertheless believe that the future of personal liberty in the South, and therefore to an extent also in the world, rests presently in the hands of Southern white people.

Today we know from our intuition, and also from a great deal of indirect evidence, that many Southern whites must have decided in the privacy of their consciences that the Negroes are morally right in their cause. Realism has impelled most Southern whites to see that the civil rights movement, backed by more and more whites and by the federal government, has taken on the aspect of something almost irresistible. All over the South, mostly behind the scenes, many whites of good faith have been turning their energies to the task of revising their own and their region's traditions.

But what is going to happen, as to the inner tranquillity of Southern towns, when a nearer approach is made to equal opportunities for Negroes, and the hostilities of die-hard whites toward whites who have helped make this approach come into active personal play? We could be in for a serious time. There have been robed, cross-burning Klan revivals in Alabama and Georgia. The New York *Times* reports (ominously, without elaboration) that one part of the fierce Danville, Va., resistance to any integration is "retaliation against those in responsible positions who waver toward moderation." As Negroes begin to vote in better proportion to their numbers; as, better educated and better organized, they begin to compete more effectively with whites for the available jobs; as they begin to be able, economically, to break out of the housing ghettos in the cities; as they become full citizens, in other words—it will be logical for them to enter into political coalitions with moderate and liberal whites, with one of their conditions being public positions of honor for Negroes. This has already happened in Texas in what is called the Democratic Coalition. The Populist Movement collapsed in the South in the 1890's, as is well known, because Southern whites in that movement would not, or could not, accept the implications of a political liaison with Negro voters. The people W. J. Cash describes as the old Confederate captains—the mill-owners and the landowners—were all too willing to use the poor whites' need to believe in their racial superiority against those very whites' own economic and political interests. That willingness is evident among Southern conservatives again, in the Citizens' Council movement, for example, and in the Klan revival.

I think that many Southern whites of moderate or liberal bent on race (and of course I apply this to myself) are in a desperate condition: their consciences are. Inheritors of a segregated social and economic system evolved from the time of

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slavery, they find it now anathemized by national law and world opinion. Reexamining it, they find it wanting. It has been possible for many of them to effect some accommodations without becoming openly identified among the whites with the Negro cause.

But that cause is insistent on its full arrival, and presently Southern whites will not be able to do their good works in private, for it is of the essence, it goes to the tender core of racial humiliation, that a man cannot be acknowledged to be a man in private, and denied in public; equality cannot be clandestine. It is my thought that the deepest question abiding now in the racial matter is the courage of Southern whites of moderate or liberal views on race as the moments arrive, local scene by local scene and private conscience by private conscience, that call for courage.

I would say, subjectively, that heretofore the three great domestic crises of our national life have been these: our genesis, in revolution and constitutional government; the war that ended slavery; and the New Deal that made floors for poverty. Just when this, our fourth great domestic crisis, really began, no one seems able to say—perhaps with television; or Martin Luther King's bold and pioneering bus boycott in Montgomery in 1955-56; or the first sit-ins in 1960. As the New York *Times,* I think it was, remarked, it is expressive of the authenticity and intensity of the crisis that there was no great precipitating event, and that the unrest has persisted and proceeded from energies within the people, less a march than a moiling, less an explosion than a ceaseless turbulence. Once again, these are the times that try men's souls; but what is a man for if not to be tried? We are given now our chance to be a part of the historic American pursuit of an elusive dream. Just as Negroes these last few years have had to decide whether they will risk everything for their beliefs, and just as Negroes have been clubbed down in the streets, kicked before the altars of cafés, bitten by dogs, hosed down by police, and jailed by the thousands, so will Southern whites who wish to purge their consciences of discrimination have to decide whether they will risk everything for *their* beliefs, and tell the men they work beside, or practice law with, the bankers they borrow from, the wholesalers they buy from, the customers they sell to, the politicians they vote for or don't vote for, that Negroes are men and women and children, and have the same rights as us all, that it is not for us whites benignly to give them these rights, but that it is for us whites to stop withholding these rights from them. I know I have felt the call of this crisis as it has turned upon me, and I have felt within me, as I have told you, the alarm of it; and I guess men have all over East Texas, and all over the South, and all over the country. For these are the times. These are the times.

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MARSHALL SKLARE

INTERMARRIAGE & THE JEWISH FUTURE

American Jews have always had a reputation for resisting intermarriage, and they still serve as a model in this respect for other ethnic and religious groups who worry about their future in a pluralist society. Just as the Jewish alcoholic or juvenile delinquent is thought to be a rare exception, so the Jewish son who brings home a Gentile bride is generally considered a sport. Within the Jewish community itself, the danger of intermarriage is always felt to be there, of course, but the prevailing attitude—even among those who are knowledgeable about Jewish matters or professionally concerned with Jewish welfare—is that the threat of the problem has been surprisingly well contained in America.

One result of this complacency is that the Jewish agencies have sponsored or conducted practically no research in the area of intermarriage. Social planning agencies have extensively investigated other community problems as a matter of course—the needs of the aged, the convalescent, the refugee, the maladjusted family, etc.—and the defense agencies have examined anti-Semitism from diverse angles, ranging from studies of the personality of the active bigot to investigations of attitudes toward Jews in rural counties where there are no Jews, merely "images" of them. By contrast, what little hard data we have on the subject of intermarriage comes mainly from the work of independent scholars (often as a by-product of broader projects), and not from the research facilities of the official community.

This surprising lack of interest in a matter more crucial to Jewish survival than any other is not, of course, wholly the product of faith in intuition or of wishful thinking. Actually, the small measure of relevant research that was done in the past has tended to reinforce complacency. The earliest study of intermarriage was Julius Drachsler's *Democracy and Assimilation*, which received a good deal of attention at the time of its publication in 1920. On the basis of an examination of about 100,000 marriage licenses issued in New York City between 1908 and 1912, Drachsler found that of all white groups in the city, the Jews were least prone to marry outsiders. The Jewish intermarriage rate of 1.17 per cent was scarcely higher than that of interracial marriages among Negroes, and Drachsler bracketed the two together as a "low-ratio group," as opposed to the "middle-ratio" groups (Italians and Irish) and the "high-ratio" groups (English, Germans, Swedes, and others).

A second investigation that was influential in confirming the Jewish reputation for endogamy was conducted in New Haven by Ruby Jo Reeves Kennedy. Published in the *American Journal of Sociology* in 1944 (a follow-up article appeared in 1952), the Kennedy study was to reach a wide audience through Will Herberg's extensive use of it in *Protestant-Catholic-Jew*. Kennedy's conclusions were in close keeping with those of Drachsler. She found that for all the years investigated—1870, 1900, 1930, and 1940—Jews had the lowest intermarriage rate in the city. The Italians were the only ethnic group which approached them in endogamy, and even their rate of intermarriage was several times higher.

All this must have seemed impressive evidence to the leaders of the Jewish community, just as it did—and does—to the scholars themselves. For example, the most recent sociological investigation of American-Jewish life, C. B. Sherman's *The Jew within American Society*, continues to take a highly optimistic view of the intermarriage problem. Comparing newer statistics with those collected by Drachsler, Sherman remarks that "considering the degree of acculturation to which the Jewish community has attained during the period, the surprise is not that the increase has been so big, but that it has been so small." Much the same point is made by Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan in *Beyond the Melting Pot*. Commenting on the Kennedy study, the authors note that the persisting pattern of endogamy "sharply distinguishes the Jews of the United States from those of other countries in which Jews have achieved wealth and social position, such as Holland, Germany, Austria, and Hungary in the twenties. There the intermarriage rates were phenomenally high."*

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* According to the statistics of Arthur Ruppin, these rates were as high as 20 and 30 per cent.

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But even more influential, perhaps, than the Drachsler and Kennedy studies in establishing the Jewish reputation for continued endogamy was a report by the Bureau of the Census based on its Current Population Survey of March 1957 (the only such survey to include a question on religion). In its sample of 35,000 households, the Bureau found that only 7.2 per cent of the husbands or wives of Jews were of a different faith. The comparable figure for Protestants was 8.6 per cent, and for Catholics it was 21.6 per cent.

These statistics gave many people within the Jewish community reason to believe that the Jews were still doing quite well: after all, the Catholics, who had made a much more conscious effort than Jews to foster separatism, were faced with an intermarriage rate that was almost three times as high. Moreover, the Jewish rate was all the more heartening in view of the absolute size of the group and the insignificant percentage it comprised of the population as a whole. In his annual review of demographic data in the 1959 *American Jewish Year Book*, Alvin Chenkin, statistician for the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds, described 7.2 as a "nominal" percentage; if marital selection had taken place entirely at random, Chenkin pointed out, the Jewish intermarriage rate would have approached 98 per cent.

Since the 7.2 figure has become the most widely quoted statistic in recent discussions of intermarriage and currently provides the main source of reassurance in the Jewish community, it is worth taking a closer look at what it actually means. Quite apart from whether comparisons in this area between majority and minority groups are valid at all (a case could be made that they are not), there remains the fact that almost everyone who has cited the figure has failed to heed the Bureau's *caveat* that its statistics on intermarriage were probably subject to a larger margin of error than would result from normal sampling variation. (In an unusual aside, the Bureau noted that while it had told its personnel not to assume the same religion for all members of a given family and directed them to ask about each adult member of a household separately, some interviewers might have overlooked this instruction.)

Other implications of the 7.2 per cent figure have also been ignored. No one has bothered to relate it, for instance, to the well-known fact that considerably more Jewish men intermarry than do Jewish women (at least seven out of every ten Jews who intermarry are men), so that as a consequence some Jewish women must either marry Gentiles or remain single. Spinsterhood does not, to be sure, affect the intermarriage rate, but it does influence another crucial demographic factor: the birth-rate. Nor is this the only indirect consequence of intermarriage. For example, all other things being equal, the smaller the size of any group, the higher will be its rate of intermarriage; or to put it the other way around, the higher the proportion of the minority to the total population, the smaller will be the impact of "randomization" upon it. Thus, since the general population in the United States is growing, the Jewish population must also grow in order to escape further attrition by randomization. Should the size of the Jewish population only remain constant, the group's intermarriage rate would inevitably rise.

However, the most crucial point which has been generally overlooked in evaluating the 7.2 figure is that it represented the *ratio* of intermarried to inmarried couples and not the *current* rate of intermarriage among Jews. The statistic, in other words, was cumulative—included were people who had taken their vows in Czarist Russia where intermarriage was forbidden, as well as people who had married in the United States; people belonging to the virtually closed community of the immigrant generation, as well as people living in the wide world of the fourth generation. The *current* rate, then, may well be at least double that of the Bureau's cumulative ratio. And even the cumulative ratio is bound to soar in the decades ahead with the thinning-out of the ranks of those who are presently keeping it down—first- and second-generation Jews.

In short, the grounds for the American Jewish community's optimism are by no means as firm as they have been assumed to be by laymen and sociologists alike. Interestingly enough, the present state of Jewish endogamy seems to have been grasped more firmly by the novelists than by the sociologists. Even a hasty run-down of the work of such writers as Bernard Malamud, Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, Leslie Fiedler, Bruce Jay Friedman, Herbert Gold, Jack Ludwig, Myron Kaufmann, Neal Oxenhandler, etc., reveals how much recent American fiction has dealt with marriage or the strong possibility of it between a Jew and a Gentile. That the stance taken toward the question, moreover, is usually not in the least militant or didactic is significant evidence that among those who might be expected to be in closest touch with the climate of the times, the high incidence of intermarriage is no longer a matter of controversy.

WITHIN THE organized Jewish community itself, the publication last year in the *American Jewish Year Book* of Erich Rosenthal's article "Studies of Jewish Intermarriage in the United States," is one of the first signs that this community may at last be preparing to recognize that a problem does exist.* (In the sixty-three previous

* Another work was also published last year—*Intermarriage and Jewish Life*, edited by Werner J. Cahnman (The Herzl Press and the Jewish Reconstructionist Press, 212 pp., $5.00)—which consists of papers read at a conference organized by the Herzl Institute. This is the first book on the subject sponsored by any American Jewish organization.

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volumes of the *Year Book*, the subject was dealt with only once—in a brief two pages.)

In his pioneering study, Rosenthal provides a sophisticated analysis of statistical data concerning intermarriage in the state of Iowa and in the city of Washington, D.C. According to Rosenthal's findings, during the years 1953-59, only 57.8 per cent of the marriage licenses applied for by Jews in Iowa *listed both applicants* as Jewish. (Iowa and Indiana are the two jurisdictions in the United States where the marriage-license form includes a query on religion.) Religion, then, still plays a role in the marital choices of Iowa Jews—42.2 per cent, after all, represents a far smaller intermarriage rate than would be produced by randomization. Nevertheless, as Rosenthal suggests, unless the figure drops sharply in the future, the final chapter in the history of Iowa's Jewish community will have been reached by the end of this century.

Of course, the current situation in Des Moines, Davenport, and other Iowa communities is not an accurate reflection of what is happening in the major cities and their suburbs, where the great majority of American Jews still live. But at the very least this section of Rosenthal's study does point up the fact that the problem is most critical where the Jewish population is small both in absolute and relative terms. Moreover, in the other section of his study, Rosenthal reminds us that even in a middle-sized Jewish community like that of Washington, D.C. (with 81,000 members it ranks as the seventh largest Jewish community in the nation), the cumulative ratio is now almost twice the Census Bureau's figure. And since a significant segment of the Jewish population resides in communities of this size, the problem of Jewish survival there cannot be shrugged off as one might be tempted to do with the problem in Iowa.

Rosenthal utilizes a 1956 survey of Washington's Jewish population which was unusually resourceful in locating the unaffiliated Jew. Although the issue of intermarriage was of secondary interest in the design of the study, it was found that in 13.1 per cent of the households including a married Jew, either the husband or wife was Gentile. This percentage is probably somewhat higher than the average for middle-sized Jewish communities—Washington's Jews not being known for the intensity of their Jewish commitment. But that does not really modify the import of the figure, particularly since there is reason to believe that the current rate of intermarriage in Washington substantially exceeds 13.1 per cent. Rosenthal himself does not offer a current rate, but he does provide tabulations on the rate for successive generations: 1.4 per cent for the first generation; 10.2 per cent for the second; and 17.9 per cent for the third. Since it can be assumed that the great majority of Washington's Jews who are marrying in 1964 belong to the third generation, the 17.9 figure is probably very close to the current rate.

Besides offering a sharp corrective to Jewish complacency about the rate of intermarriage today, these statistics provide an occasion for calling into question a good many dated notions about the psychological and social conditions under which intermarriage now takes place. One traditional view, for example, holds that the Jew who marries a Gentile often does so to escape the social disabilities of being Jewish (the prototype here is someone like August Belmont). Though this motive was no doubt decisive in the marital choices of a fair number of mobile, *nouveaux-riches*, or socially ambitious Jews of an earlier period, it seems to have much less force in the present age when many traditional status distinctions are being swept away and the old-time social arbiters are becoming increasingly ineffective. And as the hospital boards, country clubs, suburbs, and corporations that were once the exclusive preserve of the Protestant upper class become more democratic in their admission policies, we can expect that this reason for intermarriage will become even less significant. One can already observe from Rosenthal's data on Iowa that social-climbing is probably not an important element in intermarriage in that state. Lutherans, Methodists, and Presbyterians comprise the three largest Protestant denominations in Iowa, in that order, and in the marriages contracted between Jewish men and Protestant women these three denominations rank in the same order; furthermore, Iowa Jews marry into the plainspun society of the Baptists about as frequently as they do into the prestigious milieu of the Episcopalians. Such inferences are, of course, less than precise, but it seems clear that if social climbing were a leading cause of intermarriage, Jewish men in Iowa would ignore many of the girls they choose to marry.

ALONG WITH the habit of interpreting intermarriage as a form of status-seeking, there is still a tendency to view it as a form of escape from the burdens of Jewishness and the harassments of anti-Semitism—as, in short, the most effective method of assimilation. This explanation, too, undoubtedly had some relevance at an earlier period in American Jewish history (though never nearly as much as it did among European Jewry), but it is increasingly beside the point at a time when the penalties and risks of being Jewish are obviously on the wane. Indeed, if intermarriage were a response to the threat of anti-Semitism, particularly in a state as remote from the scenes and memories of Jewish persecution as Iowa is, there should currently be less, rather than more, of it.

Other standard explanations of intermarriage take psychological rather than social factors as the governing ones, finding the source of the impulse to intermarriage not in the confrontation of the

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Jew with Gentile society, but in the early relationship between parent and child. Serious conflicts at this stage—so the notion goes—will be expressed later on in the attempt by the child to avoid a marital pattern similar to that of his parents. In its more simplistic form, this theory holds that marriage to an outsider is a gesture of hostility toward the parents, the point being to rob them of the pleasure they would obtain from a "suitable" match, shame them before relatives and friends, and deprive them finally of the consolation of Jewish grandchildren. The more complex form of the same theory regards intermarriage as part of a syndrome of general revolt from the mores and aspirations of the parents, often manifesting itself in bohemianism, political radicalism, or other types of identification with socially alienated and/or dissident groups.

But were this theory particularly pertinent, one would expect Jewish-Gentile marriages to be most prevalent in the second generation, where the trauma of acculturation was most decisively experienced and the generational conflict was at its most intense. However, intermarriage rates, as we have already noted, are clearly higher in the third generation; and in addition, as we shall soon see, Jewish-Gentile marriages are particularly prevalent among certain Jewish groups who are very much at home in the culture.

At best, the existence of a correlation between childhood conflicts and marital choices is easier to assume than it is to demonstrate. In analyzing the data on intermarriage contained in the recent "Midtown Manhattan Study"* the sociologist Jerold Heiss began with the standard idea that those whose early family life showed marked signs of disruption or had otherwise been unsatisfactory would be more likely to intermarry than those with relatively stable childhoods. But he discovered that this idea could not be sustained. The family backgrounds of the exogamous Jews in the study were not exceptional in terms of conflict, and actually showed fewer cases of parental divorce, separation, and desertion than did the backgrounds of the endogamous Jews surveyed.

In attempting to revise traditional perspectives on the causes of intermarriage, one is even more hampered by the scarcity of research that has been done into the sociological and psychological aspects of the problem than in trying to determine the current rate of intermarriage. The few studies and essays allowing one to draw certain limited inferences about the personal motives and social context that foster exogamy happen to involve professional groups—mainly in the academy—which are marginal to the community life of American Jewry. Therefore, one cannot regard these findings as telling us anything definitive about the "typical" behavior of American Jews who choose to marry outside the faith. On the other hand, there is good reason not to discount them altogether, since most of the people concerned are Jews who grew up in metropolitan Jewish communities, who lead fairly conventional lives, and who practice highly respected professions. It should also be borne in mind that as writers, teachers, scientists, psychoanalysts, and so forth, they serve as models to their younger contemporaries who in increasing numbers are forsaking the Jewish business and community ties of their parents' generation and seeking careers in the professions. Thus, the influence of, say, the exogamous college teacher in legitimizing intermarriage can far outweigh the fact that his importance is statistically very small in relation to the total Jewish population.

According to a recent study conducted by Rabbi Henry Cohen, approximately 20 per cent of the Jewish faculty members at the University of Illinois—well over twice the national average—are married to Gentile women. This is a significant figure because Illinois has a reputation for academic and social conservatism, being neither particularly adventurous in its curriculum nor particularly "highbrow" in its faculty. We can therefore assume that the pattern here is more typical than it would be at experimental colleges like Antioch or Reed, or fashionable universities like Yale or Chicago. There is also a comparatively large Jewish student body on the Illinois campus; in contrast to a college such as Swarthmore, for example—which has been described as an "intermarriage mill"—the University of Illinois is a favorite choice of Midwestern parents eager to avoid this peril. (In fact, it was on the Illinois campus that America's first Hillel Foundation was established some forty years ago.)

The Jewish population of Champaign-Urbana numbers about 250 families, which are almost equally divided between town and gown. One of Rabbi Cohen's most suggestive findings on intermarriage was the unexpected disparity between the 20 per cent ratio for the faculty members and a 6.5 per cent ratio for the Jewish townspeople. The contrast between town and gown is even more striking in view of the respective family backgrounds of both groups, which, if anything, would have led one to expect their respective intermarriage rates to be reversed. Most of the Jewish faculty members (chiefly mathematicians, physicists, psychologists, and sociologists) arrived in Champaign-Urbana during the last few years; they are mainly sons of East European immigrants and grew up in predominantly Jewish neighborhoods; almost all described their parents as affiliated with either Orthodox or Conservative synagogues. The townspeople, on the other hand—chiefly manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, and professionals—include a group descended from "old" German-Jewish families who are firmly

* It is worth noting that this study found 18.4 per cent of all marriages involving Jews to be exogamous.

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rooted in the community and whose predominant background is Reform.

What lies behind the disparity in the intermarriage rates of these two groups? Rabbi Cohen points out that many of the Jewish teachers and researchers at the University of Illinois (and presumably the overwhelming majority of the intermarried couples) hold to a point of view—"Academic Commitment" he calls it—which fulfills a function analogous to that of religious faith:

> How many aspects of religious faith and fellowship we find in the Academic Commitment! There is the dominant philosophy of naturalism. Its method is scientific; its faith, that all being can be explained in terms of a single order of efficient causation in which a supernatural Deity has no place; its morality, the ideals of humanism rooted in finite human experience; its messianic hope, that man—through understanding the consequences of his actions—can build a better world.

As against the case of the Gentile society of Champaign-Urbana, there are a number of Gentile academicians on the Illinois campus who do not consider affiliation with a religious institution to be a necessary sign of respectability. Furthermore, Jewish life in Champaign-Urbana—ethnic, religious, or cultural—depends largely on the town community, most of whose members are attached in one way or another to Jewish organizations. The academicians, on the other hand, range, according to Rabbi Cohen, from "the strongly identified who are trying to preserve Jewish culture in a Midwestern cornfield [to] the cosmopolite who feels that there are enough barriers between people . . . without the clannishness of the Jews." Once the memories of Jewish culture become vague, he writes, the town Jew can still find reasons to remain within the fold: he retains a latent supernatural faith, and the larger community expects him to be Jewish. By contrast, once the faculty Jew ceases to find meaning in the ethnic fellowship or the folkways, he has neither traditional belief nor strong social pressure to help him maintain his commitment.

IF INTERMARRIAGE among academicians on a campus as conservative as the University of Illinois is so high, it should not surprise us that there are cities with larger and more active Jewish communities where intermarriage rates among special segments of the Jewish population are even higher. New Haven is a good example. Champaign-Urbana has many Jewish physicians, but New Haven also has a fairly substantial group of psychoanalysts. In a study which appeared several year ago under the title *Social Class and Mental Illness: A Community Study*, A. B. Hollingshead and Frederick C. Redlich studied the therapists as well as the patients. They found that 83 per cent of New Haven analysts "came from Jewish homes," and of these some 64 per cent were intermarried. This startling figure exceeds even the current level of the geographically isolated Jewish community of Iowa, and is, of course, many times higher than the general rate in New Haven itself. What accounts for such a high rate of intermarriage among individuals who, like their counterparts in Illinois, were born and raised in communities thickly settled by Jews, whose families were active in Jewish affairs, and who practice a profession second only to the rabbinate in its proportion to Jews? One answer is suggested by Redlich and Hollingshead who point out that the great majority of the New Haven analysts "consider themselves representatives of classical psychoanalysis; when the discussion turns in that direction they look down their classical analytical noses at their colleagues who have a Jungian, Horneyan or Sullivanian orientation." Thus the psychoanalysts of New Haven have an even more sharply defined "commitment" than the academicians of Champaign-Urbana (so much so that they maintain virtually no contact with their psychiatrist colleagues in New Haven who are directive or organic in orientation), and this professional commitment probably is as binding as that of the Illinois professors.

In our context, perhaps the most interesting fact to emerge from the New Haven study is that apart from marital choice and the lack of religious affiliation, the analysts do not appear to be alienated in any profound sense from the culture in which they live. Far from exhibiting any left-wing political beliefs and sympathies, they tend toward the attitudes of the old-fashioned American who started from humble beginnings and achieved success as a result of hard work. Living in the best residential areas of New Haven, enjoying high incomes which they have earned (unlike many Protestants in the same area) "largely through their own efforts and abilities," their individual social mobility has been such that 73 per cent of them have won a higher station in life than their fathers, 79 per cent have surpassed their brothers-in-law, and 83 per cent have outdistanced their brothers.

Their essential conformity to middle-class ideals is nowhere better shown than in their attitude to their children's education. While denying any desire to impose their own values upon their offspring, their typical response to the question "How much education do you want for your children?" was: "As much as they want; college is the minimum." On the whole, they have no contact with Jewish life, yet as Hollingshead and Redlich put it: "Doubt and confusion is apparent in their response on how they would like to have their children trained religiously." Presumably the rate of intermarriage among the children of these analysts will be very high, although the children's motives will obviously be different from those which led their fathers to intermarry. But even

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where both parents are Jewish, there will no doubt be a high rate of intermarriage among the children in this group.

Thus far we have concentrated on the behavior of the Jew in relation to intermarriage, but perhaps the newest factor in the situation is the change in the position of the Gentile. Once we shift our focus to the Gentile, it becomes evident that intermarriage is increasing not only because the Jew is moving out into the general society, but also because the tastes, ideas, cultural preferences, and life-styles preferred by many Jews are more and more coming to be shared by non-Jews. In the Herzl Institute volume referred to above, this process is commented upon by Richard Rubenstein, a well-known Hillel rabbi currently at the University of Pittsburgh. As Rubenstein sees it, in the course of "emancipating" themselves, many of the bright middle-class Gentile girls who attend the better colleges are attracted by the political liberalism characteristic of Jewish students or by their equally characteristic avant-gardism in intellectual and aesthetic matters. To the allure of the "Jewish" cultural style is added the fact that Jews are in, but still not completely of, the society. In other words, where Jewish alienation used to inhibit contact with Gentiles (several decades ago, the heavily Jewish radical movements on the college campuses experienced considerable difficulty in appealing to the rest of the student body), it now operates in a subtle way to foster them. For, as Rabbi Rubenstein says, it is precisely this delicate balance between acceptance and marginality which is sought after by girls who do not want Bohemian husbands but rather respectable ones who are somewhat "different." In addition, the marked rise in egalitarianism on the college campuses following World War II has done much to promote a climate in which dating, and in some cases marrying, outside one's social group is no longer regarded as deviant behavior, and on the more "advanced" campuses even confers some degree of status. And finally, these changes in the social atmosphere of the college community run parallel to developments in the occupational world, for to a greater extent than ever before, Jews are now working with Gentiles as colleagues instead of serving them as merchants or free professionals.

WHAT ALL THIS suggests is that the old notions about the causes of intermarriage are beginning to look as outmoded as the causes themselves. Both on the folk level and in more sophisticated terms, these notions invariably involved the imputation of some defect in the contracting parties. If a Gentile girl agreed to marry a Jew, it must be because no Christian would have her, or because she had made herself sexually available as no Jewish girl would deign to do. Similarly, if a Jewish man married a Gentile girl, it must be because no Jewish girl would have him, or because he was a self-hater or a social climber. Whatever their applicability to individual cases, it takes no great insight to realize that approaches like these—which stress the deviancy and inferiority of the person who intermarries—serve the dual function of reinforcing the practice of endogamy and allaying fears about the threat of intermarriage. By impugning the motives of exogamous Jews, or by attributing them to dark forces outside the Jewish community, the challenge that intermarriage poses to the prevailing values of the group is vanquished—at least for the moment. The difficulty, however, is that these assumptions of pathology—social or personal—no longer explain either the rate or the reasons for exogamy among Jews. This is not to say that intermarriage can already be considered a routine phenomenon and that the motives which impel Jews to choose Gentile mates are basically no different from those which lead them to marry Jews. Nevertheless, from the evidence that has begun to accumulate, it is becoming impossible to view intermarriage as an indication either of personal aberration or of social persecution. In a recent study of middle-class intermarried couples residing in the Boston area, Maria and Daniel Levinson conclude that:

> intermarriage is not . . . a unitary phenomenon. It occurs under a variety of psychological and social conditions and has varying consequences. Psychologically it is not purely a neurotic manifestation, although neurotic motives may enter to varying degrees. Nor is it to be seen solely as an "escape" from the Jewish group or as a means of securing social or financial gain, although motives of this kind play a part in some cases.

Heiss's analysis of the Midtown Study supports this conclusion. Surveying the mental-health rating assigned each respondent by a board of psychiatrists, he found that there was no significant difference between the mean rating achieved by those who had intermarried and those who had not.

It is precisely the "healthy" modern intermarriages which raise the most troubling questions of all to the Jewish community in general, and Jewish parents in particular. When his child intermarries, the Jewish parent guiltily feels that in some way he must be responsible. Yet how is he to oppose the match? Chances are that he believes that love is the basis of marriage, that marriage is the uniting of two individuals rather than two families, and that the final determination of a mate is his child's prerogative. This complex of ideas (which constitutes a radical departure from the norm, if not always the practice, of traditional Jewish society) came to be embraced by some of the more advanced members of the first generation in America, by a majority of the second generation, and by an overwhelm-

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ing proportion of the third. How then can the parent ask his child to renounce what he himself believes in? Moreover, the liberalism of the Jewish parent—his commitment to the idea of equality and his belief in the transitory character of the differences which distinguish people from one another—serves to subvert his sense of moral rectitude in opposing intermarriage. For if he is at all in the habit of personal candor, he must ask himself if the Gentile is any less worthy of the Jew than the Jew is of the Gentile.

The second-generation parent or adviser usually manages to escape this dilemma by falling back on the argument of happiness. Experience, he will say, is the best teacher, and what it teaches is that intermarriage seldom works out well. And he will cite figures to show that exogamous couples have higher divorce rates than those who marry within the fold. Thus the need to confront the painful contradictions in his own position is evaded, and he can oppose his child's intermarriage with a good conscience.

In the writings of such founding fathers of the contemporary American Jewish community as Isaac Mayer Wise or Solomon Schechter, the assumption is that Jewish survival is entirely possible in a free society. But having finally established themselves in such a society, Jews are now coming to realize that their survival is still threatened—not by Gentile hostility but by Jewish indifference. This is what finally makes intermarriage so bitter a dilemma to confront. On the one hand, it signifies the fulfillment of the Jews' demand for acceptance as an individual—a demand he has been making since the Emancipation; on the other hand, it signifies a weakening of Jewish commitment. In short, it casts into doubt American Jewry's dual ideal of full participation in the society and the preservation of Jewish identity. And once the rate of intermarriage is seen to be growing, the contradiction in the basic strategy of American-Jewish adjustment is nakedly exposed.

As the horns of this dilemma sharpen and press closer, the very least one can hope from the Jewish community is that it will eventually surrender the cherished diagnoses and nostrums that have come to obfuscate the true nature of the problem. A more realistic confrontation is necessary, and that requires a much larger body of research than we now possess on the current rate of intermarriage in the country as a whole. It also requires much more information about the Jews who intermarry and about the causes and consequences of their doing so. So, too, there is a need for studies to evaluate the various methods in use to combat intermarriage, particularly those involving Jewish education. And demographic research will have to be done at regular intervals so that a reliable trend line can be established.

A candid and pertinent discussion of intermarriage will also require a more critical examination of Jewish attitudes than we have had in the past. One immediately thinks of the issue of conversion, which many Jews seem to regard as a token, last-gap measure in a developing process of assimilation; but is it? There is also the obvious, but usually ignored, problem of birth-rate. One reason why a rising rate of intermarriage is of such pressing significance is that the birth-rate of native-born Jews has been so low. (This, in part, is why comparisons between Jewish and Catholic intermarriage rates have helped to confound rather than clarify the issue.) If a greater proportion of second-generation Jewish parents had permitted themselves to have even three children rather than one or two, the present situation would be far more hopeful so far as Jewish survival is concerned. But the fact is that the fertility rate of the second generation dropped catastrophically, and with hardly a word of discussion about it among Jewish leaders. Reform and Conservative rabbis decided, for all practical purposes, to exempt the question of contraception from the area of the sacred, implying that a decision about family size was of strictly private concern. Orthodox spokesmen were not prepared to go this far in the direction of secularization, but they preferred to concentrate on other issues such as maintaining the practice of *kashruth*.

The threat posed by intermarriage may change all this, and there is a possibility that it will also change the way most Jews think about their Jewish responsibilities. Typically, the American-Jewish notion has been that to be a good Jew means doing something for some other Jew; it means, in short, philanthropy. As the problem of intermarriage grows in urgency, however, the Jewish community in America will for the first time have to face an issue which is highly personal—almost anti-philanthropic—in character. And if the emphasis on philanthropic activism has allowed American Jews to avoid confronting the stark question: "What do you stand for when you wish to remain separate?"—the defense against intermarriage will necessarily involve a coming to terms, sooner or later, with what one is defending.

As the evidence accumulates that Jewish survival in America literally depends upon each individual Jew—and in an entirely different way than it did in the past—the answer to the question, "What do you stand for when you remain separate?" may well demand the development of a new consciousness in the community. This will not be the first time in history that social conditions have impelled a people to philosophical discussion and involvement. If the problem of intermarriage should engender such a consciousness—the kind which has been foreign to the activism of American Jewry—it will have had a positive effect on the quality of Jewish life. If it does not, the negative consequences are indeed ominous to contemplate.

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NORMAN BIRNBAUM

STIRRINGS IN WEST GERMANY

IT IS EASY enough to find something plausible to say about Western Germany; what is hard is to say something convincing. I have been in and out of the Federal Republic for eleven years now; during that time I have watched German society becoming increasingly opaque, German culture more agonized, the German populace more profoundly restive. Diverse strata of historical experience—from Wilhelminian imperialism to the European Economic Community—are superimposed upon one another. The generations coexist as best they can, although each seems to wish it had other interlocutors. In the cacophony of foreign voices, a distinctively German note is hard to identify. When I complained to an acquaintance last summer that my train had been delayed for no apparent reason, he shrugged his shoulders: *"Deutschtum ist kein Begriff mehr."* "The old Germany is gone." He was right; the new one, however, has not yet taken shape.

The Nazis seized power in 1933. Every German thirty years old or younger, therefore, was born after this event—which means that over 40 per cent of the population need not (and do not) feel any personal responsibility for Hitler's triumph. Indeed, if we extend our reckoning to include those who in 1933 were no older than thirteen, we have covered about 55 per cent of the population. Nearly 25 per cent of today's West Germans, moreover, were born in 1945 or thereafter, and the first members of this age group will be entering the universities this year. These figures explain a phenomenon which has been made much of lately—the recent increase in public controversy over the Nazi period. Some have seen in it evidence of a "return of the repressed," arguing that sufficient time has now passed to allow Hitler's contemporaries and/or followers to deal with their traumatic memories. There may be something in this view, but it overlooks the unsolicited intervention of the young in the current debate. The more critical among them are less interested in their elders' peace of mind than in ascertaining the truth for themselves. In fact, much of the present discussion, about Nazism and German history in general serves as a vehicle for the clash between generations.

This is not to say that the young are engaged in challenging the authority of the older generation. They are not—if only because there is almost none left to challenge. There is a good deal of compliance in contemporary Germany, but remarkably little respect for anyone or anything; the country has undergone too many breaks in historical continuity, too many shocks. In particular, the coincidence of great economic prosperity with the loss (symbolized by the Berlin wall) of national political and territorial unity, has proved stupefying. As a result, the leaders in politics, business, and to some extent in culture, hardly believe in themselves any longer. The irritable, at times hysterical, tone of public controversy reflects this lack of inner authority.

The young have drawn their own conclusions from this state of affairs, either protesting that they live in a society which has no values at all, or joining, as best they can, in the scramble for the world's goods. But even those apparently devoid of the critical spirit seem to be made uncomfortable by the prevailing political rhetoric. They think it fine to own a Volkswagen and better yet to have a Mercedes, but are indifferent to the "Western civilization" so often apotheosized in Bonn; more accurately, their idea of "Western civilization" is about exhausted by the Volkswagen and the Mercedes. The sociologist Helmut Schelsky, who coined the phrase, "the skeptical generation," to describe the younger Germans, ventured few guesses as to how skeptical they might eventually become; my own inclination, however, would be to reassure those concerned about the rebirth of chauvinistic nationalism in Germany. A generation distrustful of its parents' political wisdom seems unlikely to develop *revanchist* ambitions; for the moment, at least, it takes Germany as it finds it. From what I have seen of the ordinary conscripts in the new *Bundeswehr*, they are not conspicuously enthusiastic about a return engagement with the Soviet army. They might, if it ever came to it, fight for a couple of days; then again, they might not.

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The single most important fact about Western Germany today remains its prosperity—though wealth and income are of course unevenly distributed, and some groups have to run twice as hard to stay in the same place. The tax laws make life easy for big as well as small businessmen, and the professionals have little ground for complaint; but the industrial workers frequently depend on overtime and multiple employment in the family, and those in the service industries seem to work terribly long hours. Minor civil servants and clerical employees (very numerous categories) also tend to be pinched. Nevertheless there are compensations even for these groups. Neither the government nor the industrialists seem eager to press the less-favored strata too hard, for fear of the political consequences. The social services, including medical care, are reasonable; housing subventions of one kind or another are available (although the approaching end of rent control may cause trouble). The country is not as rich as the U.S.—not yet, at least—but neither does it have America's slums with their defeated, their sickly, their poor. On the other hand, hundreds of thousands of workers from southern Europe—particularly Italy, Spain, and Greece—have come into Germany and put up with material wretchedness and psychic humiliation for the sake of hard currency.

From the proliferation of newspaper, magazine, and billboard advertising, as well as from the general décor of the country, one can guess that at a certain level in German society the competitive struggle assumes forms familiar to middle-class Americans. Foreign vacations (twice a year), powerful cars, spacious apartments, expensive clothes, imported furniture, the best wines and liquors are among its prizes. If at least two-thirds of the population cannot entertain hopes of living this way, nevertheless mass as well as elite consumption is continually urged on the country by everyone from Willy Brandt to Ludwig Erhard. So it is not surprising that those who still look for conscientious artisans or dedicated shop assistants have to turn—in Germany as elsewhere—to 19th-century novels. In popular jargon, a decent job (rendered, quite literally, as *"ein anstandiges* job"), is judged primarily by the wage it entails.

Businessmen are the most influential group in present-day Germany, but the great prestige and power they enjoy are distinctly new. Even during the Nazi period, most Germans thought of the Prussian political elite as the legitimate rulers of the country—a viewpoint tacitly accepted by many Socialists, who chose to regard the Nazis as front men for the old elite, rather than face the fact that the old elite was working for the Nazis. But the clumsy failure of the attempted *Putsch* in 1944, and Germany's defeat in the war, extinguished the old governing class forever. The business elite which re-emerged *circa* 1948 (not without American assistance) has had to operate without a political tradition, and indeed without even a specific political program. Had they the time for political reflection, they might find their prototype in Jacob Fugger, the Augsburg banker who bought the imperial throne for Charles V in 1519. Fugger, who subsidized both sides in the religious wars, once declared that his only aim was to earn as much as he could every day of his life until the day he died. His figurative descendants apparently think along the same lines, for while Bonn propagates its exceedingly primitive anti-Communism, Ruhr industrialists continue to do business with Eastern Europe.

Though the businessmen do not always manage to dominate the politicans and civil servants, their influence in the two governmental parties, the Christian Democratic Union and the Free Democratic Party, is nevertheless very great and has undoubtedly risen with the decline of certain other groups. The higher civil service, for one, can no longer act the part of the morally impeccable caste, for its record under the Nazis was too compromising (and was seen to be compromising). More recently, a number of scandals (not least in the area of military procurement) have suggested that even officialdom is not immune to the lower forms of temptation.

Is Western Germany, then, ruled by a cruder materialism than obtains elsewhere? Probably not, and in any case, the question is wrongly put. All industrial societies are materialistic. De Gaulle, who on no account confuses himself with Louis XIV, does not in the least disdain the credit for France's economic successes—which he has called the necessary foundation for his vision of national greatness. But that is just the point. Materialism may be common to France and Germany, but it seems cruder in Germany because while France has a political identity, Germany for the moment lacks one altogether.

At first glance, the German case suggests that modern societies need make arrangements for little else but dividing the spoils. Without any positive political values, the Federal Republic not only works, but appears to be holding together remarkably well, its strength residing in the stolid determination of its citizens to remain well-fed and otherwise undisturbed (particularly from the East). For guilt, fear, and hatred still determine popular attitudes to Russia (and Poland). Indeed, if anything like a political article of faith exists in the country today, it is anti-Communism of the most violent and primitive nature, to which the Stalinist regime in East Germany has of course contributed its share. (Anti-Communism serves, too, the added function of retroactive justification for the years 1933-1945; now that time has placed certain undeniable excesses in perspective, it is suggested, was not the Third Reich's real fault its premature attempt to defend Europe against the Soviet

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Union?) But apart from these sentiments, the underlying political attitudes in the Federal Republic are mitigated cynicism, repentant Nazism, and democratic skepticism—more or less in that order.

Adenauer's political genius lay in his ability to utilize this situation to attain his own, quite different political objective: the integration of the Federal Republic with the West. The old autocrat treated his electorate (and his colleagues) with a sovereign contempt which they were ready to accept for a number of reasons. For one thing, he had an immediately viable political conception and most of his opponents did not; for another, their humiliation at his hands seemed a not unreasonable price to pay for Germany's restored international position. Above all, he guaranteed tranquillity.

Adenauer, of course, only retired a few months ago, but the Adenauer era really ended on August 13, 1961, when Western acquiescence in the Berlin Wall demonstrated that the opposition had, after all, been right: integration with the West and reunification were incompatible objectives. The political situation since then may be described as one of creeping disorientation, induced by belated recognition on the part of the German people of a state of affairs long since obvious to everyone else in Europe. Though it may take decades before the consequences are worked out, what can be said for the moment is that Adenauer's legacy, in this respect at least, has been a baleful one. Preaching one thing—a devotion to German unity—and practicing another—a Western policy—his contribution to Germany's political education has turned out to be thoroughly negative. He has only confirmed his countrymen in their cynical passivity.

It is therefore not surprising that the prevalent tone of current German politics, apart from provincialism, should be one of vulgar opportunism. Even the convention of keeping up appearances has frequently been ignored. Examples multiply: the Minister of the Interior, recently questioned about illegal telephone tapping, declared that the Federal police could not very well run about carrying copies of the Constitution; the official in charge of the police group which last year temporarily seized the offices of the weekly *Der Spiegel* had in 1944 been the Gestapo's chief interrogator in Milan; one of the reasons for the fall of Franz-Josef Strauss (once portrayed, with considerable exaggeration, as "the most dangerous man in Europe") was his inability to refrain from getting rich while in office.

Nevertheless, there is, I believe, more to contemporary Germany than these derivatives of its historical predicament. Changes have taken place—mostly having to do in one way or another with the emerging younger generation—which make German society today both more interesting and more promising than recent accounts indicate. For the younger generation, Germany's integration with the West has resulted in a new style of life so pervasive that it hardly occasions comment any longer. In dress, conversation, manners, morality, and aspiration, the younger Germans would fit in almost anywhere between Oslo and Rome. The fact that they travel so much is no accident. Unlike their nervous parents, they take their European identity for granted.

In general, indeed, German life is becoming more cosmopolitan, perhaps because of the decline in numbers of the rural population, the way in which even small towns have become satellites of the cities, and the influence of the mass media. The proverbial German stiffness, too, seems to be on the way out—again, chiefly among the young and possibly owing to the gradual extension of the sexual emancipation which began among the educated early in the century. Whatever their parents may have taught them, many of the youth approach these matters in an experimental spirit. Certain tendencies, of course, still persist: quite a few of even the younger parents still impose discipline very early on their children; those curiously mannish-looking girls, a specialty of 20th-century Germany, are still in evidence. But there are a good many more of the others—slightly heftier versions of Mlle. Bardot. What all this may signify for Germany's future I would not attempt to say, but it suggests putting aside any efforts to interpret Germany's culture and politics on the basis of some sort of unalterable psychosexual pattern.

The most encouraging recent development in Germany has been a renewal of the country's intellectual, and particularly literary, life. Everyone thinks he knows by now of the lesser cultural by-products of the Hitler period: of the corruption of Goethe's language, first by Goebbels and now by advertising men in Düsseldorf; of a German public supposedly too interested in refrigerators to buy books, too escapist to tolerate serious discussion of Germany's past and future. Yet after a long silence, the German intellectuals are now producing work which is the equal of anything being done in Europe, and are moreover being read by their own countrymen.

The novelists, of course, are in the vanguard of this process and it is their work that is best-known outside of Germany. Different though they are in style and approach, what writers like Heinrich Böll, Uwe Johnson, Günter Grass, and Martin Walser—to mention only the most prominent—have in common is their need to explore the contemporary German scene in the light of the recent past. There is also a group of widely-read new poets in West Germany, resolutely anti-lyrical and utterly free of traditional sentimentality (or even charm).* Their audience, too,

* See H. M. Enzensberger, "Poetry's Lost Language," *Encounter*, September 1963.

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like that of the novelists, is surprisingly large—by no means limited to an esoteric literary clique. The newer writers and poets are both German and cosmopolitan, a synthesis not conspicuous in much modern German literature. Germany's broken traditions enable them to deal with specifically German themes in a distinctively contemporary and international idiom. Grass concentrates on Danzig; much of what he has to say would apply to Los Angeles.

In contrast with the situation in America, the tie between these new currents in literature and the universities is not very close. Though a few writers of the new group hold academic posts (generally with degrees in philosophy or philology), more of them do not; in fact, about half have never attended a university at all. A surprisingly large contingent started out in bookselling, a metier which in Germany has traditionally attracted those interested in literature but unable to afford tuition costs.

Without the university as haven, how do most of these unattached intellectuals and literary men make their living? One fairly plentiful source of commissions are the radio and television systems organized by the *Länder*, which operate along the lines of the educational networks in America. Another is the daily, weekly, and monthly press which pays quite decently for reviews, essays, and short stories. Still another are the fairly numerous literary prizes of all kinds, for the civic fathers like to think of themselves as sponsoring the higher culture they may personally lack. In addition, the Federal Republic must have the world's highest ratio of cultural conferences per capita per annum. Invitations to lecture are frequent and themes are not hard to come by—the nature and destiny of man are considered at length, out loud, and for a good fee at least a dozen times a week. With the help of such windfalls, a considerable number of intellectuals have managed to maintain themselves abroad for whole periods—Italy, France, and America being the most favored locations. Radio and television, publishing houses, newspapers, the trade unions also provide full-time employment for thousands who in America would probably be in academic life, and so, too, do advertising, public relations, market research, and business consultancy.

The new intellectual and academic avant-garde owes much to an old German doctrine, Marxism. Three thinkers who grew up in Weimar Germany have transmitted a critical social and aesthetic doctrine based on Marxism to the young—who have taken it up despite (or maybe because of) the Nazi interval and the official ideology of the Federal Republic. Hans Mayer, the historian of literature, and Ernst Bloch, the philosopher, discovered that the last thing the East German regime wanted was professors who took Marxism seriously; they came west to join Theodor Adorno of Frankfurt. And if the new German literature owes something to Faulkner and Hemingway, more to Camus and Sartre, and much to Mann, its chief spiritual patron is Bert Brecht.

GERMANY HAS ALWAYS had a tradition of cultural pluralism, rooted in its political diversity. Today, the federal structure of the Republic, the fact that no one takes Bonn seriously as a capital in any larger sense, and the competing attractions of a number of metropolitan centers, have combined to disperse German intellectual life even more than in the past. West Berlin, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Stuttgart, and Munich (not to mention the Alps and Lake Constance) all have their own enclaves of writers, artists, and intellectuals. From these various cultural centers there has been issuing forth in recent years a constant flow of manifestoes, petitions, statements, and denunciations, constituting a significant body of what the Germans call *Zeitkritik* (social criticism). It is as if a *literature engagé* had been uprooted entire and transplanted across the Rhine (and not for the first time in modern German history, either). In any event, whatever one thinks of the Social Democrats, the Federal Republic now has an intellectual opposition.

This opposition lacks any fixed organizational form, and its membership is variable, depending on the issues. Scientists and lay Protestants, for example, have been prominent in the campaign against atomic weapons—particularly against supplying them to the German army. The professors have been concerned mainly about civil liberty. Others have attacked the government for its rigid refusal to negotiate with the Soviet Union and East Germany. If there is a center to these activities, it is to be found in the "47" Group, which one of its members, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, has described as "the central café of a literature without a capital." Founded in 1947 by the novelists Alfred Andersch and Hans Werner Richter, the group meets once a year to hear readings of poetry and prose; its annual prize to literary newcomers is the most sought after award in contemporary German writing.

It should not be thought that the intellectual opposition functions unchallenged in the literary world. Some of its antagonists, representing what has been called a "literary pro-government party," have taken the position that the purity of the German spirit, indeed of any nation's spirit, can be preserved only if its guardians abstain from politics. (They define politics, of course, as being *against* the government.) Others have more openly acknowledged their allegiance to what, with some delicacy, they term the "socially responsible" forces. Most of the pro-government spokesmen are somewhat older, and their younger colleagues have had a certain amount of fun publishing citations which suggest that a number of them manifested similarly "constructive" atti-

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tudes toward authority in the period 1933-45. These documents cause little stir among the older segments of the public (who no doubt feel themselves equally compromised), but they have had an effect on the young.

THE INTELLECTUAL opposition may think it lacks influence, but the government and its apologists take it quite seriously. For instance, when, recently, Enzensberger criticized the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, that newspaper went to the trouble of publishing a pamphlet to refute him. The familiar charges of pro-Communism have of course been issued; the intellectuals have been accused of disloyalty to the "national community"; the "healthy" resistance of the populace to thought has been praised. To some degree, then, the arsenal of defamation developed by the Nazis has been employed. But at the same time, comically enough, the government keeps repeating that it would like nothing better than comprehension, nay support, from the intellectuals. What is especially trying to the authorities is that the intellectuals, through television and some of the mass-circulation periodicals, occasionally manage to do more than just sometimes talk to one another. Sometimes they actually do reach the people. One hostile episode of *Panorama*, a popular weekly television news show, seems to frighten the government more than any number of parliamentary questions from the Social Democrats. The authorities have managed to get some of *Panorama*'s editors dismissed, but the CDU Acting Chairman admitted that the struggle was difficult: "I wanted to expose the subversive activity of the leftish intellectuals in radio and television and I stirred up a hornet's nest."

A year has now elapsed since the *Spiegel* affair first showed how influential the intellectual opposition had become. The German equivalent of *Time* magazine in circulation and format, *Der Spiegel* has a network of informants everywhere and a dossier on everyone. Editorially, it is for the democratization of German public life and in favor of a new foreign policy. Though the magazine's prose is often corrupt, as is frequently charged, and though it has neither a historical nor a philosophical perspective on politics, there is nevertheless no denying that for years it constituted the only real opposition in West Germany. In October 1962, the editor, Rudolf Augstein, and a number of his staff were arrested on suspicion of "high treason," having, it seems, published a report on an official evaluation of a NATO exercise which was critical of the Federal German Army. The details of the subsequent crisis need not now concern us, except to note that it became clear that the arrests had been engineered by Adenauer and Strauss, of whose policies the magazine had long been critical (it had also exposed the latter's extra-curricular activities as Minister of Defense). By December, Strauss was out of the Cabinet; Adenauer just managed to hang on.

The *Spiegel* controversy seemed to mark the emergence of a new civic consciousness in the Federal Republic. There were student demonstrations at all the universities, and a large number of professorial signatures on petitions denouncing the government. A number of those connected with the "47 Group" issued a statement declaring it a public duty to reveal military secrets in an era in which war as a political instrument had been rendered useless. The reaction abroad to the arrests was used by defenders of *Der Spiegel* to stand chauvinism on its head: Germany could earn the respect of the other nations only by practicing democracy, not by issuing hollow professions of faith in it. The Social Democrats and an influential segment of the press followed the intellectual opposition's lead; for perhaps the first time the German intellectuals had evoked a positive response from a good many of their countrymen. Given all this, the affair may well come to rank as a turning point in the history of modern German democracy.

Meanwhile, one controversy succeeds another, the most recent being, of course, Rolf Hochhuth's play, *The Deputy*, which accuses Pope Pius XII of calculated indifference to the murder of European Jewry. At first the Catholic Church had reacted by denouncing the play as an insult and branding Hochhuth (who is a Protestant) a simple falsifier. When this failed to cut off discussion, however, a massive counter-attack on Hochhuth was launched, with a good deal of Protestant backing. Nonetheless, a number of Catholics have insisted that the play merits a serious response, the more so since Hochhuth offers formidable documentation of his charges. One-hundred thousand copies of the text have been sold (performed uncut, it would take about eight hours) and a recent paperback has been issued summarizing the main points of the controversy. Precisely by implicating a non-German in the crime, the thirty-three-year old Hochhuth has given his countrymen an opportunity to discuss the political and moral issues of the Nazi period with more clarity than ever before. And younger participants in the discussion have been particularly unrelenting in their insistence upon examining the credentials of those who claim the right to speak out on the issue. Coming in the wake of the Eichmann trial, and in the midst of a new series of German prosecutions of former SS men, the discussion may be the beginning rather than the end of a new attempt to confront the past.

Hochhuth's play appeared at a time when German Catholicism was in travail. Some Catholics had been asking why their Church (unlike the Protestants) had never confessed its share of responsibility for recent German history. A small band of critics has denounced the Church's pol-

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itics, among them the novelist Carl Amery, who remarked that the layman can count on a sympathetic hearing from the clergy if he doubts any item of dogma but one: the infallibility of the CDU. No national Church is independent of developments elsewhere in Catholicism, and the German Church is clearly reacting to those tendencies expressed in the Pontificate of John XXIII. His Encyclical *Pacem in Terris* was received with incredulity and dismay by many official spokesmen for German Catholicism. At the Vatican Council, however, the German Bishops have been prominent among the "progressives" and German theologians have provided ideas and historical arguments for the reforming party. Yet the connection between adopting a critical view of the Church's internal structure and actually revising its social theology is by no means a direct one, and it will undoubtedly take some time before German Catholicism has developed a left wing as strong as that of the Church in France.

There is not at this moment very much to say about German Protestantism. More differentiated internally than the Catholic Church, it has for some time been more responsive to the inner conflicts of German society. Some of those who had been associated with the Confessional Church in its struggle against Nazism have since exhausted themselves in a struggle against the politics of the Federal Republic. Two questions have preoccupied them: they have denied that a Christian crusade against Communism is theologically admissible—not despite, but because of, their support for the Protestant Church in Eastern Germany; and they have insisted on raising the question of the morality of atomic weapons. Pastor Martin Niemöller, indeed, has been prosecuted for asking if West German soldiers would be expected to fire atomic missiles at East German cities. As a group, the West German Protestants have a certain number of recent accomplishments to their credit. They have maintained contact with the Church (which is to say, the population) in Eastern Germany. They have engaged the secularized intellectuals in a continuous discussion (the Protestant theologians' studies of Marxism, for example, are very much worth reading). Further, they have exerted an intellectual influence on German Catholicism, the effects of which are now becoming apparent. Finally, and most importantly, Protestantism has kept alive the idea that in politics, conscience still counts.

THIS ACCOUNT OF contemporary Germany has been one-sided—deliberately so, for I have tried to emphasize those aspects which are sometimes overlooked abroad. The change in generations is important, but we ought not to forget that very considerable proportion of German youth which has little interest in the past and not much more in the future. Their relationship to the tradition of Kant and the problems of Brecht is quite like that of millions of young Americans to the tradition of Jefferson and the work of James Baldwin: totally nil. I have discussed the civic consciousness of the intellectuals, but I have not mentioned those tens of thousands of technicians who would be surprised to be told that there were civic problems to be conscious of. I have cited the independence of some publicists, but ignored a gutter press whose inflammatory style is matched only by its political imbecility; neither have I dealt with the tiresome conformity of some of the respectable papers.

Anti-Semitism, moreover, neither began nor ended with Hitler; only the Jews are gone. Millions of Germans still retain the pestilential attitudes to man and the world that are fundamental to anti-Semitism. One thinks, and certainly one hopes, that the young are not as pathological. A hundred thousand copies of *The Deputy* have, it is true, been sold, but a television program dealing with Nazi crimes so disturbed millions of viewers that its producers were accused of undermining family life. Still, Germany's capacity for doing harm in the world is not what it once was, for now she is a European and not a world power.

To have grasped this fact is the achievement both of Germany's younger intellectuals and, let it be said, of Adenauer. Their cosmopolitanism is a response to German's altered possibilities. Events elsewhere—the softening of American foreign policy and the slow progress of de-Stalinization in the Soviet Union—have been responsible for their recent political successes. But a lurch to the right in the USA would have serious consequences for democracy in the Federal Republic (the *Spiegel* arrests were timed to coincide with the Cuba emergency). A change in East Germany would have equally profound consequences. German Communism remains its own worst enemy: the East German cultural boss has termed the "47 Group" "refined agents of imperialism," a remark which has emphasized the pathos of these intellectual spokesmen for a national conscience rooted in neither of their country's two halves.

The displacement of the older generation will quicken the pace of change during the next decade. The Social Democrats at the last election won over half the votes of the younger Germans, and they are likely to enter the government in 1965—although another delay, enabling the party to rejuvenate itself more completely, might in fact be beneficial. It is improbable that the intellectual opposition will be reconciled with those in power, even though Günter Grass has announced his intention of writing speeches for Willy Brandt. But over the past few years, with the Social Democrats and the trade unions as indispensable background forces, the younger intellectuals have kept a democratic German ethos in being. Helped by others, they might in the next ten years make some progress toward institutionalizing this ethos for the future.

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MEDAD SCHIFF

ISAAC BOUND*

A Story

YOU WILL DIE. This is as sure to happen as tomorrow's sunset. In less than so many years (or so many minutes) you will neither see nor hear nor touch nor taste nor smell nor think nor desire, nor will there be any possibility of your regaining consciousness, for decomposition will have set in, that is to say you will stink more and more pungently until the survivors dispose of your carcass, if there be any (with modern technique there is no telling, but you do stand a good chance of effusing a horrible smell when you are no longer able to participate in the sensation).

You may retort that the same applies to me. For one thing, I am not listening, so what is the use of retorting? And for another, as you are reading this, though it be two hundred and forty years hence, I am still alive. Dead men tell no tales. Yet I admit that philosophical quibbling notwithstanding, at some future date I shall be physically dead. So what? Does this add to your life expectancy? And whichever way I look at it, it seems that life, yours or somebody else's, is all you live for and strive for and hope for and suffer for, and die for.

And now to my story. I did not invent it, so I cannot oblige with the end, as you will see presently.

I was a soldier, and this is a joke. By now almost everybody with the minimum of limbs and age must have been a soldier, but some people can be imagined in uniform and some cannot. None of my present colleagues was in the army, and this makes me more of a freak.

As an old hand in the profession I can give young recruits a word or two of advice. Wherever you are, avoid notice. Do your best not to be conspicuous, anywhere, even in camp. Blend with the background, so that you can be neither observed nor recalled. Because if the Sergeant notices you, you are in for it. *It* may be anything unpleasant, down to plain hard work.

And I would not shave. The only one in the company. All the others shaved as if possessed, every morning before parade, and swore at me, because they were in a hurry and the water was cold and they all crowded around one tap, in the open, sitting crosslegged or kneeling and making faces at mirrors set precariously on bricks or stones. Did they look stupid! But it never occurred to any of them to desist from this daily self-torture, so I stood out very distinctly with a shaggy face. It was not very convenient, and it needed a daily shampoo or it would itch, still I refused to shave. In the morning I do not like to be rushed.

Our camp was the most bombed area, per square inch, in the country. The Egyptians considered it an important target, and it had very distinct landmarks. At the beginning we had no fighter planes. So we would have the Egyptians over us four times a day, emerging as if from the sun, swooping down, dropping their bombs in a hurry, and then strafing with bullets as big as dates. I never got used to it, and every time they came I was scared anew, but they did very little damage. They must have been scared too, for we downed two of them with machine-guns, and one captured Spitfire was hardly scratched, so that it was repainted and in use by our pilots in less than two days.

But the first day they came they did hurt. It was Saturday, the 15th of May, 1948. Early in the morning they hit a hut and in the afternoon a tent. I was visiting the anti-aircraft men and so I was not called to help, but when I

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was back Aduya told me he had to carry raw meat. It was taken to town.

Monday morning, when we were all doing nothing or patronizing the high-school boys who had been sent over to dig, Sergeant came busily, and everybody tried to sneak away. He caught me napping under a campbed, where I was hiding from the flies. "Aha!" he said, "Medad! Just the man I want. And you, and you, and you, and you, and you too. Come here all of you. You have five minutes to inspection parade."

We were inspected and told to get into a truck.

"What is it about?" I asked Sergeant.

"Funeral," he said.

"For such a job," I said, "we don't need these." (I was disgusted with my rifle. It kept collecting sand in the most hard-to-get-at places.) "We want spades."

"The Holy Society is looking after that part of the ceremony," Sergeant said. "All you are called for is to fire three volleys. And mind you clean the rifles well afterward. I don't want to see any soot tomorrow morning."

The Holy Society are the undertakers. It is an exclusive fraternity, very religious.

We were taken to town, and parked back of Hadassah Hospital. We were told to jump out, and stood on the pavement, waiting. I knew the place. We were opposite the gate out of which the dead were carried.

IT WAS quite a busy place. When the hospital was built, it was situated at the outskirts of a suburb. Now it was right in the middle of the business center, though the gate opened to a side street. Almost any day you could see people standing there, waiting for a funeral. There was a bookshop and a restaurant on the other side of the street, and people went their ways, sometimes glancing furtively at the mourners, and sometimes getting gooseflesh when they heard a wail.

It looked odd. Here was I in uniform, unable to move unless so ordered, and here were people walking or riding as they pleased. Some acquaintance in mufti who happened to pass by, shouted, "Medad, what are you doing here?" "I joined the Holy Society," I shouted angrily. "Special rates for carcasses like you."

"Shut up," Sergeant said, and turned around and shook with suppressed laughter. I did not think it was such a good joke, but we were not well disposed toward civilians. I think I must have been offended because they could carry on without me.

Just then I felt an urge to relieve nature. "I say," I said, "may I go for a minute?"

"Too late," Sergeant said, "Here they come."

A small, jerky old man in a crumpled gray suit, with a gray felt hat, dusty shoes, a gray face with white stubble and red eyes, and a little woman bent to half size, so that her gown reached to her shoes, her head and face almost completely hidden in a black shawl, appeared suddenly, God knows from where. They were leaning, almost hanging, on younger people. The man seemed to be muttering something but I could not hear what he said. The woman was sobbing or coughing or hiccuping.

There was some rustle in the air, and a stretcher was carried out of the gate by two bearded men. Their beards were longer than mine, the foremost one yellowish brown and the rear one black. I saw why Sergeant had laughed. Every head was covered, but only these two met the occasion with gala headgear: fine, fashionable soft felt hats, very dark gray and almost shiny. The Holy Society was all dressed up for the show. Parents of the corpse must be well to do.

The stretcher was sagging in the middle, where it was stained to a darker shade, and dripping. The worst of it were the flies that adorned the poles in a swarm, like a halo. It seemed to me that I heard their buzz, and I was afraid one might sting me, in my bare arms or legs or even in the face, and my blood would be poisoned and I would die, like Yossl Zaiger.

I was stamping nervously when I was hit by the stench. My head began to swim. I held my breath lest I disgrace myself, and then I tried to play with the thought that those members of the Holy Society were having it worse. But it did not help much. When dead, a man smells worse than a chemical factory. He stinks like that donkey's carcass which was washed out of the sea near Nabi Rubin.

I stole glances at my comrades, and they did not look to be feeling better than I. There was a fly on Pinny's upper lip, but he did not seem to notice.

In my mind I goaded the Holy Society. Get it over with, damn you. Quick, before I am sick. What is the delay? Can't you move more quickly?

I was furious. I hated Sergeant for dragging me there. I hated the corpse for stinking. Why was he not privileged with storage in an icebox? Could he not be disposed of without all the ceremony? I hated his parents for their maso-

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chism. I hated the Holy Society for the display and for their mocking beards. I hated the audience watching and obviously enjoying the thrills. I was quivering with helpless fury.

They lifted a white bundle, stained pink underneath, from under a black covering, and put it in a long, black, lidless box, with four handles, and they lifted the box and moved it gingerly into a black van, and two of them entered the van and sat facing the thing, and the double door was closed on them. I expected when we reached the cemetery we would have three corpses.

People were getting into cars and into a bus, and we were told to climb back into our open truck. The column began to move slowly.

Soon we were out in the thoroughfare, and I felt better. The sweat on my face was cold. Again I wanted to make water, and as we were at the rear I thought perhaps I could do it from the moving truck, with my back to the wind. But there was traffic on the road. Presently we turned into a by-road and crossed the Musrara bridge, and then we were between the gray concrete walls of the twin graveyards. The road is very narrow there, and we had to park single file, after some maneuvering, so as to leave room for traffic. As we were disembarking we heard the wail of the alert, rising from all the suburbs around. There was nothing we could do about it, so we stood there and waited.

Cows WERE chewing their cuds in a field nearby. The light was sweet and pleasant to the eyes. It was good to exist and to have nothing to do.

I am not partial to death. Funerals I find repulsive, so much so that I do not go even to my enemies'. But cemeteries I like. I suppose human nerves can be jarred only to some degree and then they slip out of it somehow: then a man goes crazy or numb.

When I was nine years old, our grade was taken to the funeral of Etan's mother. She had lain ill for a long time in that small house way out of the village. I had never seen her, but I had heard her deep coarse voice calling Etan from inside. Now Etan's father, the little watchman, was wiping his eyes with his cap, blubbering perfunctorily, and Etan was trying to make his baby brother put on shoes, but the little brat was feeling too important to comply. *She* was taken into the dark cell under the synagogue, and some of the daring boys peeped through the barred window and said she was being washed.

She was brought out as a long white bundle on a stretcher, and four men carried her on their shoulders all the way to the cemetery on the hill, where the ancient hollow sycamore is surrounded by giant eucalyptus trees and graying tombstones, that tranquil hill from which we had watched the air maneuvers over Sarafand, when airplanes were such a wonder. We followed, and a brisk walk it was in the sandy road, so that when we reached the cemetery we were out of breath and sat panting around the open grave.

The stretcher was put down, and the men wiped the sweat off their faces and took Etan's mother and gave her to the two men who were in the deep narrow grave, and she was laid very deep down, face up. She was wrapped in white all over. Only her chin and the thin purple lips and the tip of her nose were not bandaged, and her hands were tied on her breast. They covered her with boards and filled the grave with earth. My mouth opened and my breath came in a sob: I thought she would choke.

When they were done they gave the mound a few pats with their shovels, and Etan said *Kaddish,* constantly clearing his throat and hoarsely repeating the words after his lisping father. Moishe-arn sang in his sour voice, "O God full of mercy." The adults plucked out grass and threw it over their shoulders. We did the same, though we did not know why it was done, and scampered home.

That night as I lay in bed I thought I was going to die and be choked in a deep narrow grave, with my hands tied, and my fear grew so intense that I fell asleep. For months afterward I was afraid that in my sleep, while I was covered with white, I would be taken to the cemetery and be buried, and it must have been a year before I was convinced that my death would come only in the future, probably when I would want it myself. But I would not go near that dark barred window under the synagogue.

Sergeant said something sharply, and I saw that the others were already in two lines. I hurried to join them, and we were marched into the cemetery and in a narrow path that squeezed our two lines together, and we were halted and brought to attention.

One bearded man was in the grave, perfecting its geometry and throwing some earth out with a shovel. He was handed narrow boards. When he stood up only his head was visible.

Again there was that awful stench, but now the wails were worse. They must have been

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tuned to words, but I could not make them out. It was the old woman. She would begin *piano,* with a moan, and then climb up to *forte,* to a horrible shriek, and all of it with some chatter. When they took her to the grave, for her last look at her son, she collapsed on her knees, but her voice lost nothing of its vigor.

O shut up, shut *up*! I had had enough. That shriveled old lady must have iron lungs. I know, I know. It is terrible, but why show off? How I wished it was over and I could piss and smoke to my heart's content. But I was standing at attention.

THEY covered it up with earth, very efficiently, in quick rhythmic motions, and there was a mound, and they stuck a wooden sign at its west end, and we were stood in two lines facing each other across the mound, and Sergeant was giving orders in a whisper. Of course Aduya would have trouble with the bolt. We waited for him, and then we fired the three volleys almost together, so it was good enough, and we turned and marched away single file, and stood at ease. We could not smoke, for we were not yet out of the cemetery, and we did not feel like talking, not even to poke fun at Aduya and his bolt.

A cantor was trilling affectedly "O God full of mercy" when we saw the old lady approaching us quickly, almost running, like a hen, but still bent double. The black shawl slipped to her shoulders and her long gray hair was undone and there was a neat tear on her breast. I was afraid she would give us trouble, because two women were after her. She was too quick for them, and she stopped almost touching us, and sighed, and nodded her head, and said quite loud, "*Gott soll* eich *shitzen, meine kinder,*" which is Yiddish for "May God guard *you,* my children."

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LOOKING FOR GENET

Alfred Chester

JEAN GENET wrote *Our Lady of the Flowers** in the middle of World War II, and just about the time when Hitler was at his most triumphant. In his cell at Fresnes Prison, Genet seems almost unaware that the war is happening. It reaches him as the revolution in *The Balcony* reaches into the whorehouse, so much at one with the "system" of the work that you can never be sure it's going on in the real, the offstage, out-of-book world. Its only significant appearance comes in the middle of a long passage about Divine and Darling, the idyllic lovers:

> So the couple lived undisturbed. From the bottom of the stairs, the concierge watches over their happiness. And toward evening the angels sweep the room and tidy up. To Divine, angels are gestures that are made without her.
>
> Oh, I so love to talk about them! Legions of soldiers wearing coarse sky-blue or river-colored denim are hammering the azure of the heavens with their hobnailed boots. The planes are weeping. The whole world is dying of panicky fright. Five million young men of all tongues will die by the cannon that erects and discharges. Their flesh is already embalming the humans who drop like flies. As the flesh perishes, solemnity issues forth from it. But where I am I can muse in comfort on the lovely dead of yesterday, today and tomorrow. I dream of the lovers' garret. The first serious quarrel has taken place, which ends in a gesture of love . . .

Without a break, without so much as the grace of a new paragraph, the Second World War is hauled into the book, kept long enough to be transformed into the conditions of the whole, and then thrown out again, like a little boy who's had his clothes changed after falling in the mud. Genet wraps it up in poetics and sexual imagery, makes the dead seem vaguely desirable; he is concerned with the perishing flesh and not, like us, in the solemnity that issues forth. It's a game he loves to play: skating close enough to our ice rink to make us imagine he's coming in, then stopping so short that a spray of ice flies into our faces. If you saw *The Blacks* you'll remember the fun he has with the so-called social or political reality. He is ahead of Equal Rights and the African Revolution, beyond them, because he knows that a shift in power doesn't mean freedom but merely the beginning of a reversal in roles. If he makes any comment on current events, it is this: that nothing lies ahead of the Equal Black but the Rights to White Hell. (But this, lest our whole structure tremble and blush as we stare back at it, we must rapidly agree is better than the Black Hell. It would never do to start wondering if it isn't, after all, the whites who need freedom.)

Genet, like Hitler, was born of dead Europe, dead Christendom. Each contained the death, admitted it to himself, saw it in his fellows. Genet sought redemption from it through art—reality disguised as fantasy. Hitler sought power over it through artifice—fantasy disguised as reality, a nightmare with a look of life. Traditional Europe's obituary notices had begun to appear in the 19th century. You can read the sad news in Nietzsche and Dostoevski. You can read it also in Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" which not only mourns the death of faith but recommends physical love like a melancholy embalming fluid—a fluid that D. H. Lawrence later tries to turn back into blood and into God. Or, best of all, read *The Red and the Black,* that cold, cruelly lucid prophecy which makes the first, and practically definitive, formulation of the Situational Man: it describes the breakup of the medieval order, the new mobility of the classes, and it depicts the stupefied individual growing faceless behind the mask of dead institutions.

As the 20th century starts happening, the individual and the institution, the man and the role he plays, become more and more separate. But who is the man? Behind the mask that he still forces himself to believe in, there is an eyeless, noseless face, barely anything at all, a guilty blob without identity. If he doesn't believe in the mask, he believes still less in the man who is wearing it. Hypocrisy here turns into schizophrenia. In fact, one of the most interesting phenomena of our century is the decline of hypocrisy in personal relations. To be a hypocrite, you need a fixed identity. Contemporary man is alarmingly honest, from one person to the next, from one situation to the next, however much he contradicts himself. He means what he says and feels what he feels when he says it or feels it, for there is no central ego to be loyal to. He who has pretended to love can actually feel like a lover by entering a romantic situation. He is the wolf who, by putting on wolf's clothing, can become a wolf.

Freud also saw the shapeless thing man had become. He saw the Situational Man, the creature born of those whose only identity had lain in dead institutions, in believing without belief, in seeing themselves where they were not. The Situational Man, with triumphant irony, can be anything

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because he is nothing. Circumstance is his only reality. Situations are costumes which give man his being, his life; the no-man exists only by virtue of the situation. Swann, you will remember, was not originally attracted to Odette. He doesn't want her until the night she isn't there. Suddenly, the romantic situation is created, and the situation creates the lovers. Swann's chase begins, and as long as she doesn't completely surrender, he is caught in his romance. Of course he feels love, but it was her absence, not her presence, that created the love; it was the situation, not the woman. Is there a European or an American cultured by Europe lucky enough not to know precisely what Swann means when, at the end of his love affair, "he cried out in his heart: 'To think that I have wasted years of my life, that I have longed for death, that the greatest love that I have ever known has been for a woman who did not please me, who was not in my style!' "

Our Lady of the Flowers is full of fun and games, a lot of them based on the Situational Man. Genet himself is It, the magic no one. In his cell he writes a book about a bunch of criminals and homosexuals, and the book is a recomposition of that which, those who, have composed him. The creatures of the fiction are in fact the creators of him who creates them. As one used to say in olden times: the author draws upon his own experience. This may always be the case in writing, but Genet, by making it the point, negates himself. Who is Genet? Genet is no one, nothing. He doesn't exist as an entity. He is a process through which creatures create themselves, through which circumstances take on life.

The existence of the book itself is also negated. The full story of *Our Lady* is the story of the writing of a book. The book, however, is only cursorily written. The writing of the book is the main subject of the book, as it is, though blindly, for Salinger in "Seymour, an Introduction." Salinger, too, is there in the middle of nothing, caught in his existential crisis, trying to build a man around a void, piece by piece, scrap by scrap. Man, the traditional subject of the work, is nonexistent. What lives instead of man are the shells, the forms, he was once fused to, which were once him: beliefs, rituals, gestures, feelings, the body itself. But forms, or situations, though they now bring man to life, are dead and meaningless things. Thus the writer is left without a subject; there is nothing to write about. Yet he wants to, or has to, or (Sartre of Genet:) chooses to go on writing. So he writes about the writing. Painters —and also composers—more intuitive than writers, have been deeply immersed in the problem for years. Contemporary painting is hardly more than a keeping alive of the act. The act of art has, out of desperation, become the subject of the work of art. It keeps the show running. It keeps the form open until the time comes when subjects live again, when the soul is brought back to life. (There may be a purer integrity in silence, but the actual situation has the double virtue of both being silent and speaking the truth. William Burroughs has now, like the painters, gone the whole hog with his cut-ups: pasting halves or thirds or tenths of different pages together. Boring but honest.)

So the man who is supposed to be writing *Our Lady* doesn't exist and the book which no one is writing is about getting itself written. But naturally you can't tell from just glancing at a book that neither it nor its author exists. You have to read it. You have to spend hours reading it. You can't run your eyes over it on the wall of a gallery. So it must after all entertain you; it has to tell you a story.

ON THE BACK of a sheet of prison regulations, the convict who calls himself Jean Genet has pasted twenty photographs of handsome men torn from newspapers and magazines that have passed through his cell. They are pictures of criminals: murderers and traitors. "Perhaps some lad who did nothing to deserve prison—a champion, an athlete—slipped in among the twenty by mistake. But if I have nailed him to my wall, it was because, as I see it, he had the sacred sign of the monster at the corner of his mouth or the angle of his eyelids. The flaw on the face or in the set gestures indicates to me that they may very possibly love me, for they love me only if they are monsters." And he them, as it doesn't go without saying: "To love a murderer. To love to commit a crime in cahoots with the young half-breed pictured on the cover of the torn book. I want to sing murder, for I love murderers. To sing it plainly. Without pretending, for example, that I want to be redeemed through it, though I do yearn for redemption. I would like to kill."

Between onanistic libations to his handsome gods, and to sing them, he decides to write a book in honor of their crimes. To those of us who elect warriors to our presidency, who name parks after generals, who keep eternal flames burning over nameless soldiers, there is perhaps something faintly familiar in the celebration of murder. One gets a bit of spit in one's eye, but one pretends not to notice it. The book (and the murderer in the book) is called *Our Lady of the Flowers*. It is about a bunch of dreary, mostly stupid, hoodlums, pimps, outlaws, and homosexuals living in Montmartre before the war. (It is also, most urgently, about a child.) The characters bear no resemblance to the people in our world; they, unlike us, have no internal existence or identity. They are voids, holes, with bodies, names, gestures, expressions and, occasionally, emotions wrapped around them. There is nothing intrinsic to them, inherent to them. They are manufactured products:

> The two queens were chirping away. Their talk was dull compared to the play of their eyes.

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> The eyelids did not flutter, nor did the temples crinkle. Their eyeballs flowed from right to left, left to right, rotated, and their glances were manipulated by a system of ball bearings.

But sometimes Genet flirts with credibility. He puts down a scene more or less the way a traditional novelist might, and then, when you are just falling into it, he shoves you aside by reminding you it is his unholy self he's talking about, that his characters are nothing but forms, threads sifting through the needle's eye of the prisoner-author. Darling agrees to be a stool-pigeon for the cops:

> He liked selling out on people, for this dehumanized him. Dehumanizing myself is my own most fundamental tendency. On the first page of an evening paper he again saw the photograph of the ensign I mentioned earlier, the one who was shot for treason. And Darling said to himself: "Old pal! Buddy!" He was thrilled by a prankishness that was born from within: "I'm a double crosser."

No doubt about it: the prankishness is all Genet's. But the effect of the prank is this: it makes treachery or dehumanization a quality with a life of its own. Between Darling and Genet lives Treachery, a third character; it heightens the gruesomeness of the quality.

Genet says that his world is not ours, but he tricks us into forgetting this occasionally. He deceives us into paralleling his situations with our own lives and lets us impose our polite fantasies on his ridiculous dramas. At the moment we're most caught, he brings in a stereotype from our world to look at his drama, and thus brings us up short against ourselves. It's a device very like, if not the same as, one that Mack Sennett, Chaplin, all the early cineasts used to employ for comedy. The tramp can only go on being outrageous, and therefore funny, so long as we don't identify with him completely. Once we become the tramp, we stop laughing and start crying. We have to keep remembering that we're really being outraged. So the film-makers, to remind us, would insert, make materialize from out of nowhere, and in the unlikeliest places, a pair of respectable ladies or a gentleman in a stovepipe hat who would, upon appearance, be filled with horror at the antics of the tramp. We would remember who we were and go on laughing.

Genet's point is not to make us laugh, but to rub our noses in his offensive roses, the ones we'd imagined for a moment were our own. It works beautifully in the home life of Divine and Darling. Though they are both men, Divine is referred to as "she" throughout the book. She is a whore and he, Darling Daintyfoot, is a pimp and shoplifter, a petty thief. Their garret is, like their characters and their existence, like even Divine's sex, made up of what doesn't really belong to them; their furniture is stolen goods. But Genet lets you forget everything as he describes their sweet domestic life. It could be yours or mine. He and She, like names engraved on towels. They are just as cute as can be, as happy as can be, as devout as can be. They go to church:

> Darling prays, saying:
> "Our Mother Which art in heaven . . ."
> They sometimes take communion from a mean-looking priest who maliciously crams the host into their mouths.

And then, there you are, face to face with the pair of homosexuals you very nearly were and who aren't even credible: "Our Mother" indeed!

OF ALL the characters, Divine is in a way the most believable, except for the child Culafroy who falls between the writer-prisoner and the book. Divine, says Genet, is made from himself, though he also contradicts this by telling us: "When I met Divine in Fresnes Prison, she spoke to me about [Darling] a great deal . . ." But where Divine comes from is irrelevant, since there is no Genet anyhow; if she is made of him, then she is made of herself through him. Her credibility is due to her responses; she is always *feeling*. (Practically the only emotion the other characters have is greed, if that's an emotion, and lust, if that's another.) But her feelings all come with labels attached, as if they've just been swung off the rack at Klein's or Gimbel's or as if they've just been dragged out of the wardrobe room of an opera house. She feels like a "lady," or like a "screaming queen," or like a "woman," or like a "duchess," or at the end like a "saint." So what you're left with is the impression that the feelings hopped off the rack or out of the wardrobe room all by themselves. Like everything else that qualifies Divine, her emotions are shells. She isn't there to feel, but they are there to create her.

> Our Lady of the Flowers here makes his solemn entrance through the door of crime, a secret door, that opens on to a dark but elegant stairway. Our Lady mounts the stairway, as many a murderer, any murderer, has mounted it. He is sixteen when he reaches the landing. He knocks at the door; then he waits. His heart is beating, for he is determined. He knows that his destiny is being fulfilled . . . he has the pure mystic feeling that this murder is going to turn him, by virtue of the baptism of blood, into Our Lady of the Flowers.

The bells of the campanile are ringing. The religious drama at the core of the book is announced. The miracle play opens with remarkable blasphemy. Through the ceremony of murder a boy will beatify, sanctify himself; through the shedding of blood the void will fuse with its mask. He will become One. He will exist. By the time Our Lady makes his solemn entrance, we are used to Genet's religio-mythological decorations. They seem like nothing more than spiteful ornament,

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and since the sacred trimmings are reserved by Genet only for the most profane, the blasphemies would appear to work against themselves and insulate Genet's world from ours. Most of the homosexuals have mythological or sacramental names, and all their perverted or criminal actions are frosted over with Christian or pagan buttercream. (Mythologizing is, in a technical sense, generic to Genet's system; it is a way of turning an act into a form.)

So we are not in the least disturbed—if we've managed to read this far—by all the blasphemies surrounding Our Lady's entrance into the book. It is only much later, at the trial, that Genet's sacrilege takes on a different face. (Months, perhaps years, after the murder, Our Lady is found by the police in the act of dismembering a tailor's dummy and, for no very good reason, he confesses his crime.)

> Snow was falling. About the courtroom, all was silence. The Criminal Court was abandoned in infinite space, all alone. It had already ceased to obey the laws of the earth. Swiftly it flew across the stars and planets. It was, in the air, the stone house of the Holy Virgin . . . It was at that moment that the frightened part of the courtroom (the crowd, the jurymen, the lawyers, the guards) should have dropped to their knees and broken out into hymns of praise . . .

Genet is now elevating the courtroom into mythology. The respectable ladies and the gentlemen in the stovepipe hats are being accorded the honors hitherto reserved for criminals and perverts. That does seem a bit odd—making Christians look Christian. And then comes the dismaying, ingenious reversal: all the queens, the creatures of the fantasy, are stripped of their mythological vestments. The clerk calls René Hirsch and Mimosa appears, Anthoine Berthollet and First Communion appears. "Thus, in the eyes of Our bewildered Lady, the little faggots from Pigalle to Place Blanche lost their loveliest adornment, their names lost their corolla, like the paper flower that the dancer holds at his finger tips and which, when the ballet is over, is a mere wire stem." Here, in the courtroom, in the outer space of the miracle play, the uninhabited forms are stripped down to the general reality. They don't disappear; they enter our world. In the fearful middle, in the void, there is the commonplace. "Divine was at last the grown-up she had not been allowed to be anywhere else. By God! here he is again, the witness, who has finally emerged from the child Culafroy whom he had never ceased to be." So everyone becomes ordinary except Our Lady who becomes divine, who becomes his name.

> Standing bareheaded, the monocle read the verdict. It uttered for the first time, following the name Baillon, the words: "Known as Our Lady of the Flowers." Our Lady was given the death penalty. The jury was standing. It was the apotheosis. It's all over. When Our Lady of the Flowers was given back to the guards, he seemed to them invested with a sacred character like the kind that expiatory victims, whether goat, ox, or child, had in olden times and which kings and Jews still have today. The guards spoke to him and served him as if, knowing he was laden with the weight of the sins of the world, they had wanted to bring down upon themselves the benediction of the Redeemer. Forty days later, on a spring evening, the machine was set up in the prison yard. At dawn, it was ready to cut. Our Lady of the Flowers had his head cut off by a real knife. And nothing happened. What would be the point? There is no need for the veil of the temple to be ripped from top to bottom because a god gives up the ghost. All that this can prove is the bad quality of the cloth and its deterioration. Though it behooves me to be indifferent, still I would not mind if an irreverent scapegrace kicked through it and ran off shouting, "A miracle!" It's flashy and would make a very good framework for a legend.

For this paragraph, all literature drops to its knees and breaks out into hymns of praise. Everything is here: all Genet's genius, his wit, his wisdom, his hate, his love, his grief, his art, his Europe, his nothingness—and himself, the man he after all is.

And what happened? A pretty little queen, who murdered an old man for money, was caught, tried, and executed. Always, every minute, we've known this. Nonetheless a miracle occurred, and it happened not in the mythological garden of the fairies, but in the pompous commonplace hall of judgment that is our everyday world. Ours is the world of miracles, poetry, and mythology. Ours is the world where conceptions are immaculate and where abstractions are apotheosized. Genet's miracles are on hinges. His poetry is on hinges. His mythology is on hinges. Well-oiled ones at that. Everything is ready to take off at any moment and leave us with the helpless, hopeless, merciless, blood-curdling inescapable brutality that is also on hinges and which at any moment can take off and leave us with him who is or isn't there: the man in the prison cell, the man imprisoned in Fresnes, in Europe, in history.

GENET IS OFTEN accused of elevating sordidness, of making murder and sodomy glorious, of making evil seem good. In fact, he makes evil seem just like evil, and his elevation is the ridiculing of our elevation, of his own need (as one of us) to elevate. Through the smoke of his sorcery, the horror is always distinct. But through the "clear glass" of our reality, the ugly truth is enchanted away. Naturally Genet must be misunderstood and condemned. The last thing any of us want to see is the process of our hypocrisies, lies, and self-deceptions made clear to us. And our powers of self-delusion are so great that we can turn exposure into another kind of concealment. *Our Lady*

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of the Flowers has, for example, given a new form, thus new life and justification, to a whole generation of homosexuals. Genet's savage caricatures are overlooked; his method is seized upon. What for him is burlesque, to pederasts becomes sentimental poetry. One does as one has always done, though consciously now: one decorates guilt. The naked truth of Genet's writing continues to be unbearable.

Genet is imprisoned like the rest of us. Lying there in his cell he is trapped despite his knowledge of the truth. He ridicules love, yet he is overwhelmed by it. He makes a mockery of art, yet writes a masterpiece. He desecrates Christianity, yet his joy and bitterness are devotional. (Yes, he clearly believes in God, but I wouldn't say this outside parentheses, for his God isn't one that any organization could lay claim to.) He depicts man as a void, decorated by farce, yet creates a moving, whole, and loveable human being: himself, the writer-prisoner called Jean Genet.

What bridges Genet and his book is the childhood called Louis Culafroy. (Culafroy is a medievalesque spelling of a phrase which, to translate it as politely as possible, means Coldrump. Combined with Louis, the traditional name of the French kings, Culafroy sounds like a royal epithet —as "Bloody" Mary or William "the Bastard.") Culafroy is the son of a lunatic widowed mother who is clearly traditional, medieval Europe. Genet treats the mother to ridicule, but of the boy he writes with love. Culafroy lives in a world of ghosts, dreams, and ceremonies, but he himself is real, completely credible. He would feel at home as the hero of any modern novel about a sensitive boy who ends up homosexual. His story is one of disillusionment. Everything turns out to be a fraud, with one exception: his love of Alberto, the village hood. Since Alberto is dramatically killed, Culafroy romanticizes him, and thus the one thing in the child's life which never proved meaningless becomes his conveyance into the world of travesty, imposture, lies, absurdity. It is a hideous irony. The true leads Culafroy into the false, into becoming Divine, the non-existent. But more important than the irony is the fact of the childhood: it is real even if the world isn't. There is someone to begin with. There is someone whose actions are felt, whose feelings are real.

He grows up, or, better, dies into Divine. But he also becomes the writer in the cell, the man who says: "Why didn't I steal a tube of strychnine from a pharmacy, as I had meant to? I could have kept it on me and concealed it while I was being searched. One day, utterly weary of the land of Chimeras—the only one worth inhabiting, 'the nothingness of human things being such that, save for the being who is by himself, nothing is beautiful, but that which is not'—I would, without any vain ornamentation surrounding the act, have poisoned myself." This is the man around which everything else in the book revolves. This is the dubious, unidentifiable creature under the poses and forms, under the poetry and brutality. This is the sufferer who wants to write *Our Lady of the Flowers*. This is the noseless, eyeless face under the absurd masks.

But there is another Genet still. This is the Genet who can never reveal himself to the reader, nor to the man in the cell, because the instant he does so he becomes the creature, the man in the cell. As soon as he says "I am," he who says "I am" becomes a character in a book, a character pretending to write a book. The final Genet is the man whose name is on the cover. He shares with all great artists one indispensable quality: the governing intelligence that can distinguish itself from its creatures; it can be its creatures, but its creatures can never be it. It can distinguish itself from the man in the cell, from his anguish and agony. Genet, the prisoner who writes about Our Lady and Culafroy and himself, and who orders destiny around, only imagines that he is the artist. He is the whimsical willful God of Sartre; he is everything I've talked about with one exception: he isn't Jean Genet.

A HUNDRED years ago, Thackeray said something about his "Becky doll"—or maybe he called her a puppet. Nothing has changed. If Genet calls the doll Jean instead of Becky, he isn't the less aware it *is* a doll. But a doll who pretends to be a creator tells something about himself, and about us. He tells us that only in his detachment can he know who he is, can he achieve unity and identity. He *is* in detachment from all roles and circumstance. His substance is in that which will not enter form. In all this, he is like an artist. Except that he suffers, and in this suffering lies the difference. For his agony is in his manhood, in his humanity; he is detached from everything but the suffering of detachment. The creator may suffer through the act of creation, but he doesn't suffer the human condition; he is divinely indifferent even to himself. Genet can see the creature he calls Jean Genet suffering, and even if he would want to, there is no way to pass a message through; there is no way to tell him, your suffering is within my total glory, within the ecstatic whole of my masterpiece. The creator can't yell back, I haven't deserted you, you idiot. Because to do so would turn him into the sufferer, or at best into another suffering creature. His words would turn into doves or olive branches or rainbows. They wouldn't seem like an answer, yet they're the only answer the creator can make. And they're cold comfort to a man in agony—coldest of all to the man who no longer sees God in nature or anywhere else.

ALFRED CHESTER *writes frequently in these pages on literary and cultural matters. His most recent contribution was "Salinger: How to Love Without Love" (June 1963). A collection of Mr. Chester's fiction,* Behold Goliath, *is to be published this month by Random House.*

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LETTER FROM FORMOSA

Peter Schmid

THERE ARE encounters in which a fleeting gesture, a smile, or a momentary blankness of expression can suddenly assume for the observer a symbolic intensity which is far more revealing than the occasion seems to justify. Thus I cannot forget the picture of General Chiang Kai-shek at a naval maneuver some time ago in Kaohsiung. The landing exercise was a demonstration of impressive strength: gray ships out at sea belching forth their barrage of fire into the rocky slopes at our back; beneath us the landing crafts furrowing through the breakers, the troops spilling out of boats and hurrying for cover. The observation platform was erected on top of the cliffs, and hundreds of spectators peered down with binoculars and telescopic cameras. The guests invited to view this demonstration of military virtuosity were mainly "overseas" Chinese from Southeast Asia and Hong Kong, and the gold staff officers' insignia glittered among them. The frog men, their bodies smeared black, had already stormed past us. Now the troops emerged, only a few minutes after they had disappeared into the undergrowth on the beach below. The artillery still belched its fountains of smoke into the cliffs.

On the special platform where the Generalissimo and the highest dignitaries were seated, there was also a visible commotion. Madame, a beauty even in old age, conversed animatedly with the woman next to her; her eyes followed the troops who, at our backs, now made for the goal, the highest peak of the range. There was only one exception to the general excitement: Chiang Kai-shek himself sat there as if in a dream, his gaze still turned in the wrong direction, facing out to the sea. From the moment of his arrival he had appeared to me an infinitely weary man, leaning on his cane, as he climbed the stairs with effort to reach his place of honor. Only when the Chinese flag was at last unfurled on the peak, when the cliffs echoed with the triumphant shouts of the troops, did he rise, turn his eyes gratefully to the peak, raise his arms sideways above his head, the palms turned upwards, and smile.

It was a notably unmilitary posture: one sees it now and then in Latin countries as the expression of mystical surrender of devout women, sweet, lost in dreams, and not of this world. For a ruler of men it is unusual. Far from being compatible with the severe strength and presence of mind that so high an office demands, it seemed Hippocratic.

It also reminded one that the health of the Generalissimo leaves much to be desired. He has been suffering from diabetes for years, and last spring his condition was sufficiently alarming to have a world-famous specialist from the United States brought to Taipei. How long will he live? That is the question that is being discussed today with growing nervousness in the ruling circles of Formosa. It is astonishing to realize that this man who has become, like almost no other statesman in the world, the personification of failure is still today the only figure with enough prestige to carry the flag of Chinese anti-Communism. To be sure, a famous Chinese general never dies as completely as his Western counterpart: the temples of Formosa are full of statues of the great warrior heroes of the past, who continue to receive the homage of posterity. If the Christian Chiang Kai-shek cannot lay claim to inclusion among them, nevertheless a kind of deification is already at work during his lifetime. He is more than merely a general or a president: he is the successor to the Emperor, the son of Heaven. That is why, during the evacuation of Nanking, such great importance was attached to saving all the imperial art treasures and the ancient manuscripts: for thousands of years their possession has served as an expression and guarantee of legitimacy. Today these incomparable treasures repose in deep vaults. However mighty Mao may be in Peking, Chiang is, by the grace of the palace museum, the only successor to the dynasty. The East simply thinks differently than we do; myth is still much more of an actuality. Thus, if the idea of the re-conquest of a mainland realm of 600 million people from a narrow island base appears to us quixotic, if not actually nonsensical, Chinese history nevertheless knows of examples of similarly hopeless situations unexpectedly and abruptly changed by the miraculous recovery of a dynasty that had lost virtually all its power.

To be sure, the Nationalist Chinese have only themselves to blame if the world responds to their repeated proclamations of returning to the mainland with only a shrug or a smile. For this return is always depicted in heroic colors as a kind of Normandy invasion, with Marine units storming the land, along the lines of the maneuver described above. A year ago, when I interviewed the son of the President, Chiang Wei-Kuo, who had been trained as a Panzer general under Guderian in Germany, he painted a picture for me in the most glowing colors of how the mainland population only awaited such an attack as a signal to rise up in revolt, blow up bridges, slay whole cadres of troops, and receive the liberators with open arms. Such nonsense is obviously propaganda, which possibly is not even taken seriously by its originators. In Chinese history the miracle of a returning dynasty is accomplished exactly as tediously and quietly as its fall, and just as the Communist mainland victory and the fall of the Kuomintang dynasty were the consequences of decades of attrition, so any counter-offensive, to be effective, would first have to be prepared by

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a slow and methodical process of infiltration.

This task is not in the hands of the Panzer general, but of his older half-brother, Chiang Ching-kuo, who was educated in Soviet Russia (at a time when Chiang Kai-shek was drawing his political inspiration from Moscow), and who is married to a Russian woman. Chiang Ching-kuo did not pass his apprenticeship idly. A master of totalitarian techniques of control, he is the gray eminence of the regime. As chief of the secret state police and of the nationalist youth organization, he holds the reins of power in his hands, and even if, upon the death of the President, the succession should fall to the ailing Vice President, Chen Cheng, there would be no doubt as to who was the real master of Formosa. This prospect is greeted with no great joy either by the American allies or by the liberal elements among the Chinese. Chiang Ching-kuo has not made the slightest effort to create a favorable image for himself abroad. He avoids journalists and reveals his thoughts only to his closest confidants. But if one can believe what they say, the reality of his enigmatic personality is wholly at odds with the myth. They describe him as a completely different type from the vanishing old guard of the Kuomintang—that is, a reasonable pragmatist who wears no blinders, and is astonishingly open in conversation ("Perhaps," my informant added, "because he is the only man who doesn't have to be afraid that he will be arrested because of it"). One also learns that within the inner circle of like-minded associates, disrespectful remarks are made about the old guard, which for the time being still clings to the helm. For members of Ching-kuo's circle are fully aware of the fact that the re-conquest of the mainland cannot be brought about under the banner of a restoration, but only by way of a new revolution.

Ching-kuo's guerrilla offensive on the mainland has accordingly been led in part by men who only recently have found their way from Communist China to Formosa. These guerrilla actions are of two kinds. The first—carried on in the limelight of propaganda—are the commando landings on the mainland, with reports of jubilant receptions by the population, captured Communist regiments, and all other manner of success. The other kind, the genuine guerrilla activity, is by its nature secret, and incomparably more important. Two separate and independent organizations are occupied with placing increasing numbers of guerrillas on the mainland, ranging from small groups of trained cadres to whole units of company strength. Their task consists in establishing liaison with local rebels and jointly setting up bases which can then be completely controlled by the anti-Communists.

To evaluate such ventures, we must again liberate ourselves from misleading Western conceptions. China is not the Soviet zone of Germany, where every square yard is open to inspection and under control. There are extended areas, above all in the mountainous regions, where the state power, whatever kind it was, has never been able to make itself felt more than sporadically. A province like Yünnan teems with rebels of every kind, from local independence fighters to pure bandits, and it is often hard to tell where robbery ends and politics begins. In such areas of twilight control a resolute guerrilla elite can, of course, achieve results which go far beyond its numerical potency. The official estimates in Taiwan speak of 170 consolidated guerrilla bases with a strength of 200,000 men. Even if, to be on the safe side, one divides this number by three, it remains true that 70,000 guerrillas under resolute leadership can accomplish a considerable amount. That this leadership does exist we know from the fact that one of the chiefs of the guerrilla movement, a Colonel Wu (incidentally a highly cultured man with a degree from Harvard) recently returned to Formosa from the mainland after working for two years at a guerrilla base. If these counter-revolutionaries realize their hopes, the liberation of China would be accomplished in a way similar to the strategy of the Viet Cong. The zones of insurrection would expand like spots on a blotter, and territorial and psychological boundaries and loyalties would become increasingly fluid. It is believed that Southern China to the Yangtze line could be liberated by a civil war of attrition and without fronts; and one day a regular army would be landed that could very well settle the persisting economic and organizational difficulties of the Communists on the mainland . . . and the problems of the narrow base on Formosa.

For if the giant on the mainland may be believed to have feet of clay, the stability of the dwarf on the island also leaves much to be desired. Up to now, the two million Chinese who erected their new temporary capital in Taipei, have succeeded only to a negligible extent in bridging the abyss that separates them from nine million Taiwanese. Three hundred years ago, as settlers from Fukien and Southern China, the Taiwanese brought with them Chinese traditions, but they have developed into a different people in the course of time. Their racial character has been altered through inbreeding with the native Polynesian-Melanesian inhabitants, who now inhabit the mountains and eke out a living as a tourist attraction. The social character of the Taiwanese was transformed during the fifty years (1895-1945) of Japanese rule when the island was transformed into an agricultural paradise and provided with schools and industries. The period of "liberation" by plundering Chinese soldiers and rapacious Kuomintang officials led to the famous uprising of 1947, which culminated in the massacre, according to varying estimates, of ten thou-

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sand to forty thousand Taiwanese, including most of the ruling elite. Chiang's regime has never been able to wipe away this stain. On the other hand, most of the grievances from the past have been eliminated. Today corrupt officials are severely punished; land reforms have transferred large estates to the peasants (a move which cleverly dissolved the power of the Taiwanese landed gentry), and these reforms have brought with them sufficient prosperity to remove the economic reasons for revolt. But victims of colonialism no longer live by rice alone. The struggles for liberation in Africa and Asia demonstrate that as standards of living rise, the demand for equal status and political independence become all the stronger. The situation in Formosa also differs from that in the former European colonies insofar as the ruling class shows little interest in prosperity. Living in perpetual expectation of the return to the mainland, it has largely neglected the problem of establishing its people materially and culturally in this involuntary homeland. The mainlanders' contempt for the Taiwanese continues, but its basis becomes more and more illusory with the changing character of both populations. For example, at the universities today, the Taiwanese students are in the majority.

High political and military positions are still almost totally barred to the Taiwanese, but these restrictions cannot be permanently maintained. Provincial rule and local authority are left to the Taiwanese, while all major policy decisions are made by the central government and the national parliament. (Because elections on the mainland have not been possible since 1948, the parliament of Free China automatically perpetuates itself, even though with the steady demise of its members, it has slowly been withering away.) Thus the Taiwanese were unable to protest when, in the summer of 1962, further heavy taxes were imposed for military expenditures, which normally devour more than half of the total government budget. For one year the Taiwanese were also forced to pay 30 per cent higher rates for electricity and other essential public services to finance the return to a mainland that has long since become a hated place to them.

It is a serious error, then, to take the appearance of prosperity as proof that the Kuomintang government is firmer in the saddle than the rulers of Peking. Last November, the journalist Lei Chen, who has been a symbol of political oppression on Taiwan since 1960 when he was sentenced to prison for twelve years, attempted to draw the world's attention to political conditions there by means of a hunger strike. As is well known, Lei Chen had attempted, together with a group of Taiwanese politicians, to create a democratic party of opposition; his conviction by a military court on very dubious charges quickly put an end to any such immediate possibility, for the remaining critics of the regime voluntarily silenced themselves. Lei Chen, by the way, is not badly off. He is treated as a privileged prisoner and is at present engaged in writing a book. To be sure, his ties to the outside world have been reduced to a minimum. The government of Free China is a dictatorship, but it is a benevolent one. The colleagues of Lei Chen are permitted to write without censorshop except on two matters: the relationship of the Taiwanese to mainlanders, and the return to the mainland. These prohibitions are rather like forbidding the German press to discuss reunification and atomic armament, but martyrs in the name of free expression are rare anywhere. In prosperous Formosa it is not the peace of the cemetery that reigns, but rather that of the hothouse—a stifling, wearisome, boring peace, guaranteed only by walls of glass.

The consciousness of danger does erupt, though, whenever issues such as the Japanese, French (or less openly, the German) economic courtship of Peking serve to remind the leaders of Free China about the realities of time and tide. A recent incident in Tokyo over the repatriation of a turncoat Communist journalist almost led to a break in diplomatic relations between Tokyo and Taipei. Such reactions remind one of the nervousness of an aging mistress, who, fearing total abandonment, chooses suicide (a break with Tokyo would equal this) rather than the recognition of reality. Even the presumed heirs of the Kuomintang, the circle of pragmatists around Chiang Ching-kuo, remain victims of the final and fundamental illusion that the existence of Formosa is justified only as a base for the reconquest of the mainland. What will happen if this campaign does not succeed, if the Communist regime survives its crisis? Won't the "two China" solution then be the only alternative? A European who posed this question to a guerrilla chief received an unexpected answer. "Two Chinas, never. If we are unable to drive the Communists out of Peking then . . . we must submit to Peking."

PETER SCHMID, *the Swiss journalist, has spent the past several years as roving political correspondent in Europe and the Far East. The present article was translated from the German by Werner J. Dannhauser.*

* * *

THE TRADITION OF McCLURE

Ellen Moers

THE MASS MAGAZINE has a bad name in this country, as a vulgarizing and corrupting influence on American letters. It goes against all our current prejudices to admire any medium dedicated to reaching a large, undistinguished (*read:* poor and uneducated) public. Thus, our literary historians

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have done little to make us remember *McClure's Magazine,* pioneer among low-priced monthlies at the turn of the century. In Van Wyck Brooks's *The Confident Years, 1885-1915,* there is the typical cursory mention of *McClure's* and the typical paragraph stigmatizing "the new cheap magazines" of the 1890's as "a species of literary mass-production," catering to "a new public with unexacting tastes that was rapidly calling into existence a new class of writers whose work was more or less comparable to the product of machines." Yet for anyone concerned with the actual relationship between "mass" culture and "high" culture in America, the history of the publishing revolution of the 1890's is an excellent starting place and Peter Lyon's recent biography of Sam McClure is required reading.*

The serious turn-of-the-century writers took a very different view of McClure and his journalism. Frank Norris's autobiographical novel, *Blix,* ends in a burst of happiness under a radiant Western sunset, with the young Californian's receipt of a letter from a New York publishing firm (McClure's), hailing his talent and bidding him come east, railroad passes enclosed, for an editorial post on the magazine. What actually happened in Norris's own case was quite as extraordinary. Having noticed some of Norris's apprentice sketches in San Francisco periodicals, McClure put Norris on salary specifically to write his own fiction. If *McClure's Magazine* actually printed anything Norris wrote while on the staff, no one has ever identified it. But Doubleday McClure, the firm McClure had founded and owned in partnership with Frank Doubleday, brought out Norris's first four novels. Though none of these, not even *McTeague,* sold well, McClure still sent Norris west on salary to work on *The Octopus.*

The Norris story was the pattern for McClure's relations with writers. Where others gave encouragement, he would give a subsidy. Because he owned a newspaper syndicate and a publishing firm as well as a magazine, he could offer to "handle" a young writer's entire production—and pay him an income all the while. "I wish you would look upon us as your literary sponsors hereafter," McClure wrote the unknown Jack London, after noticing some of his first stories in a California periodical. "If you send us everything you write we will use what we can, and what we cannot we will endeavor to dispose of to the best possible advantage." And then McClure volunteered to send London one hundred dollars to one-hundred-and-twenty-five dollars a month (a living wage in those days), so that London would attempt the novel he claimed he couldn't afford to write. The payments continued for a year. London would later describe McClure and his staff as "the best publishers, or magazine editors, in their personal dealings, that I have run across."

There was not much method to McClure's madness as a patron of letters. When he found a young writer of talent in whose future he believed, he simply gambled on that future. He impetuously hired Ida Tarbell and Willa Cather as editors, because the first made clear, lively prose out of dry subjects, and the second wrote superb short fiction. ("Paul's Case," one of Cather's finest early stories, had been published in *McClure's* the year before he swept her to New York from provincial obscurity in Pittsburgh. He had seen an article by Tarbell on street-paving before paying her fare to New York from Paris.) McClure hired Ray Stannard Baker as staff writer, watched him develop into one of the finest reporters in America, of great value to *McClure's Magazine,* and then sent him off on half-salaried leave to write a novel, which never came to anything. He made a vague arrangement with Stephen Crane putting him on some sort of salary to write some sort of unspecified material, as the spirit moved him. "I think the agreement with you is a good thing," Crane wrote McClure. "I am perfectly satisfied with my end but your end somewhat worries me as I am often inexpressibly dull and uncreative . . ." He also financed Crane's tour of Civil War battlefields with the idea that Crane would write historical studies of actual battles, but when it turned out that Crane was no historian, and wanted to do short stories about imaginary battles, McClure was perfectly satisfied to publish those (the *Little Regiment* stories) instead.

WHEN WE look suspiciously for evidence of undue influence on the writers in McClure's pay, for signs of that "literary mass-production" of which Brooks wrote, we find that McClure did indeed force two things on all his writers: travel and time. He put the promising young reporter Lincoln Steffens at a desk labeled "managing editor," then suddenly pried him loose from his desk and sent him off on a random tour of the United States with the words: "Meet people, find out what's on, and write yourself." "My business," as Steffens wrote his father at this period, is "to educate myself in the way the world is wagging . . . . It has indeed been an education." McClure tried to interest Crane, early in his career, in a subsidized trip abroad. He was always urging Willa Cather to travel; one of these McClure trips made it possible for her to discover London and its literati, several of whom (William Archer, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Katherine Tynan) contributed to the magazine during the Cather era.

As for McClure's lavishness with time, the capital example is the slow, careful research that went, at McClure's insistence and expense, into Ida Tarbell's history of Standard Oil. Though McClure and Tarbell seem both to have exaggerated the time spent on this history-making magazine series, the important point is that McClure himself set no deadlines. In fact, the reason why

* *Success Story: The Life and Times of S. S. McClure,* Scribner's, 433 pp., $7.50.

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McClure's Magazine has gone down in history, somewhat inaccurately, as the first of the muckraking periodicals, is that three articles—Tarbell's third installment on the Standard Oil trust, Baker's first piece on labor unions, and Steffens's second on city corruption—ran in a single issue of the magazine, concentrated there simply because of McClure's editorial indifference to time.

WHILE THIS January 1903 issue of *McClure's* has a place in American political history, McClure himself has received little personal credit, because his own editorial made much of the "coincidence" of the three articles. "We did not plan it so," he wrote, giving rise to the persistent misconception that McClure's only interest in muckraking was its effect on circulation. What McClure meant, in his talk of coincidence, was that three writers to whom he had given assignments—for whom he had provided time, money, travel, research assistance, encouragement, and advice, as well as an unusually high standard of accuracy, seriousness, style—that these three writers had produced publishable articles at the same time.

In the 1920's, when McClure was a broken and forgotten man, long since deprived by financial ineptitude of his publishing empire, he noted the shabby place to which he was being relegated in the new histories of muckraking, and wrote a strikingly modest defense of his contribution in a letter to C.C. Regier, one of the historians. McClure gave credit to men of courage who had fought corruption locally in the major American cities; then to the progressive movement in national politics, as personified by Theodore Roosevelt; and last to *McClure's,* for having spread information about the work of other men. Almost none of the articles, he pointed out, had been based on what he rigorously defined as original (that is, unpublished) materials: Tarbell and Steffens, for example, had derived their most devastating "exposures" from the printed records of legislative and judicial proceedings. (Some of these, however, as Ida Tarbell points out in her memoirs, were extremely difficult to unearth, having been virtually suppressed by interested parties.) "The success of *McClure's,*" he said finally—and the claim, for all its simplicity, is a proud one—"depended upon the policy of the employment of magazine staff writers on substantial salaries irrespective of the amount of work they produced." So much for machine-made literature for the masses.

Still, the fact remains that McClure began publication of his magazine, in 1893, with the avowed aim of reaching a larger public than had ever before consistently read an ambitious, illustrated monthly. What he did was to break the established quality price of thirty-five cents (the price of *Harper's,* the *Century,* the *Atlantic; Scribner's* cost twenty-five cents) by selling *McClure's* for fifteen cents (later ten cents), a price within the means of the lower middle class. But did he also debase quality? H. L. Mencken thought so, and his view has often been quoted of "the yellow magazine of the *McClure's* type," which surpassed the quality monthly "in the race for circulation by exaggerating and vulgarizing all its merits."

Well, let us have out a typical early *McClure's.* Here are the contents of the October 1897 number: a creditable eye-witness account of elephant hunting in Siam; an effective short story, by Shan Bullock, about Irish peasant folk; the featured article, by an Oxford archaeologist, about the recent discovery of a Greek papyrus reputedly the oldest document to mention Christ; an interestingly personal Civil War memoir, about the seasoning of a raw regiment; Stephen Crane's "Flanagan," the short story that tells what happened before the launching of "The Open Boat"; a short, statistical account of the wonders of "greater New York," soon to incorporate Brooklyn; Walt Whitman's "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer"; a chapter from the current serial, R. L. Stevenson's *St. Ives;* a dull article, with excellent photographs, announcing the recent discovery of life-masks of American founding fathers; an Octave Thanet story about ward politics; a short puff, signed by Ida Tarbell, for Charles A. Dana as the most influential of Civil War reporters—for Dana's memoirs were about to start serial publication in *McClure's.* The issue concluded with McClure's own editorial announcing coming features (Lord Kelvin on scientific problems, Tarbell on Lincoln, a Mark Twain travel diary, a Kipling story, an Anthony Hope serial, and more "Good Stories by New Writers," such as William Allen White). "The purpose of the founders of this magazine," McClure added, "has been and is to bring within reach of a greater mass of readers . . . the fresh product of the best writers of fiction . . . [and] from month to month a moving, living transcript of the intelligent, interesting human endeavor of the time. We, like other men, wish to gain material success, but we want to gain it by those means which appeal *to our intellectual* as well as to our moral self-respect." The italics are mine; but the order of those two final phrases is McClure's.

There is nothing in this particular *McClure's* except for the Whitman poem,* that might not have appeared in any of the higher-priced monthlies—nothing radically original for the 1890's either. By the time *McClure's* got around to intensive coverage of American business, labor, and politics, there were many predecessors in the field. What did distinguish *McClure's,* in muckraking as in other areas, was the intensity and quality of its articles. No other periodical assembled so many first-class writers, notable for their intellectual sophistication as well as for their stylistic gifts;

* In addition to many selections from *Leaves of Grass, McClure's* poetry in the 1890's included good Kipling, Henley, Clough, Browning, and Verlaine; later Yeats and Housman were well represented.

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or gave them such ambitious assignments, or so much time to work them up with care. Besides Steffens, Tarbell, and Baker, writers on the staff or on assignment included Josiah Flynt, George Kennan (the elder), George Kibbe Turner, Will Irwin, William Allen White, Samuel Hopkins Adams. The distinctive "*McClure's* article" that this group turned out was remarkable for its blend of journalism with scholarship, of readability with thoroughness, of news with literature. The tradition of scholarly journalism, peculiarly American and with us still, was born on *McClure's Magazine*.

FOR A CONSIDERED judgment of Sam McClure's personal rule in this venture we should turn not to Mencken or historians in the wake of his prejudices, but to Ellery Sedgwick, who after a year on *McClure's Magazine* became editor of the *Atlantic* for almost thirty years. "In journalism the standard is everything," as Sedgwick remarked, "and the standard was set by McClure himself."

> Slipshod work, even in tiny details, he would not tolerate . . . In *McClure's* accuracy was a moral force.
>
> Mr. McClure had a standard for writing quite as high as his standard for facts . . . Tradition, so living to the rest of us, meant nothing to him, but . . . he demanded . . . expression in clear, logical, intelligible, hard-hitting form. He had also the artist's instinct against exaggeration. He reverenced the power of understatement.

But Sedgwick had certain reservations about the man, McClure, whose greatness as an editor he, like so many others, could not finally explain. And even his present biographer, who sets out to establish McClure's place in history, plays down his intellect and sensibility in favor of a view of the man as some kind of instinctive "genius" (that horrid word, endemic in all histories of American publishing), who rarely knew what he was doing. As Sedgwick stiffly noted, McClure had come to this country from some "Irish bog" as a boy. Brought up in Indiana on a regimen of endless chores, and little physical or spiritual nourishment, he had a hired boy's knowledge of the bleak world set forth by Hamlin Garland, who was among the first writers enlisted by McClure. But young McClure also had one obsession which is not so commonplace in the American saga as is often believed: he wanted an education. Against incredible odds, against all reason, he completed an essentially classical college degree, with high honors, at Knox College in Illinois. He had to earn his way there for eight years because three years of rigorous pre-college preparation, mainly in Greek and Latin, were made necessary by the sketchy schooling of his early days.

The significance of Sam McClure's educational saga lies in its relative oddity among publishing magnates of the 1890's. Frank Munsey never went to college, as he would lugubriously bewail when receiving an honorary degree. (*Forty Years, Forty Millions* is the title of the biography of the one indubitably mercenary villain of American journalism.) Neither did "Colonel" George Harvey, who took control of *Harper's* and the distinguished old *North American Review* at the turn of the century, and would finally be rewarded, for his extraordinary political influence, by his appointment as our ambassador to England. Neither did Pulitzer, another immigrant, or Ochs, who took over the New York *Times,* to its lasting glory, in the 1890's (and saved it as a quality paper by lowering its price to a penny). Hearst, of course, was a Harvard man of ill repute. Cyrus Curtis did not go to college; neither did Edward Bok, who edited Curtis's *Ladies Home Journal;* and Lorimer of Curtis's *Post* left Yale after a year to start a business career. Neither did Frank Doubleday, who broke away from the firm McClure had founded to establish one of the most lucrative book-publishing ventures in American history.

All that McClure stood for, in the turn-of-the-century literary scene, could be summarized in today's literary slang as the breakup of the Establishment. It is perhaps for this reason that the striking educational background of McClure—and of the writers he liked to hire—has been forgotten or minimized. For McClure shattered the time-honored New England and genteel New York monopoly of publishing media. His writers, almost to a man, grew up in the small towns of Midwestern or Far-Western America, turned their backs on Boston, descended on New York in the 1890's, got their starts as newspapermen. Temperamentally they were anti-academic, anti-genteel, suspicious of pretension and hypocrisy. Some had been brought up rich, some very poor, but almost all were the first in their families to attempt higher education, and they came out of institutions in the back-beyond.

From Knox College McClure drew two of his classmates, John Phillips and Albert Brady, as his superbly capable editor and business manager, respectively; he would also, much later, bring to New York Knox's distinguished president, John Finley, to take over some editorial responsibilities. McClure's writers came from Allegheny College (Tarbell) and the Presbyterian College of Emporia (William Allen White); from Michigan State (Ray Stannard Baker) and Syracuse (Crane, briefly); from the University of Nebraska (Cather), of Kansas (White), of California (Norris, Steffens, and London, the latter very briefly). A surprising number had picked up intellectual and artistic sophistication in Europe before beginning their journalistic careers: Steffens at the Universities of Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, and Leipzig (he was working on philosophy and experimental psychology, under Wundt); Tarbell in Paris, where she moved in scholarly French circles; Norris in Paris, an art student;

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Phillips in Leipzig; Josiah Flynt at the University of Berlin. McClure himself treasured close ties with the English literary world. He was inordinately proud of his role as the American publisher of Stevenson and Kipling, and his English representative, who named *McClure's Magazine,* was Edmund Gosse. The spirit of these young disestablishmentarians was an original blend of cosmopolitan sophistication and backwoods American realism.

Scholarly journalism grew up in the 1890's with literary realism; McClure deserves the credit for the one, as Howells does for the other. And the two achievements were closely related. If Crane and Norris and Dreiser began as reporters, Steffens and Baker and White and Turner and even Tarbell flirted with fiction before committing themselves to the journalistic careers which made them famous. McClure himself encouraged his writers to move back and forth from imaginative writing to on-the-spot reporting. And the cross-fertilization raised the quality of "muckraking" in *McClure's* at the same time that it contributed to the vitality of turn-of-the-century literature.

But what of McClure's own literary sensibility? What of Sedgwick's insinuation that he knew nothing of style, had no respect for (literary) tradition? The criticism, often repeated, was probably first made directly to McClure by Melville Anderson, a young professor of Anglo-Saxon at Knox. What had happened, Anderson wrote to ask McClure, then establishing his newspaper syndicate, to "the ardent young philologist and Platonist" who had been his student? McClure's reply is interesting: "I appreciate your position," he wrote Anderson, "that an author must be coffined before he becomes an author to you, but for me an author in that position is nothing at all. It seems to me that the scientific spirit of the times, when applied to literature, means a study of current product. By studying the present you see the animal growing, you see it developing; . . . you have the fun and excitement of watching the gradual growth and the tendencies of the times." With all its naturalistic and commercial jargon, this statement can be set beside the critical manifestoes of Hamlin Garland, Howells's leading propagandist in the 1890's. It belongs, also, with the credo of a magazine editor of our own time, F.R. Leavis, which has lately been given prominence in connection with the republication of *Scrutiny*: "A serious interest in literature starts from the present and assumes that literature matters as the consciousness of the age."

IN 1903, supposedly the *annus mirabilis* of Sam McClure and muckraking, *McClure's Magazine* was actually beginning to look outdated, with its long, thorough articles over the byline of opinionated, intellectual writers. The magazine of the future, to all appearances, was *World's Work,* published by Doubleday Page and edited by Walter Hines Page, whom McClure had hired away from the *Atlantic* and then lost to a separate partnership with Doubleday. The most prominent feature of *World's Work* was its magnificent photographs. Technical improvements in photographic reproduction were eliminating the older pattern of journalistic apprenticeship, both for the artists (who, like the "Ashcan School" painters, had trained in the 80's and 90's as newspaper and magazine illustrators), and for the Howells-McClure school of literary realists. Subtitled, *A History of Our Time, World's Work* ran neither poetry nor fiction; its subjects were big business and big unionism, both presented as aspects of big America. Its emphasis was on American power and progress versus all the rest of the world, not on the internal class conflicts that had obsessed the 1890's. Its tone was masculine, vigorous, smug; its voice, that of enlightened conservatism. A single brisk, anonymous style dominated each issue, beginning with a long editorial section summarizing "The March of Events." Photographs lavish with detail, and long captions and sub-titles, made it unnecessary to read the text of the articles—which were inclined to be short and unsigned. The future of magazine publishing (and perhaps the "mass-produced" literature Brooks incorrectly blamed on the cheap monthlies of the 1890's) was established by the formula of *World's Work,* which has dominated picture journalism ever since: the illusion of total information issuing from a super-wise, super-right, super-human non-writer.

The other voice of the future, in 1903, belonged to Frank Munsey. Delivering the Bromley Lecture on Journalism to Yale students in January, the month of *McClure's* famous muckraking issue, Munsey hopefully predicted a future of publishing by trust, when two or three giant organizations would control all newspapers and magazines published in America. Then only would quantity capital be able to buy quality writing; his own papers, as Munsey lugubriously admitted, were "not well written." "But with competition reduced to a minimum," Munsey said, it would no longer be necessary to print the "vulgar, sickening" advertisements his periodicals ran; or to cater to the mass public's "feverish appetite for sensation." Munsey chided Andrew Carnegie for wasting his philanthropy on libraries when he could be financing a publishing chain. And he urged the young men of Yale to consider a career in trust journalism, for "the golden age of the salaried man" was upon them, and "hundred thousand dollar men" would, in modern publishing, "fill the places of the two and three thousand dollar men of today."

ELLEN MOERS *is the author of* The Dandy, *a study of 19th-century literature and society. Her last contribution to* COMMENTARY *was "F. Scott Fitzgerald: Reveille at Taps" (December 1962).*

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DIALECTICAL JUDAISM*

David Daiches

THE HEBREW PATRIARCHS discovered the one true God by their own disinterested virtue and thus founded a rudimentary Jewish religion; Moses, in leading the Israelites out of Egyptian slavery, led them to the Sinaitic revelation (the central fact in Jewish history) and the association of monotheism with ethical norms and a precise legal and ritual code; the Hebrew Prophets emphasized the ethical and universalistic aspects of that code and in so doing revealed the true potential of the Jewish religion; the breakdown of the Jewish state, the return from Babylon, and the subsequent codification of Jewish records by Ezra were further stages in the emergence of Judaism as a religion in the modern definition of the word; the fight of the Maccabees against Hellenistic assimilation was a glorious moment in Jewish history and presented a worthy model for later Jewish nationalist and Zionist movements; the destruction of the Temple and the final ending of the Jewish state made it necessary for the Jewish people to preserve themselves in dispersion among the nations with the invaluable help of the elaborate codification and expansion of Biblical law found in the Talmud; Christianity, originally a Jewish heresy, in maintaining the absurd belief in the divinity of Jesus and the doctrine of the Trinity, was inevitably led to malign and persecute the good, pious, scholarly Jews of the Middle Ages; with the 18th-century Enlightenment came release of the Jews from the ghetto and from many of the medieval restrictions and torments, which was a Good Thing and resulted in modern Jews being able to lead full lives as equal and respected members of the Gentile society in which they found themselves, while at the same time keeping themselves separate and different by practicing all the rituals laid down for Jews and associating with Gentiles in only a limited degree; nevertheless, anti-Semitism is endemic in the Christian world and may always crop up again, so that we need Zionism as a protection, and we praise Theodor Herzl for having demonstrated that if Jews can settle as a nation in their ancient homeland they will then be respected like all other nations; at the same time a great new revival of the Jewish spirit will go forth out of Zion which will give new strength and religious illumination to those Jews who will (inevitably) remain in an increasingly enlighted Diaspora.

That was the version of Jewish history that I learned as a child, pretty much the standard version prevailing among moderately Orthodox Jews of the West in the early years of this century. Was it religious history or national history or a mixture of both? It is hard to say; but it was certainly a self-flattering history. The Jew was always either the glorious religious pioneer, the eternal protestant against idolatry, superstition, and bad theology, or the innocent victim of savage persecution. If a child is taught Jewish history as a means of promoting his Jewish consciousness and loyalty, then that history must be self-flattering—no more so, perhaps, than the American history learned by the American schoolchild. Americans, too, are a People of the Book (the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution), and being also a nation of immigrants, have geared their elementary education to the fashioning of loyalty and a sense of belonging. Still, the self-flattering quality of the kind of Jewish history I am describing was much more urgent and catered to a much deeper need. To admit that Jewish history was not wholly glorious was to play into the hands of the anti-Semites. One was exhorted at one's *Bar Mitzvah* to "be a good Jew," and one looked to Jewish history to learn what that implied.

RABBI AGUS, in his learned and thoughtful study, attempts to undermine this kind of *simpliste* historiography. His book is both refreshing and disturbing. It is refreshing because it faces all issues with a manful objectivity and with a historical dialectic sophisticated enough to take account of conflicting and even radically contradictory elements in Jewish history and Jewish thought. It is disturbing because the conclusions he arrives at, and which peep out intermittently throughout the two volumes, are either question-begging or else contradict much of the evidence he himself has brilliantly laid out. "Our concept of religion," he tells us at the outset, "is devoid of fixed dogmas. Religion is to us an ongoing quest, not a finished possession." This is a very enlightened, liberal, appealing position. But if it means (as it surely does) that religion is a constant groping, an always tentative understanding of ultimate ethical and spiritual reality, then I can only say that surely that is just what religion, as distinct from philosophy, is *not*. A distinguished Anglo-Jewish scholar has recently defined a Jew as one who believes that *something* (whatever exactly it was) of central ethical significance happened on Mt. Sinai. Whatever we believe about the place of the Torah in Jewish history and Jewish life, surely it was the concept of Torah which made Jewish religion what it was, and the Torah is anything but "an ongoing quest." "God will not alter nor change His Law to everlasting for any other," says the ninth verse of the central Jewish hymn *Yigdal,* paraphrasing Maimonides, who himself put the matter even more uncompromisingly ("the whole Law, now in our possession, is the same that was given to Moses our teacher"). If Rabbi Agus—we feel, as we read his first chapter—is going to interpret

*A review of *The Meaning of Jewish History* by Jacob Bernard Agus, Abelard-Schuman, 2 volumes, 509 pp., $10.00.

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the Jewish religion (which is so much a part of Jewish history) in such high-minded modern terms, surely it will fare very badly indeed?

Well, sometimes it does; but Rabbi Agus saves himself from the consequences of his definition by admitting a polarity within the Jewish religious tradition and tracing the varying movements between the poles. To put it crudely, the polarity is between the self-glorifying, ethnic, "chosen-people" aspect of Judaism, and the more "objective," humanist, and universalist aspects.

> When the loyalty of religion is reinforced by ethnic bonds, we may expect redoubled tension between objective idealism and subjective self-glorification in both domains of the human spirit. The idealistic phases of nationalism are likely to be unfolded and illuminated, since religion focuses attention on the individual and on objective human ideals. On the other hand, the saintly aura of religion might bathe the raw impulses of nationalism in a mysterious glow and raise them beyond the reach of rational criticism. Similarly, the bonds of ethnic loyalty are likely to furnish a powerful cementing force to the ritualistic phases of religion, since ethnicism is essentially romantic, subjective, and conservative.

(Rabbi Agus, incidentally, consistently uses "romantic" in a pejorative sense, and attributes 19th-century anti-Semitism to a "Romantic reaction against the new liberal society," forgetting that there was also in the 19th century a romantic pro-Semitism, as in *Daniel Deronda*.) Agus goes through Jewish history remarking when the tensions were fruitfully operative between "the vision of a national ideal and the fantasies of ethnic egotism, between the self-surrender of genuine faith and the self-sanctification of its shadowy counterpart," when the idealistic element predominated and when ritualism, ethnicism, and obscurantism took over. Explaining the factors which brought one or other or both sides into operation, Rabbi Agus can give marks, as it were, to each period, and at the same time explain how that period came to acquire its special characteristics.

The result is the reversal of many received opinions. The very ardor of early Jewish monotheism led the Jews, culpably, to refuse "to see aught but primitive fetishism in the pagan cults," and this is one root of anti-Semitism. The concept of a Divine Covenant between God and Israel could lead to a valuable sense of ethical mission or could (and often did) imply a morally disastrous view of "the biological character of the Jewish people as Divine." Ezra's quest for racial "purity" was "tragic" and represented a sad lapse to the pole of crude ethnic pride. The traditional conflict between Hebraism and Hellenism has been grossly exaggerated: "the inner correspondences of philosophy and prophecy are generally overlooked." The tensions between Hellenism and Judaism should have been kept in fruitful counterpoint: the Hasmonean total rejection of Hellenism was wrong (even though it produced the noble idea of martyrdom), and the Hellenistic Judaism of Alexandria ("reestablishing the balance between faith and reason") was right. (Indeed, Rabbi Agus seems to see Hellenistic Judaism as something very similar to Reform Judaism in modern America.) Jewish nationalism in the Roman era was a bad thing, "undermining the leadership of the aristocratic, 'pro-peace' parties and stimulating the revolutionary elements." Throughout, Rabbi Agus tends to see a class basis in the difference between ritualism and ethnic pride on the one hand (favored by "the masses") and more exalted and universal ethical and spiritual ideas (developed by isolated leaders).

BUT ALL THIS is to oversimplify a cogently argued historical argument and so to do an injustice to the stimulating and provocative quality of Rabbi Agus's book. It is impossible to go through all of his points, and I must skip a great deal to comment on his treatment of more recent Jewish history. He sees the rise of Zionism not only as a response to anti-Semitism but as itself anti-Semitic in that it used the arguments of anti-Semites about the Jews being perpetual and inevitable aliens in Western nations—so that Zionism in fact worsened the lot of all Jews in the Galut and was partly responsible for Nazism. He quotes Jacob Klatzkin: "If we do not admit the rightfulness of anti-Semitism, we deny the rightfulness of our own nationalism. If our people is deserving and willing to live its own national life, then it is an alien body thrust into the nations among whom it lives." Political Zionism and Jewish cultural nationalism are both seen as belonging to the (bad) ethnic pole. In a revealing sentence, Rabbi Agus welcomes the Reform-Conservative movement which "restored the spiritual equilibrium of the Jews in the West" and deplores the Jewish national-cultural renaissance which came out of "the reactionary and fanatical East" (i.e., Russia). Herzl's Zionism, he tells us, "could only obtain the allegiance of uprooted students from the vast reservoir of Russian Jewry, of stray disillusioned intellectuals and disenchanted liberals, retreating into the shadows of an imaginary dreamland." This, I suggest, is simply untrue. My father, who was an Orthodox rabbi, trained at the Hildesheimer Seminary in Berlin and at Berlin and Leipzig Universities in both rabbinics and Western philosophy, and who believed in "*Torah ve derech eretz*," was an ardent Herzlian Zionist and so were many of his generation of Western-trained Orthodox rabbis. In his desire to exalt a tolerant, non-ethnic, "humanist" (the word is his) concept of the Jewish religion, Rabbi Agus sometimes goes too far in describing all others forms of Jewish belief as belonging to the pole of crude ethnic self-glorification.

Rabbi Agus believes in the viability of the Galut and castigates those Zionists who do not. He also dislikes the secularism of the State of Israel. At the same time he pays warm tribute to the achievements of Israel and makes an eloquent plea for Israeli initiative in solving the Arab problem with imagination and generosity. But in the end modern Reform Judaism operating in a pluralistic Western state is his ideal view of Judaism's true destiny. But he does not say, however, what in his view Judaism is. "All surveys of opinion among Jewish

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youth indicate that the vast majority regard themselves as being Jewish by virtue of faith." But *what* faith? If religion is a continual quest, if the Torah is not the God-given basis of Jewish thought and action, as Orthodoxy maintains or used to maintain, if a general humanist spirituality is what Galut Judaism ought to stand for, how does it differ from, say, Unitarianism or the faith of any spiritually minded, questing, uncommitted theist? Or need we indeed restrict the definition to a theist, since Rabbi Agus affirmed in chapter two that "we can see things only from the human point of view. Poets and mythologists may write from the standpoint of God . . . But they are useless to the sober task of exposition." Is the ideal Galut Judaism, then, simply an open and humane state of mind? I should like to believe this, because I should like to think that that is my own state of mind. But is *this* the meaning of Jewish history? And must we keep ourselves apart for *this*? I wish Rabbi Agus, in his thoroughly stimulating book, had added a final chapter to spell out more clearly his answers to these questions.

RE-IMAGINING SOCIETY

UTOPIA AND ITS ENEMIES. By GEORGE KATEB. *Free Press. 244 pp. $5.50.*

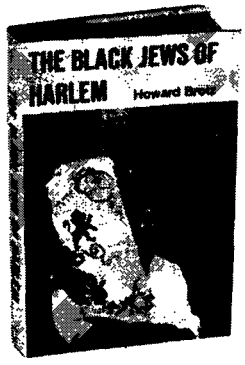
Reviewed by DENNIS H. WRONG

ALTHOUGH WORLD-WIDE change is wiping the slate clean for us, we seem paralyzed and incapable of imagining an attractive future. The threat of the bomb gives us an excuse: how dizzying, how frightening, if we become persuaded that the bomb is *not* going to explode, or even that the risk of its doing so will progressively diminish! What relation can we establish to history if theories of inevitable catastrophe and decay join theories of inevitable progress and perfectibility in losing their imaginative hold over us? Thus it is imperative that utopian thought and speculation be revived, that we recover the power of utopian imagination, the capacity to see visions.

Almost any work that seriously addresses itself to the restoration of utopian thinking and to the defense of utopia as an ultimate social and political measuring-rod is of inestimable value at the present time. George Kateb's lucid, intellectually courageous book raises so many crucial questions about utopianism that it will hopefully inspire others to qualify, deepen, or extend his argument. Kateb has written a defense of utopianism at the most general level: the level of the "cluster of utopian ends" that have been affirmed by all utopian thinkers, past and present, however much they may have differed concerning the institutional arrangements that they thought necessary to maintain these ends. Indeed, the same ends and values constitute the core of *all* visions of the good life or of social perfection, whether these visions have been identified with utopian possibilities, other-worldly paradises, golden ages of the past, or future terminal points of world history.

Utopias differ from other conceptions of an ideal society in that their relation to earthly life, to history, is indeterminate. Thus utopianism inescapably thrusts us into the world of politics, of conflict, and of the choice of means and strategies. How can the utopian vision be realized? What leverage does the historical present provide for the creation of a utopian society? How, in short, are we to make the leap from history into freedom? Utopias are not states of social well-being rooted in nature, where innocence and ignorance prevail, nor are they accidental, happily stumbled-upon by-products of historical change. They are on the contrary deliberate contrivances, true "projects" in the existentialist sense, created and sustained by knowledge and purposeful effort. This is most evidently true of modern utopias inspired by the progress of science and technology, which are attempts to extend to human society the control and mastery we have attained over nature. "It is unthinkable," Kateb writes, "that the cluster of utopian ends could, as a cluster, have permanent existence outside a society organized for their own sake. This is where modern utopianism begins."

If utopias are the goals of politi-



what makes a negro want to become a jew?

"During slavery they took away our name, language, religion, and science, as these were the only possessions the slaves had, and we were pumped full of Christianity to make us docile. The word Negro is a badge of slavery which comes from the Spanish word *niger meaning black thing*. Those who identify themselves with Negroes identify themselves with black things, not human beings. Though some say that the word Negro comes from the Niger River, people are named after land, not water. All so-called Negroes are the lost sheep of the House of Israel which can be proved from scripture and they all have birthmarks that identify their tribe. Jacob was a black man because he had smooth skin."

Is it possible for a Negro who accepts the white man's definition of him to retain his pride and dignity? The Black Jews of Harlem say no. Believing themselves to be anthropologically Jewish they argue that both respect and self-respect depend upon having "a house of your own." Thus the impulse generating and sustaining this unusual sect stems as much from the Negro's desire for community—wanting to know and tell who he is, wanting to "know his own name"—as from any religious fervor.

Dr. Brotz gives us a fascinating picture, based on his own interviews and observations, of the largest Black Jewish group in Harlem, the Commandment Keepers of the Living God, led by magnetic Rabbi Wentworth A. Matthew. Taking us beyond their interesting variations of Jewish belief and practice, the author considers the major alternatives before the Negro people. He contends that the opposing goals of total integration and a voluntary, self-respecting black community—of which the Black Jews and the Black Muslims are the most startling expressions—must be reconciled if the Negro is to achieve not only civic equality, but personal dignity and group pride.

THE BLACK JEWS OF HARLEM

Negro Nationalism and the Dilemmas of Negro Leadership

by Howard Brotz $4.50

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cal effort, knowledge and self-consciousness are also implied by the conditions under which utopian societies maintain themselves once they have overcome the obstacles to their creation. Although a majority of the citizens of utopia may exist in a state of happy animal innocence or mindless automatism, there is always an elite of Grand Inquisitors, philosopher-kings, or social engineers which has tasted the forbidden fruit. Utopia presupposes, in other words, full knowledge of the workings of the social order rather than "false-consciousness" and blind submission to social fate, even if this knowledge is the possession of a small, dominant minority.

Utopia, then, means the permanent realization of a cluster of ideal ends; their realization becomes a goal of political effort; utopian society, once established, is perpetuated by men who know clearly what they are doing and why. Kateb argues that each of these three aspects of utopianism has given rise to a corresponding anti-utopian argument. There are those who ultimately reject the utopian ends, or at least their full realization, arguing that they are self-defeating, or inherently in conflict, or subversive of other less exalted values; there are those who renounce utopia as a political goal because they see no way of making the historical transition from the kingdom of necessity to the kingdom of freedom, or because they regard the costs of the transition to be too high; and finally, there are those who reject utopia out of distaste for the conditions necessary to maintain it once it is in existence. Kateb reviews each of these arguments, beginning with the problem of attaining utopia, considering next the problem of maintaining it, and examining last the utopian ends themselves.

TOTALITARIAN POLITICS have, of course, given enormous resonance to the view that the inevitable cost of utopia must be revolutionary violence and that the blood shed in its name can only corrupt the utopian ideal or ineradicably stain it. No longer does utopianism suggest harmless fantasy or idle daydreaming; it is now to be feared rather than mocked, standing for disciplinary elitism and the ruthless sacrifice of living men on behalf of an ideal future. Kateb shows little originality in discussing this view of utopia, his arguments falling into well-worn grooves. He reproduces the classic justification for doing limited evil in order to promote greater good, conceding, however, that the belief that "the end justifies the means" is a presupposition of *all* political action and thus has no special relevance to utopian aspirations alone.

Kateb's discussion of the Russian Revolution, is even less relevant. Acknowledging it as the historical event that has most discredited utopianism in our time, he laboriously and tritely argues that Russian backwardness doomed the ideals of the revolution, but that there now exists a chance over forty years later that "the next decades may show the Russian regime making good some of the claims of Soviet Marxism." In attempting to blunt the force of the Russian example as evidence for the anti-utopian position, Kateb is here implicitly comparing a hypothetical Russia that has become more liberal long after the revolution with the pre-revolutionary regime, and he is suggesting that, since the comparison favors the former, revolutionary violence and Stalinist terror may "in the long view" look less objectionable. But the relevant comparison is surely between a possible liberalized Soviet society and the kind of society that might have developed in the absence of revolution in 1917. The Russia of the Czars would not have stood still for half a century.

My point is not to suggest that Kateb is soft on Communism, nor even on Stalinism—nothing so hackneyed and tiresome as that. Moreover, he may very well be correct in his estimates of the Soviet future. My objection is that his argument and its terms of comparison actually give the game away to the anti-utopians at the outset by taking it for granted that utopia can only be the outcome of abrupt, violent transition. Kateb seems to think that this necessarily follows from the fact that utopia is the result of *willed* change. Thus it is hardly surprising to find him regretfully acknowledging the cogency of the anti-utopian rejection of the means for attaining utopia: "The utopian dream is lost . . . the conditions under which the transition from pre-utopia to utopia could be accomplished at the smallest short-term cost to utopian ends are out of the range of possibility altogether."

But why must a utopian insist on the "simultaneous coming to power of the utopian party all over the world," a condition which, as Kateb recognizes, makes violent revolution and dictatorship almost inseparable from utopian politics? Cannot utopia serve as a standard for evaluating gradual historical changes, proceeding perhaps by "piecemeal" reforms and yet moving toward a goal, luminously present in the minds of the reformers, that truly transcends the status quo? Was not John Stuart Mill, for example, a utopian in this sense? Did Marx and Engels become anti-utopians on those occasions when they conceded that socialism might be achieved peacefully and gradually under conditions of political democracy with universal suffrage?

PERHAPS THE TROUBLE is that Kateb, whose profession is political science, thinks most of the time too exclusively in terms of political change and political institutions. Might not the alteration in the position of women in Western society or the "sexual revolution" be more relevant to a consideration of future changes toward utopia than a rehashing of the moral issues raised by political violence and "temporary" dictatorship? If utopian thinkers have too often been preoccupied with describing ideal child-rearing and educational practices in a realized utopia beyond history, Kateb is inclined to make the reverse error. His discussion of the problem of maintaining (as distinct from attaining) utopia, for example, is confined to a long and involved analysis of whether government will be necessary in utopia and, if so, what form it should take. He concludes that it *will* be necessary because utopia, unlike Butler's Erewhon, will be committed to technological progress necessitating adaptive social changes. He then argues that some form of represen-

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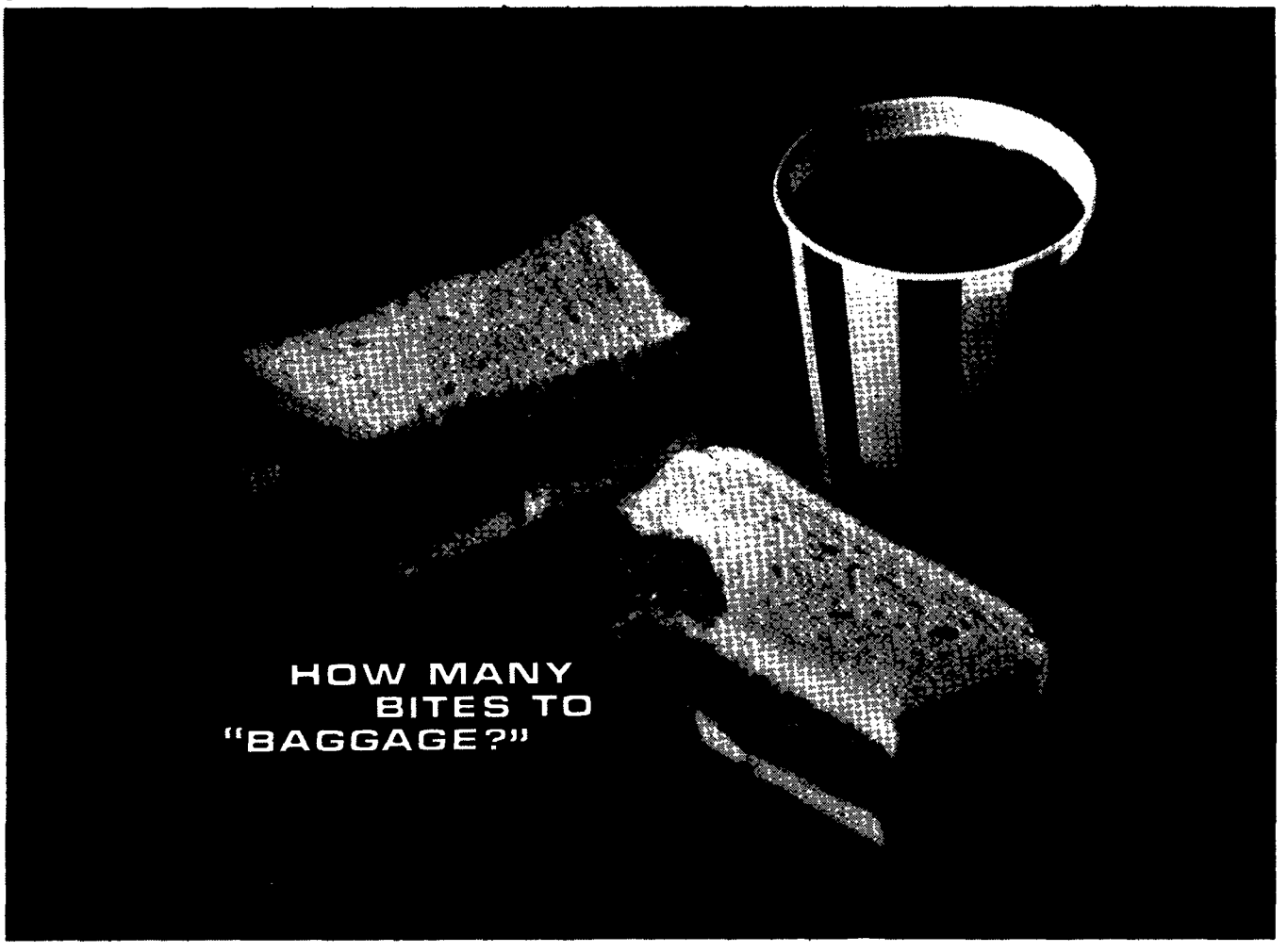

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tative democracy will be more suitable to a world-wide, technically advanced utopian society than either direct democracy on the Aristotelian model or rotation of leaders. All of this is closely reasoned and convincing, but it is given disproportionate attention (although this judgment doubtless reflects the fact that I am a sociologist rather than a political scientist).

The last half of the book dealing with anti-utopian criticisms of the utopian ends themselves is by far the most challenging and original part of *Utopia and Its Enemies.* Kateb here sees that, in spite of all the current talk about the anti-utopian "lessons" to be learned from the experience of totalitarianism, there is a deeper and subtler anti-utopianism involving a rejection of the idea of utopia itself, of the very notion of social perfection. It is rooted in the feeling that, as William James put it, "the attainment of outward good would seem to be its suffocation and death," or in the conviction of Yeats's Crazy Jane that "fair and foul are near of kin, and fair needs foul." The chief strength of Kateb's book is his willingness to face the doubts and ambivalences about utopia that exist on the level of feeling rather than of systematic thought or ideology. He wisely goes to the poets—to Emily Dickinson, Auden, Frost, and Yeats—for the fullest and most eloquent expressions of anti-utopian feeling. Although in the end he rejects their anti-utopianism for exalting aesthetics, or rather a particular kind of aesthetics, at the expense of morality, he gives the argument from feeling its due. His attempt to prove that utopia need not mean the everlasting reign of boredom, mediocrity, and spiritual death is the most impressive and original section of the book.

Kateb confines himself to examining three of the "cluster of utopian ends": perpetual peace, guaranteed material abundance, and what he calls "conditioned virtue," to which he devotes by far the most attention. He means by this term the use of psychological knowledge to mold human character so that people will inevitably want to do what they ought to do, or—to put it more sociologically—will want to do what they must do if the institutions and values of utopian society are to be maintained. Such an elimination of the gap between desire and obligation is a central feature of all utopias. And Huxley's *Brave New World* most forcefully states the anti-utopian conviction that guilt, moral anxiety, and even physical pain and illness are essential and ultimately valuable human qualities, the elimination of which by applied psychological knowledge can only result in a race of shallow, de-individualized, robot-like creatures.

KATEB meets this position head-on. He deals with it by means of a detailed examination of the utopia described by the Harvard behaviorist psychologist B. F. Skinner in his *Walden Two.* This book is often pointed to with fascinated horror by humanist critics as an example of the dehumanization to which utopianism and scientific psychology must inevitably lead. Kateb finds that Skinner is simplistic in eliminating all change from his utopia and sometimes inclined to come uncomfortably close to picturing the conditioned citizens of utopia as "lobotomized zombies," in the words of one of the critics. But Kateb does Skinner the justice of taking his claims and arguments seriously, and is able to show that most of Skinner's anti-utopian critics are guilty of flagrant obscurantism and a tendency to romanticize suffering and evil.

Yet here Kateb fails to consider the possibility that a genuine change in human nature might release motivational energies which would permit men to be more rather than less self-determining. I have in mind the rich speculations of such recent utopian writers—psychoanalytic rather than behaviorist in approach—as Herbert Marcuse and Norman O. Brown, whose visions of a liberated human nature "beyond good and evil" in no way feed anti-utopian fears that a transformed and transfigured human nature and society will rob men of their spontaneity and reduce them to passionless automatons. But I have perhaps unfairly charged Kateb with too many sins of omission in view of the considerable success he achieves in doing what he sets out to do. This is, after all, a short book on a very large subject. Hopefully, it both reflects and will contribute to a revival of the utopian imagination.

THE REAL WORLD

THE WILL. By HARVEY SWADOS. *World. 343 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by IRVING HOWE

NO ONE, reading Harvey Swados's latest novel, is likely to cry out, "Wild, man!" Sick wisdom, strange-loving burlesque, comic nihilism, hellerish fantasy, high-spirited nausea, so'thern jokes, olde-Yiddish vaudeville—these elements of recent fiction, taken in some quarters to be the last word in literary rebellion, are not to be found in *The Will.* Swados is an unfashionable writer, committed to the tradition of realism, in which it is assumed, as George Eliot remarks in *Felix Holt,* that, "There is no private life that has not been determined by a larger public life," and in which the novelist, by providing a faithful rendering of the social world, can also arrive at the elements of moral valuation.

Making his own way, Swados has slowly nurtured his talent. Originally it was not perhaps a very large talent: he did not begin with the verbal resources of a Bellow or the comic inventiveness of a Malamud. Yet his career has been an exemplary one. He is a writer free of public postures, indifferent to literary fads, and totally devoted to the perfection of his craft. He began with a strong first novel, *Out Went the Candle,* then failed at some experiments in shorter forms, and now has published a book which confirms the true bearings of his talent.

Swados is one of the few serious writers to have retained through the past two decades a steady interest in and affection for his fellow human beings, a responsiveness to the ordinary life experienced by millions of American people. This has nothing to do with populist or middlebrow sentimentalism; against such failures of taste Swados's background of hard-headed anti-Stalinist radicalism is a strong inoculation.

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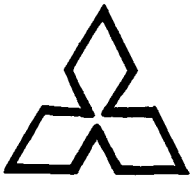

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If anything, his prose often has an undertone of acrid impatience: he may find the common life absorbing, but he is also exasperated by its sluggishness. He knows that "the waste of spirit" afflicts not least of all those millions who have never heard the phrase.

Nor does Swados conform to the views of those critics who have recently been explaining that the shapelessness of contemporary life makes it inaccessible to the novelist, and that the horror of modern history is so extreme it renders irrelevant the criticism of the writer. He has not paid much attention, for example, to a recent essay by Irving Howe which demonstrates that most American novelists have to approach their society on a tangent, or through metaphors of outrage, or by focusing on extreme and marginal groups where drama, and not merely *anomie,* can still be found. Swados seems nevertheless to have survived.

TRADITIONAL REALISM, to be sure, brings with it—especially at a time when the commonly shared sense of what our society is and does tends to be fuzzy—the risks of banal enumeration, passive recording, dispirited portraiture. But in *The Will* Swados has managed to show that if only the novelist is serious and humane enough, if only he is entirely committed to the terms of his enterprise, he can create versions of human existence that are binding and persuasive. Just as in Swados's journalism—he is one of the best labor reporters in the country—there is a fine gift for reaching to the human ache behind the "social problem," so in his better fiction he manages to affirm and validate the life *out there,* the experience which accumulates in perplexing and promiscuous abundance, even if intellectuals choose to ignore or dismiss it.

Set in a harsh northeastern city, perhaps Buffalo or Cleveland, *The Will* presents a Jewish family which has neither the moral heroism nor the eccentric charm most Jewish families display in American fiction, if not American life. Swados knows this kind of milieu intimately: he has some first-rate pages on the grubbiness of a neighborhood sinking into a slum and the congealed waste of human resources such a place represents. The theme of his novel is the burdensome weight of the past, the way sons carry on their backs the obsessions and failures of their fathers, the heritage of misshapen spirit moving from generation to generation. His plot concerns the struggle of three brothers—Mel, Ralph, and Raymond Land—over the terms of a will left by their father. This struggle opens up in cross-section the past of their experience and allows Swados to bring in, with notable force, the confusions and miserliness of the older generation of Lands, now made tangible through a decaying house full of long-collected and long-neglected junk. And also, through some rental property.

Knowing real places can help a writer create real people: for despite current literary fashions, the two are connected, and their presence makes at least some kinds of novels interesting. Because Swados evokes so vividly the aura of a middle-sized industrial city, he can also locate his three young men not merely in the context of an emotionally impoverished family, but also in a social place, a *world,* which has partly formed and shaped them. The three brothers, while representing possible responses to that world, are thoroughly individualized figures. Perhaps the most vivid is the oldest brother, Mel, a hoodlum-rebel at war with the family's conceit and shabby respectability. In the middle stands Ralph, cultivated and ambitious, struggling for a modest success in the New York world of commercial culture, but now back home and inordinately eager for a legacy which may help him avoid those spirit-breaking burdens he associates with lack of money. Ray, the third brother, is a sort of Buffalo Alyosha, living as a recluse, doing rigorous body exercises, and communicating with the outside through short-wave radio.

AS LONG AS at least two of the three brothers are at stage-front, the novel moves with urgency, for we are caught up in a struggle of wills involving both the intimate aspects of family life and some measure of worldly power and public style. Ralph, though a figure whom both Swados and his readers must upon first consideration find the least attractive, is drawn with the greatest complexity. He could easily become a stock semi-villain, the bright young man who grasps; and there is no question but that some of his desires and anxieties are distasteful. One advantage, however, the novelist gains from retaining a hold upon common life is that he has no choice but to believe in the reality of *other minds,* minds quite unlike his own; and thereby he can recognize that in their seeming distance they are yet close, in their seeming inhumanity they yet share a portion of humanity. Ralph's desire to gain the legacy while keeping intact his own sense of moral worth is the kind of feeling we all know, and through a slow gritty immersion in his experience we come to see him, perhaps more than the pure Raymond or the violent Mel, as an irritating brother under the skin.

Swados drives his story very hard. He hoards every possibility of suspense; he wants his picture to be as hard-focused as he can make it. To a notable extent he succeeds: the book has pace, momentum, tension. There are also faults, all of them annoying because they do not seem intrinsic to his work but follow from a failure, I think, fully to grasp what his true gift is. He lusts a little after the bloodless ghosts of allegory: a mistake for a writer like himself, who ought to go on the assumption that if his picture is strong and his characters true, the meaning will take care of itself. He forces his plot somewhat ruthlessly, forgetting that in realistic fiction the norm of probability is necessarily stricter than in other kinds. He bears down too heavily in local passages: grinding and gritting, writing the hell out of scenes, as if he lacked the full conviction that the three brothers, brought to life, should be allowed to move in their autonomous rhythm, without the interference of "strong prose." He provides a pontifical *raisonneur,* whose tiresomeness he fails to perceive. And he has contrived a poor ending, in which the Internal Revenue Service takes over the traditional role of *deus ex machina.*

None of these faults, except the

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last one, is major; and more important, all are avoidable. The critic's business is not to prescribe or advise, yet one is greatly tempted to say: If only Harvey Swados will have the courage to be what he is, if only he will remain true to his own talent and not adulterate it with the ambitions and fashions of others, he can become an important social novelist, one who may help restore the link between the novel and the world.

UNITRUTH

ONE-DIMENSIONAL MAN. By HERBERT MARCUSE. *Beacon. 260 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

PROFESSOR MARCUSE'S new work is a considerable contribution to our already extensive literature on the alienation of Western man. There is, perhaps, no great reason to solicit further contributions to this rather oversubscribed fund. Yet when a book is as scholarly and searching as this one, and successfully synthesizes issues of subtle and profound relevance from the best materials provided by philosophy, economics, and the humanities, it must be gratefully received and respectfully treated.

Should it also be widely read? This is a harder question. The answer depends, crudely, on whether you are likely to read this rather difficult work more than once. My first reading left me feeling that the book was banal and rather pretentious, which, considering Professor Marcuse's place in the world of letters, seemed unlikely. The second convinced me that I had been mistaken and had overlooked or neglected points that really were novel and highly significant. But in any case, *One-Dimensional Man* is not a book to take to bed with you for any reason; it neither keeps you awake, puts you to sleep, nor arouses feelings of tenderness. To become familiar with it and come to love it, as one does de Tocqueville, for example, would seem presumptuous.

One-Dimensional Man is intended to increase insight into our existential plight and express that

"If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be."
THOMAS JEFFERSON

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insight in terms that will connect it up with categories of experience —especially aesthetic and linguistic—that have been less frequently used for this purpose than have, for example, psychological constructs and personality theory. It very largely succeeds; but books that accomplish this effectively also generally give the reader a sudden, heightened sense of order, a clear awareness of his place in the universe. *One-Dimensional Man,* though it does help make life more intelligible, does not provide any feeling of transcendent clarification. There is much truth in it; but there are no moments of truth; there are plenty of moments of inertia.

THE MAJOR difficulty with the work is, I believe, a rather curious consequence of the qualifications Professor Marcuse demands of his reader. The level of erudition he presupposes tends to limit his readership to people who are likely to have done on their own more or less what Professor Marcuse is trying to do for them. This is the kind of book that tempts a reader to say, "Well, Lippmann, or Fromm, or Daniel Boorstin said it all before." In fact, they haven't, but if you have read what they *did* say, and fitted it together into some sort of pattern, you will have had to attempt much the kind of synthesis Professor Marcuse has undertaken here.

Marcuse's most dominant forebear seems to me to be Karl Mannheim, whose distinctive contribution to social theory was his analysis of the way the economic institutions of a culture mold not only its ideology—as Marx had, of course, already maintained—but its very epistemology as well, its categories of thought and perception. In *Ideology and Utopia,* Mannheim established this as a general proposition and in other works applied it specifically to the conditions of life in modern capitalist society. Thus, Marcuse's central concept, from which he takes the title of his book, is almost perfectly Mannheimian:

> Societal conditions existed [in the Age of Reason] which provoked and permitted real dissociation from the established state of affairs; a private as well as political dimension was present in which dissociation could develop into effective opposition, testing its strength and the validity of its objectives.
>
> With the gradual closing of this dimension by the society, the self-limitation of thought assumes a larger significance . . . The society bars a whole type of oppositional operations and behavior; consequently, the concepts pertaining to them are rendered illusory or meaningless. Historical transcendence appears as metaphysical transcendence, not acceptable to science and scientific thought. The operational and behavioral point of view, practised as a "habit of thought" at large, becomes the view of the established universe of discourse and action, needs and aspirations . . . The insistence on operational and behavioral concepts turns against the efforts to free thought and behavior *from* the given reality and *for* the suppressed alternatives.

Professor Marcuse devotes about the first third of his book to a concrete, sweeping, and occasionally brilliant analysis of the roots of this one-dimensional condition. He locates it in the need of highly administered economies to operate at very high levels of production and hence of affluence, and notes especially the loss of dialectical tone in societies so organized. If labor, for example, does not become a friend of management in societies of this kind, it nevertheless willingly becomes an accomplice:

> Under such conditions, decline of freedom and opposition is not a matter of moral or intellectual deterioration or corruption. It is rather an objective societal process insofar as the production of an increasing quantity of goods and services make compliance a rational technological attitude. . . . As long as this constellation prevails, it reduces the use-value of freedom; there is no reason to insist on self-determination if the administered life is the comfortable and even the "good" life.

This seems a just enough analysis. If the circumstances to which it refers are not new, nonetheless Professor Marcuse adds to our understanding of them. How much he adds becomes clear when one compares Marcuse's observation with one of de Tocqueville's of nearly a century and a half ago that is closely related. Many a social scientist has developed a hernia trying to produce an insight de Tocqueville never had; it isn't easy, but things have changed since 1835 and it isn't impossible, either.

> I have attempted to show that the government of democracy may be reconciled with respect for property, with deference for rights, with safety to freedom, with reverence to religion; that, if democratic government is less favorable than another to some of the finer parts of human nature, it has also great and noble elements; and that perhaps, after all, it is the will of God to diffuse a mediocre prosperity among all mankind, not to confer a greater share of it on a smaller number, or to raise the few to the verge of perfection. I have undertaken to demonstrate . . . that it is too late to deliberate, that society is advancing and dragging them along with itself toward equality of conditions; that the question is . . . whether we are to live under a democratic society devoid indeed of poetry and greatness, but at least orderly and moral, or under a democratic society, lawless and depraved, abandoned to the frenzy of revolution, or subjected to a yoke heavier than any of those which have crushed mankind since the fall of the Roman Empire.

De Tocqueville's vision anticipates Marcuse and in its fulfillment it has become a nightmare that can only be accounted for in Marcuse's terms; de Tocqueville could not see this far ahead. The process de Tocqueville was describing was the rise of the bourgeoisie; and it is, to be sure, the continued dominance of this class that accounts for the conditions Marcuse discusses. Yet "the mediocre prosperity" is, contrary to Tocqueville, still far from having been "diffused among all mankind," and poverty remains tougher even than Sargent Shriver. Poetry and greatness have a hard enough time, but perhaps they always have; what is new about modern industrial society, however, is that it is at the same time both

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orderly and immoral, legalistic and depraved. Yet though the yoke its members bear is certainly heavier at times than anything Caligula could have devised, the revolutionary outbreaks one might expect occur far less frequently than do organized violent demonstrations in support of the dominant local power. Whether or not this power is nominally democratic scarcely matters any longer, for the consent of the governed has been engineered. By and large, the governed have no objections; they like to see progress, especially in engineering.

ALL THESE urgent modern developments are accounted for in Marcuse's work and they are, indeed, his reason for writing it. In the last half of the book, however, his special scholarly interests run away with his analysis. Here he treats of the development of positivistic philosophy as a central cause for the subordination of questions of moral value to brute empirical concern for getting the job done. Though Marcuse doesn't (as *Dr. Strangelove,* for instance, makes clear) overstate the degree of this emphasis in our world, he does lay too much of the blame for it on the diabolical influence of Wittgenstein and Whitehead. Readers untrained in the techniques and language of contemporary philosophy are likely to find these sections quite unreadable; and even those who are able to follow may find them irrelevant to Marcuse's point. No doubt logical positivism, like advertising, has made matters worse, and in fact in the same way—by eliminating the categories of thought in which moral judgments may be recorded. Yet surely its present dominance is but a further manifestation of the social developments of which Marcuse has complained, not its cause. Indeed, if academic philosophy could have anywhere near the influence Marcuse attributes to it in a mass society, we wouldn't be nearly as far gone as Marcuse thinks we are.

The fundamental question of this work, however, is not so much how far gone we are, but rather whether or not we still have any way of getting back to a multidimensional, human mode of perceiving reality and responding to it with our own intelligence. On this point, Marcuse is very pessimistic:

> The conflict between streamlined, rewarding domination on the one hand and its achievements that make for self-determination and pacification on the other, may become blatant beyond any possible denial, but it may well continue to be a manageable and even productive conflict, for with the growth in the technological conquest of nature grows the conquest of man by man. And this conquest reduces the freedom which is a necessary *a priori* of liberation.

In the end, I find Marcuse's pessimism rather refreshing. There is currently quite a spate of pro-Establishment propaganda being published, examining the possibilities for self-fulfillment within the present organized system and finding them abundant. Maybe; but these diagnoses always seem to picture the condition of self-fulfillment as peculiarly similar to the one we now think of as alienation. Nobody—Marcuse least of all—questions that modern life promises contentment and security. In these respects, it is almost as good as death itself. Professor Marcuse's book, beneath its philosophical abstractions, is a *memento mori;* and, as such, a useful work to have around the house.

CONSCIENCE & REVOLUTION

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONARY: 1901-1941. By VICTOR SERGE. Translated and edited, with an Introduction, by PETER SEDGWICK. *Oxford University Press. 401 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by HILTON KRAMER

VICTOR SERGE spent his whole adult life at that crossroads of literature and revolution—in France, Spain, Germany, Russia, and Mexico—where so large a part of the intellectual consciousness of our century has been formed. He devoted his entire literary *oeuvre*—history and polemic, fiction and poetry and reminiscence—to reporting and exploring the human and political events of which he was a close and sensitive observer. Both in his life and in his work he embodied the hopes and sufferings of an epoch: the hopes of those radical intellectuals who, coming of age in the years immediately preceding the First World War, looked upon the Russian Revolution as the redemptive event of modern history and to whom the degeneration of the revolution brought the deepest spiritual anguish. Yet he remains, in this country at least, an oddly obscure figure. Liberals, particularly those under forty, who have the works of Koestler, Orwell, and Camus at their fingertips, are unlikely to have read him.

Serge differed from these writers in having himself played an active part in the first decade of Soviet history. He was an important functionary in the first Communist International. He was also an intimate of the anarchist dissenters who were among the first to attack the abuses of Soviet power (and among the first, too, to be punished for their dissent), and he was subsequently one of the leaders of the Left Opposition to Stalin in that period between the death of Lenin and the consolidation of power in Stalin's hands when the totalitarian character of the revolution was sealed and the bloody events of the 30's were being prepared. "My own experience was probably unique," Serge wrote in his *Memoirs,* "since in this period [1920] I maintained a staunch openness of approach, being in daily contact with official circles, ordinary folk and the Revolution's persecuted dissenters." His writings on the moral, social, and political consequences of the Soviet regime are likewise unique, being marked throughout by a personal eloquence, a libertarian fervor, and an historical precision unsurpassed among the writer-witnesses of his generation.

The figure whom Serge most closely resembles on the current world scene is probably Milovan Djilas, both in his first-hand knowledge of the workings of totalitarian power and in his horror of the human result—and in the need, moreover, to communicate that horror in a persuasive literary

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form that would not do violence to the ideals that prompted his involvement with a totalitarian movement in the first place. Unlike Djilas's writings, however, Serge's have proved to be peculiarly unassimilable to the prevailing liberal view both of the Russian Revolution and of the regime to which it gave rise. He was, as he said, a "libertarian Communist," and today this discomforting conjunction of ethics and ideology has become, not only for conservatives and liberals but even for many radicals, as much of a moral and doctrinal contradiction as it was for the Party stalwarts during Serge's lifetime. Serge never disavowed his commitment to the revolution, yet no one wrote more damning or more moving accounts of the injustice and the human degradation which the revolution not only tolerated but came to sponsor and condone as a policy. His writings are not those of a renegade, but of a militant radical who regarded the revolution "as a tremendous sacrifice that was required for the future's sake" and yet for whom "nothing seemed . . . more essential than to sustain, or rescue, the spirit of liberty within it."

IT WAS THIS double loyalty to revolution *and* liberty that made Serge an anathema to Stalin and his functionaries and led to his imprisonment in the Soviet Union in the 30's, and thereafter, until his death in Mexico in 1947, to his being hounded by the slanders of the Comintern and the intrigues of the GPU. It was this same "contradiction" that led to his break with Trotsky, in whose position he discerned "symptoms of an outlook in harmony with that of the very Stalinism against which it had taken its stand." Trotsky, according to Serge, "refused to admit that in the terrible Kronstadt episode of 1921 the responsibilities of the Bolshevik Central Committee had been simply enormous; that the establishment of the Cheka (later the GPU) with its techniques of secret inquisition had been a grievous error on the part of the revolutionary leadership, and one incompatible with any Socialist philosophy." While Trotsky was writing *The Revolution Betrayed,* Serge implored him "to include in the Opposition's program a declaration of freedom for all parties accepting the Soviet system," but Trotsky's response was to attack Serge for views he did not even hold. Commenting on this break with Trotsky, Serge wrote: "The only problem which revolutionary Russia, in all the years from 1917 to 1923, utterly failed to consider was the problem of liberty; the only declaration which it had to make afresh, and which it has never made, is the Declaration of the Rights of Man."

In Serge's appeal to Trotsky, one must be sure to note that phrase about "accepting the Soviet system," for it is his acceptance of the Soviet system and his unfaltering belief in the rightness of the revolution that separate him from the very liberalism which must otherwise find so much to value in his writings. Serge stands apart from Western liberalism, not only in his profound contempt for middle-class privilege and his hatred of the social discrepancies which such privilege engenders, but even more basically, in his refusal to believe that his own criticism and courageous exposures of Soviet terror liberated him from the history and the horrendous social facts which produced the revolution in the first place.

What Serge called "the difficult business of reaching Socialism" remained his quest and his ideal, not only in the days of his association with Lenin, Zinoviev, and Trotsky, but equally so during his later banishment to Orenburg, the difficult days of his life in France on the eve of the Second World War when virtually the whole literary-political Left conspired to silence his criticisms of the Moscow trials, and indeed, through the last years of his exile in Mexico. Not only did he sustain his commitment to socialism in the face of all the bloody betrayals that were carried out in its name; he believed in the revolution as the necessary instrument of its realization. For Serge, the "necessity" of the revolution was no mystical or teleological doctrine; it represented a reasoned political analysis derived from a knowledge of the prerevolutionary social order in Russia. Similarly, he steadfastly refused to believe that terror and bureaucratic repression were the necessary concomitants of the revolution.

> When the Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party met in December 1918 to study methods of attacking domestic counterrevolution [Serge wrote in his *Memoirs*], it had a conscious choice to make among the weapons it could present to the new regime. It *could have* instituted public revolutionary tribunals (allowing secret trial in certain specified cases) and, within these tribunals, permitted the right of defense, and ensured judicial strictness. It *preferred* to set up the Cheka, that is to say, an Inquisition with secret proceedings, and to exclude from this body any right of defense and any control by public opinion. In doing this, the Central Committee probably followed the line of least resistance; it also followed psychological impulses which are comprehensible to any student of Russian history, but which have nothing in common with Socialist principles.

Serge looked upon such repressions, and what he called "the psychosis of absolute power," as a carry-over from the despotic Russian past which socialism had grievously failed to alter. However incomplete this may be as an analysis of totalitarianism, Serge was happily free of any inclination to pass over individual culpability when it came to spelling out the actual crimes of the revolution and their aftermath. As Mr. Sedgwick writes in his excellent Introduction to the *Memoirs*:

> Serge was suspicious of any notion tending to establish historical fatalism, and this set him against the easy appeal to necessity which Leninists and Stalinists employed in their apologias for butchery, and against the common Western habit of regarding the degenerescence of revolutions into tyranny as virtually the only Iron Law which it is still permissible to detect within history.

Serge's literary career was, of course, intimately bound up with his political fate and his moral

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heroism, of which his writings are both an example and an examination. "Although their quality has generally been recognized," he wrote at the close of his *Memoirs,* "my books have known a life as hard as my own." In the Soviet Union they were not only proscribed, but several were actually destroyed in manuscript. "In the United States, with only two exceptions," he noted, "conservative publishers considered my work too revolutionary, and left-wing publishers too anti-totalitarian, that is, too hard on the Stalin regime." (The two exceptions were *Russia Twenty Years After* and *From Lenin to Stalin,* both brought out by Pioneer Publishers in 1937, the year they were written.) Serge was published in *Partisan Review,* and later in *Politics* and *The New International.* And two of his novels, *The Long Dusk* and *The Case of Comrade Tulayev,* are available in English, the latter, an unforgettable account of the purge, recently reissued by Anchor Books with an Introduction by John P. Roche.

THE *Memoirs of a Revolutionary,* written in Mexico in 1942-43 and published in France in 1951, has now been translated, and usefully annotated (though slightly abridged) by a young English socialist. It is a book of overwhelming power. It is not exactly an autobiography. Beyond the opening pages devoted to Serge's boyhood, there is very little of a strictly personal or psychological nature in it, very little self-analysis that does not bear directly on the ideas and events whose history and significance he is concerned to disclose. (Serge's various marriages, for example, would be quite unintelligible from the text without Mr. Sedgwick's helpful notes.) Yet the driving force of Serge's personality, at once hardened and sensitive, militant and magnanimous—the personality of a radical for whom the "need for sharing in the common fate" was "one of [the] deepest sources of action"—makes itself felt with an almost unbearable intensity.

Serge was born in Brussels, in 1890, of a Polish mother and a Russian *émigré* father, who, because of his revolutionary activities, had "crossed the Austrian frontier by swimming under the bullets of the police." Serge grew up in a household in which "the conversations of grown-ups dealt with trials, executions, escapes, and Siberian highways, with great ideas incessantly argued over, and with the latest books about these ideas." This is very nearly what the *Memoirs* deal with, too, for Serge took to the revolutionary vocation without hesitation. He immersed himself first in anarchist activities in France before the First World War, served a term in jail to avoid betraying his comrades, then joined the syndicalist movement in Barcelona during the war, and went to Russia in 1919 in the midst of the Civil War, and very shortly took up his position in the newly created International. Thereafter, in Moscow and Leningrad, in Berlin and Vienna and Paris, and in the Chekist prisons, he was witness to the "common fate" that was transforming the world.

"On the walls of [my parents'] humble and makeshift lodgings," Serge wrote, "there were always the portraits of men who had been hanged." The *Memoirs* are, in one respect, a vast gallery of such portraits of the dead. As a writer, Serge had a great gift for the quick, incisive sketch, and the *Memoirs* are crowded with brief but arresting glimpses of Communist, Socialist, and anarchist revolutionaries, and of the writers who attached themselves to the Communist movement—Gorky, Pilniak, Yesenin, Mayakovsky, Lukács, Toller, Barbusse, Rolland, even Gide. More often than not, their brief evocation concludes in an elegiac gasp announcing their suicide or liquidation. (And in many cases, where the death notices are not given by Serge, they are meticulously provided in the notes by Mr. Sedgwick.)

To this chronicle of idealism and death, of comradeship and betrayal on an epic scale, Serge brought a scrupulous conscience, an amazing and unremorseful optimism, and a compelling eloquence. His father was of the generation directly influenced by Herzen, Belinsky, and Chernyshevsky, and Serge himself, though he wrote mainly in French, regarded his work—correctly I think—as belonging to this Russian tradition. His *Memoirs of a Revolutionary* is, indeed, a testimony to the survival of that older, more optimistic and humanist radicalism through some of the bloodiest events of modern times.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

DAVID DAICHES, *the well-known literary critic, is professor of English and American Studies at the University of Sussex.*

DENNIS H. WRONG, *a professor of sociology at New York University, is a veteran contributor to these pages.*

IRVING HOWE'S *collection of literary and political essays,* A World More Attractive, *was recently published by Horizon.*

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG *is currently completing a study of the modern American high school.*

HILTON KRAMER, *formerly the editor of* Arts, *writes frequently for* Partisan Review, *the* New York Review, *and other journals.*

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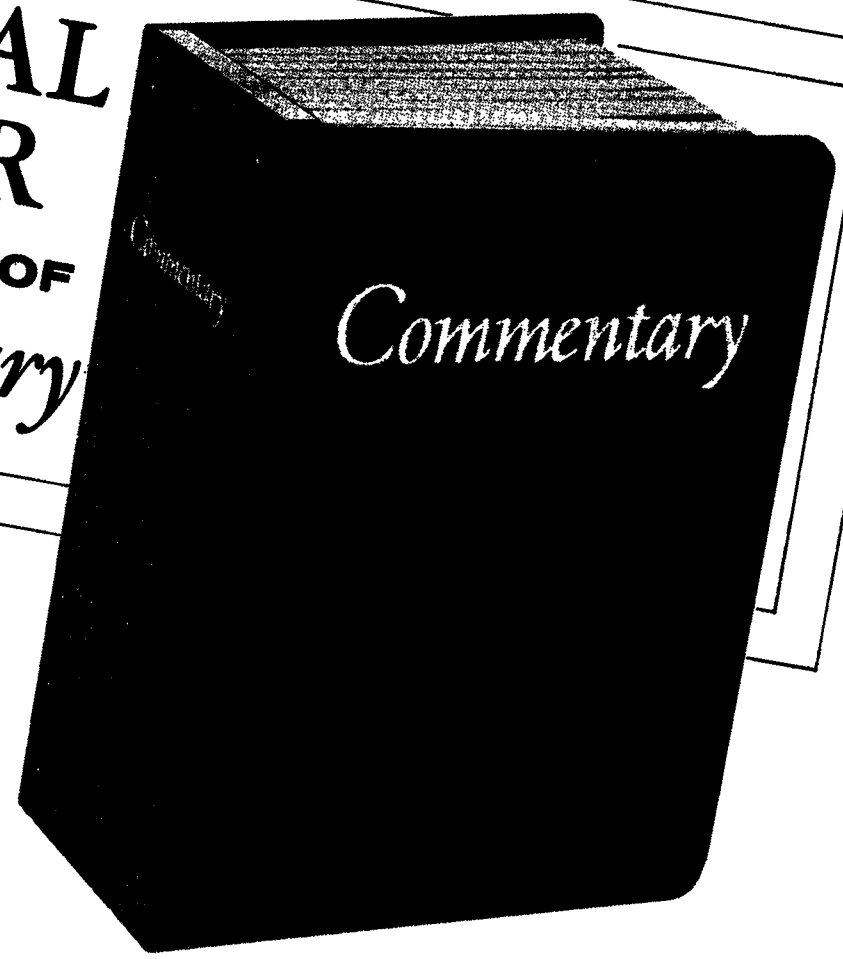

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